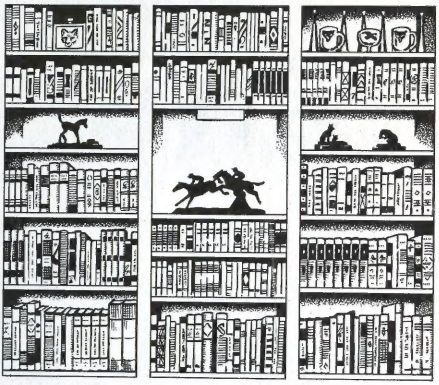

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THOMAS CRIBB.

BOXIANA;

OR, Sketches OF

Antient & Modern

PUGILISM.

LONDON.

Published by G. SMEETON, 139, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

JUNE, 1812.

BOXIANA;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

Pugilism;

FROM THE DAYS OF THE RENOWNED

BROUGHTON AND SLACK

TO

THE HEROES OF THE PRESENT *MILLING* ÆRA!

DEDICATED TO THAT DISTINGUISHED PATRON OF

Old English Sports,

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR G. SMEETON, 139, ST. MARTIN'S LANE;
AND SOLD BY
SHERWOOD, NEELY, and JONES, Paternoster-Row, and all other Booksellers.

M.DCCC.XII.

TO

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

SIR,

With the freedom of an Englishman, and consistent with those genuine principles of liberty, no apology becomes requisite, where flattery is unnecessary and not attempted; but occasioned by the consideration of a subject, in which, a peculiar FEATURE OF THE TIMES we live in may be developed, if not handed down to posterity.

In viewing you, Sir, as a LOVER AND PATRON OF THOSE SPORTS that tend to invigorate the human frame and inculcate those principles of generosity and true courage, by which the inhabitants of the English Nation are so eminently distinguished above every other country, is the unsophisticated reason in dedicating to the attention of Captain BARCLAY—BOXIANA; or, SKETCHES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PUGILISM.

To those, Sir, who prefer *effeminacy* to hardihood—*assumed refinement* to rough Nature—and whom *a shower of rain* can terrify, under the alarm of their *polite* frames, suffering from the unruly elements—or would not mind Pugilism, if BOXING was not so shockingly *vulgar*—the following work can create no interest whatever; but to those persons who feel that Englishmen are not automatons; and, however necessary discipline may be for the precision and movement of great bodies, that it would ultimately be of non-effect, were it not animated

by a native spirit, producing that love of country, which has been found principally to originate from, what the fastidious term—*vulgar Sports!* BOXIANA will convey amusement, if not information.

The *cause*, Sir, ought not to be lost sight of in the *effect*—and the alacrity of the TAR in serving his gun, and the daring intrepidity of the BRITISH SOLDIER in mounting the breach—in producing those brilliant victories which have reflected so much honour on the English Nation—may be traced from something like these sources:—sources which give generosity to the mind and humanity to the heart, by instilling those unalterable principles into the breast of every Briton, not to take an unfair advantage of his antagonist; and which cannot be more *nationally* illustrated, than in the recollection of a British Sailor, at the taking of Fort Omoa, who, being in possession of two swords, and suddenly meeting an enemy destitute of any weapon of defence, with unparalleled manliness and generosity *divided* the instruments of death with him, that he might have a fair chance for his life!

SPORTS, Sir, which can produce *thorough-bred* actions like the above, will outlive all the sneers of the fastidious, the *cant* of the hyper-critics!!!

I remain, SIR,

With every consideration
and manly respect,

Your humble Servant,

July 29, 1812. **ONE OF THE FANCY.**

BOXIANA.

An Englishman will take his part,
With courage *prime*, and noble heart;
Either forgive, or resent offence—
And *bang-up* in his own defence.
No sword or dagger—nor deadly list—
And rise or fall but by his *fist!*
The battle's o'er—all made amends,
By shaking hands, becoming friends.

JOHN BULL.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE ORIGIN, RISE, AND PROGRESS OF PUGILISM IN ENGLAND.

TO whom we are indebted for the first principles of BOXING, is completely uncertain—it appearing that few, if any, of our learned Antiquarians, by not possessing a taste for the *Fancy*,* have felt themselves more interested in endeavouring to ascertain the authenticity of an old monument or ancient coin, than that of investigating into the animated traits of Pugilism; darkness, of course, clouds its origin: and whether our first parent, ADAM, had any pretensions to this art, is also involved in too great obscurity, at this remote period, for us to

* As many of our readers may not be *flash* to the above term, it perhaps becomes necessary to state, that it simply means, any person who is fond of a particular amusement, or closely attached to some subject; a *lively* instance fortunately presents itself in illustrating the phrase beyond all doubt—as the old woman observed, when she kissed her cat, that it was—"*her fancy!*"

penetrate into with any possibility of success. It therefore must remain enveloped—for it would be sheer *gammon* indeed, were we to get our readers *into a string*, by swelling out the half of BOXIANA in striving to prove, from musty records, and mouldy papers, to whom were entitled the honours of being denominated—ITS FIRST PROFESSORS. We disdain such subterfuge—firmness is our motto—and upon a *striking* subject like the present, we shall decide for ourselves; perfectly coinciding in the deliberate opinion lately delivered by a distinguished law chief, in the most grave and solemn assembly in the kingdom, that precedents often betray *ignorance, however great the celebrity their authors might have acquired.

That precedent, so superior to all others upon every occasion, we shall refer to in this instance—NATURE! and to whom a more interesting foundation cannot be traced, that we owe the trait of BOXING—wounded *feelings* brought manly *resentment* to its aid—and *coolness*, checking fiery passion and rage, reduced it to a perfect science. Let hyper-critics "grin a horrid, ghastly smile!"—let the fastidious sneer and shrug up their shoulders with contempt—but never let Britons be ashamed of a science;—yes, A SCIENCE that not only adds generosity to their disposition—humanity to their conduct—but courage to their national character. A

* Friday, July 17, 1812.—When BLACKSTONE, the author of those celebrated "Commentaries," which have stood the test for so many years, and decided so many knotty points, has been deemed *ignorant*; our researches to boast an authority after this assertion, would be mere *slum*.

country where the stiletto is not known—where trifling quarrels do not produce assassination—and where revenge is not finished by murder. Boxing removes these dreadful calamities; a contest is soon decided, and scarcely ever the frame sustains any material injury.

It is far from our intention, by way of apology, to prove that Pugilism is of ancient date in reference to the Greeks and Romans, and that it was sanctioned by these distinguished nations, in their public sports, and in the education of youth, to manifest its utility in strengthening the body, dissipating all fear, and infusing a manly courage into the system. The gladiatorial displays of the Romans we admire not—nor any public exhibitions tending to degrade mankind; but the manly art of Boxing, has infused that true heroic courage, blended with humanity, into the hearts of Britons, which have made them so renowned, terrific, and triumphant, in all parts of the world.

We shall therefore view it as a national propensity, independent of every other consideration; and that Pugilism is in perfect unison with the feelings of Englishmen, references to dates, if necessary, will bear us out. Distinction of rank is of little importance when an offence has been given, and in the impulse of the moment, a PRINCE has forgot his royalty by turning out to box, to prevent the imputation of a coward—a DUKE, his consequence in life—and a BISHOP the sanctity of his cloth; displaying those strong and *national* traits so congenial to the soil of liberty.

Refinement of character has been the object of many eminent writers—and public stage-fighting has, perhaps, in many instances, received just and merited censure;

under an alarm that our feelings might become callous, and acts of brutality be viewed with indifference from the witnessing of those prize combats. We do not war with these writers for their opinions, trusting they have been promulgated for the general good—but we are equally afraid in turn, that the English character may get too *refined*, and the *thorough-bred* bull-dog, degenerate into the *whining* puppy. Lord CHESTERFIELD, with his superior refinement, graces, and politeness, did more real injury to the cause of morality, than all the public exhibitions of boxing have done, from the renowned days of *Broughton*, down to the milling æra of *Cribb!*

The punishing *Coves* may, from their want of education, in some instances, disgust, by bad language and inebriety of conduct—but this is not generally the case; for though they are not *down* to the "Sublime and Beautiful," or *up* to the "Diversions of Purley," yet they are not so completely *obscured* as to be destitute of the common courtesy due to society; and by their intercourse with several of the *Upper-Customers* of the community, the manners of many of them, from their experience and observation, have become softened into the mild and agreeable companion, and only appear terrible —in battle.

The fastidious writer, who too often from superficial observation, and a pretended delicacy of feeling, in not visiting the *milling pannies*, where characters are to be drawn from real life, and human nature is developed in a variety of shapes; exhibits deformed pictures instead of faithful likenesses; and, inflated with his vanity, fine sentiments, and crude opinions, endeavours to impose

upon the world by an assumed knowledge, as a criterion for mankind to act upon, respecting this manly science; condemns unseen, traduces unknown, and holds up to satire, unauthenticated portraits, which, upon examination, betrays the most gross ignorance, and turns into ridicule, against himself, those satiric efforts, which otherwise might prove of advantage to the world at large, in being founded on truth. FIELDING'S *Tom Jones*, and SMOLLETT'S *Lieutenant Bowling*, will never die, but gain length of years by every fresh perusal;—the superior traits of GEORGE MORLAND on the canvas, can never be effaced but by the hand of unrelentless Time;—nor the exquisite touches of a WILKIE be forgotten, while taste and sound judgment hold their empire.

No men are subject more to the caprice or changes of fortune than the pugilists; *victory* brings them fame, riches, and patrons; their bruises are not heeded in the smiles of success; and basking in the sun-shine of prosperity, their lives pass on pleasantly, till *defeat* comes and reverses the scene: covered with aches and pains, distressed in mind and body, assailed by poverty, wretchedness, and misery,—friends forsake them—their towering fame expired—their characters suspected by losing—and no longer the "*plaything of fashion!*"*

* The *swell* tinman, HOOPER, was one of those "*playthings*" of the great; and sheltered under the wings of nobility, he became pampered, insolent, and mischievous. His courage was undoubted, and though his frame was but small, it contained the heart of a lion; big men struck no terror to his feelings, and he opposed them with all the hardihood of an equal competitor, determined to conquer, without reflecting on the inequality of his own make; and, at one time, was considered as to size, one of the best "*bits of stuff*" in the kingdom.

they fly to inebriation for relief, and a premature end puts a period to their misfortunes.

It is one of the greatest failings of human nature, incident to most men in every station of society, that while in prosperity, and a long run of good luck, few are provident enough to provide against a rainy day; much more from those who are in a line of life, where a great deal depends upon *chance*, and an unlucky throw may reduce them considerably worse than their first outset in life; a memorable instance is to be remarked toward strengthening this argument, respecting the late *Tom Johnson*, of pugilistic celebrity, who, by his extraordinary success in fighting, it is said had realized the astonishing sum of near 5,000 pounds; and might, after contending for the championship of England, in about sixteen fights, retired from the

---

The late Lord BARRYMORE, whose eccentricities would fill a volume, was his patron; and at whose country seat he principally dwelt.—Here poor HOOPER lost himself, the station was too high for his mind, and he fancied himself a great man. His Lordship was fond of *larking*, and whenever he could not *come through the piece* in style, HOOPER appeared as his bully—whose name overawed, and, many a time, he has saved his patron a good *milling*. HOOPER's insolence at length became intolerable; and, unfortunately, for a *prime squad of spunging coves*, that stuck to his Lordship like so many leeches, he began to reform, or more properly speaking, he was *bowled out*, and these enviable characters were *turned up!* HOOPER soon afterwards became wretched—disease overtook him, and repeated intoxication brought him to the brink of the grave; and one evening, a few years since, he was found insensible on the step of a door in St. Giles's, and conveyed to the watchhouse; and on inquiring who he was, he could very faintly articulate, "*Hoop—Hoop—*;" but being recognized as the miserable remnants of that once powerful pugilistic hero, he was humanely taken to the work-house, where he immediately expired!

scene of "battles bravely fought and hardly won," into the vale of ease, become respectable, and have ended his days in peace and happiness. But by want of conduct he lost his property and his home; *necessity* compelled him to fight another battle; and, flattered that the *chance* was still in his favour, whereby he might recruit his exhausted finances, he entered the field with all the gaiety of an adventurer; but, alas! capricious fortune turned her back upon him, and he, *(Tom Johnson)* the hero of the tale, who had always been borne off upon the shoulders of his friends, amid the shouts of victory, was now doomed, O dire reverse! by the desperate conflict he sustained, to GIVE IN—beat almost lifeless; the laurel torn from his veteran brow, and death the ultimate consequence, from the severe blows he had received. *Tom's* reputation being gone as a pugilist in London, he strolled from race-grounds to fairs, endeavouring to *pick up a crust* as a gambler, but that proving a *queer lay*, he resorted to teaching the art of defence in Ireland, where he made his grand exit; proving the absolute necessity to men, in such an uncertain way of life, before they are completely *done up*, of "making hay while the sun shines."

BOXING, at any rate, has been patronized for upwards of seventy years in England; and among its numerous leaders several of the Blood Royal have stood conspicuous toward its support, independent of Dukes, Lords, Honourables, &c. &c. Besides, at one period, having an amphitheatre established, the *amusements* of which were publicly advertised whenever they took place, and money paid for admission. Under the direction of a regular manager, a variety of scenes of course were produced, both of the

serious and comic cast, and a number of *striking* situations witnessed from the celebrity of the actors in the drama; and if the language did not rise to the sublimity of Shakespeare, or the bards of old, in making an impression upon the finer sympathies of the mind, the auditors, doubtless, were frequently awakened by the ballet of action, to *touches* of the most *feeling* sort. And from the best authorities that can be obtained, it appears that the audiences *then* were not only extremely respectable, but highly delighted with the entertainments catered for them; the theatre, in general, was crowded upon these occasions, and the bill of fare given out for the next performance, with all the regularity of the most refined place of amusement.

But what of that! have not our classic theatres, within the last five and twenty years, possessing all the advantages of authors the most exalted and refined; actors the most inimitable and chaste, either to extort the tear or provoke the laugh; music the most ravishing; scenes and decorations, in point of magnificence and splendour, unparalleled—invited PUGILISM to their boards, and the names of some of the first rate boxers enriched their play-bills; and the audiences (of whom no doubt can attach to their respectability) testified their approbation by loud plaudits, at the liberality of the managers in thus publicly displaying the principles of Pugilism! And it is mentioned upon good authority, that the most fashionable daily newspaper of that period, under the direction of an *amateur* captain, had a rapid increase of sale, in respect to its containing the genuine correspondence between those celebrated heroes of the fist—*Humphries* and *Mendoza*.

In 1791, Pugilism was in such high repute, and so strongly patronized, that *Dan Mendoza* was induced to open the small theatre, at the Lyceum, in the Strand, for the express purpose of public exhibitions of sparring; and in his managerial capacity, assured the public, by a very neat and appropriate address, that the manly art of boxing would be displayed, divested of all ferocity, rendered equally as neat and elegant as fencing; perfectly as useful, and might be as gracefully acquired. Several imitations would be given of celebrated ancient and modern pugilists; eminent performers were engaged to pourtray the science; and the whole conducted with the utmost propriety and decorum, that the female part of the creation might attend, without their feelings being infringed upon, or experiencing any unpleasant sensations.

About this period a similar exhibition was opened near the Haymarket, under the guidance of a Frenchman, who undertook to prove that *science*, in competition with *strength*, was of no avail; but *John Bull* soon took the *conceit* out of him, as he had done many more of his countrymen, in more formidable contests than that of *sparring*, by exposing his *gasconade*. The Frenchman very soon got *milled*, and shortly afterwards *mizzled;* so that the science received but little interruption from *his* lectures on the gymnastic art.

In illustration of *Boxing* being a national and important feature of the English people, we relate the following anecdote of an illustrious personage:—

The late Lord B——— (the firm of that *elegant* family Quartette, knowingly styled, Newgate, Hellgate, Cripplegate, and Billingsgate) about the year 1789, was in the very zenith of his fun, frolic, and *lark-ery;* and, if we

can believe his Lordship's panegyrist,* he was, notwithstanding his volatile propensities, a man of observation and talent; and *correct* in music, if nothing else. No *milling* match of note his Lordship ever missed, but he always was conspicuous in the scene; and the lessons he had received under the first-rate professors of the art, rendered him no mean adept in the science. Though he performed in public on the classic stage, we never heard that he had ever sported his *Corinthian canvas* as a pugilist in the open ring; but was fond of kicking up a *row*, and not afraid to fight his way out of it. He was a public character in the extreme at Brighton; and his eccentricities at that watering place will not easily be forgotten. In one of his wild freaks, unfortunately, he horse-whiped from his phaeton a respectable perfumer, (a Mr. Donadieu, who was in a gig,) for not getting out of his way: his Lordship's thoroughbred cattle soon distanced the *man of scent*, before he could well recover from his surprise; but the next morning Mr. D. perceiving Lord B——— upon the Steine, in company with several sporting men, pugilists, &c. went up to him and remonstrated on the ill-usage he had received upon the preceding day; when his Lordship, instead of redressing, set about *milling* him for his insolence; but the perfumer being an Englishman, and not feeling dismayed by the superior rank of his antagonist, and having a good *pluck*, quickly returned the *favour* with interest; his Lordship soon perceived he was on a *wrong scent*, that not only his *fame* as a pugilist was at stake, but his honour as a peer in danger of being wounded, and began to

* The *disinterested* Anthony Pasquin!

take an unfair advantage, when the P—— of W——, who had witnessed the whole transaction from a window at the the pavilion, exclaimed, with all the native characteristic of a Briton "*Dam'me*, B———, *fight like a man!*"

DUELLING—however honourable and proper such a mode of settling differences may be considered by the CORINTHIAN PILLARS OF THE STATE, (when the laws are not applied to for redress) we confess, that we are no advocates for such a *genteel* system; notwithstanding cowardice must be despised, and urge that no man ought to put up with a gross insult or unprovoked injury, pusillanimously. The laws of honour, doubtless, are of so fine and delicate a texture, that they are not to be grasped at by every rough hand; nor to be referred to upon all occasions; but the *ridiculous appeals*, which have been made, in too many instances, to those sacred laws, forcibly brings to recollection, that, in such cases, it is "a custom more honour'd in the breach than th' observance."

MIRABEAU, (brother of the great French senator) was *distinguished* for his numerous debaucheries and amours; a celebrated duellist; and was denominated a MAN OF HONOUR! Seducing the wives and daughters of his friends, and then fighting their fathers and husbands, by way of giving *satisfaction*, as it is termed, was the peculiar traits of this most *honourable* character! It has been said of him, that in the course of his debauched career, he had fought upwards of one hundred and twenty duels: in which, several worthy members of society were wounded, and some killed at his hands. He was a *systematic* dueller, and had acquired great accuracy in firing at various marks; independent of the great prac-

tice he had had in public life, that his fame over-awed many from entering the lists with him, and quietly put up with their injuries, in preference to losing their lives. What *chance* could the father or husband have, whose feelings were wounded to the quick, and their minds agitated with resentment against the destroyer of their peace—*compared* with a cold-blooded villain, who could take as deliberate an aim at a human being, as if firing at a mark or stone? With such characters, human nature becomes degraded in placing itself upon a *level* with infamy—and the laws only should *meet* them and decide upon *their* honour!

The memorable instances, but a few years since, in that of Colonel MACNAMARA's losing his life concerning the very *trifling* circumstance of his dog being struck, who had annoyed a passenger in the street; and Lord CAMELFORD's vindication of a fashionable *prostitute*, have been so perfectly ridiculous in their onsets, and so remarkably serious in their terminations, as to preclude any further comment unnecessary.

Man, from the imperfections of his nature, is liable to quarrel, and to give or receive insults in his journey through life—how necessary, then, does it appear that he should be able to defend himself—and that in a way which will bear reflection. The fastidious, we have little doubt, will smile at the phrase—REFLECTION; but how much misery and wretchedness might have been spared by that reflection, of the dreadful consequences likely to arise from DUELLING—in making their wives premature and unprovided widows; their children fatherless and distressed; and themselves snatched away in a moment, with all their imperfections on their head, and re-

conciliation put out of the question. If it were possible to take a peep into the *penetralia* of those persons who go out to decide quarrels after this *genteel* mode; we rather apprehend, that in deciding with truth, something like *fear* might be perceived at the bottom, if all-powerful honour did not prevent its having a resting place!

Where, *then*, is the relative, however high in pride and pomp, on viewing the father, husband, or brother, killed in a duel—but what would rather that they should have had recourse to the manly defence of BOXING, than the deadly weapons of sword and ball; from which a bloody nose, or black eye, might have been the only consequences to themselves, and their families, and neither in their feelings or their circumstances been injured; reconciliation with their antagonist—faults mutually acknowledged—and, perhaps, become inseparable friends ever afterwards.

The life of an individual is a loss to the state, from the peer to the peasant; and it becomes the duty of every good citizen to prevent them from being sported with wantonly.

We have long witnessed the good effects of this manly spirit in England; and, we trust, it will never be extinguished. Prejudice does much in favour of our native soil; but upon a dispassionate review of those countries where Pugilism is unknown, we find, that upon the most trifling misunderstanding, the life of the individual is in danger. In Holland the long knife decides too frequently; scarcely any person in Italy is without the stiletto; and France and Germany, are not particular in using stones, sticks, &c. to gratify revenge; but in England, the FIST only is used, where malice is not suf-

fered to engender and poison the composition, and induce the inhabitants to the commission of deeds which their souls abhor and shudder at—but an immediate appeal to Boxing—the by-standers make a ring, and where no unfair advantage is suffered to be taken of each other. The fight done, the hand is given in token of peace; resentment vanishes; and the cause generally buried in oblivion. This generous mode of conduct is not owing to any particular rule laid down by education—it is an inherent principle—the impulse of the moment—acted upon by the most ignorant and inferior ranks of the people. Foreigners may sneer at us for our rudeness of customs and barbarity of manners; but, we trust, that Englishmen will ever wish to be admired more for their genuine honesty and rough sincerity, than for an assumed and affected *politeness*.

It has been attempted, by some writers, to prove, that Boxing did not originate in Great Britain; but in recurring to the times of the immortal Alfred, according to ancient authorities, we shall find, that *wrestling* and *boxing* formed a part of the manual exercise of the soldiers at that distant period. The ancient Britons have always been characterised as a manly, strong, and robust race of people, inured to hardship and fatigue, and by the exercise of those manly sports, acquired that peculiar *strength of arm*, which rendered them so decisive in their warlike combats.

That athletic exercises have not been performed in foreign countries at various times, by particular individuals, it is not our intention to deny; but in speaking generally, as a national trait, we feel no hesitation in declaring, that it is wholly—British.

And, were it materially necessary, the curious OLD ENGLISH SPORTS might be traced through the succeeding reigns with every degree of certainty, except in some few instances, where the conquerors introduced *effeminate refinements*, of which Leland, and several other historians speak, as tending towards creating a degeneracy of spirit among the natives of the island.

It appears that Richard III. (commonly denominated *crook-backed* Richard) was distinguished for his acquirements of those exercises which invigorated the body, and strengthened the arm; and it is recorded of him, "that he was uncommonly expert, either on foot or horseback, in displaying a variety of manly feats,—such as drawing the bow, raising the sling, or throwing the javelin; but particularly distinguished with a *clenched fist*, when opposed to an antagonist, by the extreme potency of his arm." In those days it was expected, that *even* princes should excel in these necessary and manly accomplishments, as much depended upon the power of the *arm*; —and however *high-colouring* it may give to stage effect, in witnessing RICHARD fall in the contest with RICHMOND—had that have proved the fact, that the fate of the nation was to have been decided by a single combat, the superiority of RICHARD'S prowess, by his being inured to feats of manhood, and the various hardy exploits he had performed, little doubt can be expressed, but RICHMOND would never have assumed the kingly title of Henry VII. Richard's natural courage was of the first order; and, in the words of our immortal bard, finely expressed:—

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field:
"Five have I slain to-day instead of him."

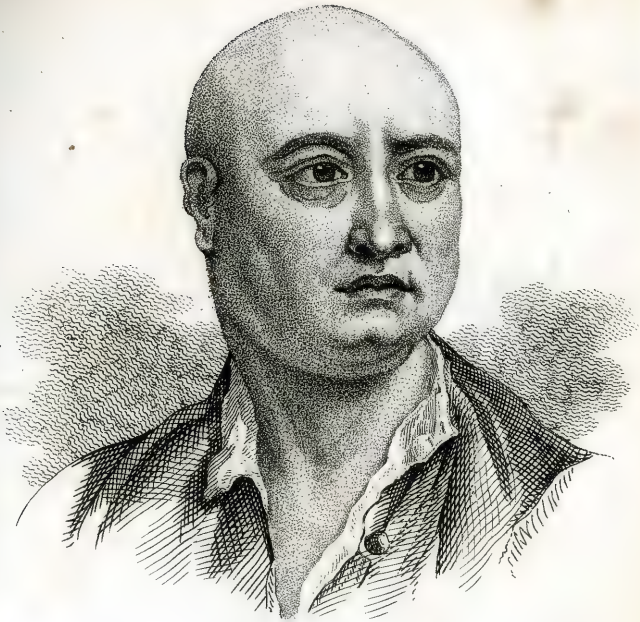
And it is principally owing to a constant exercise of these manly sports, that men not only lose sight of their individual size, but place and circumstances; their bodies capable of enduring hardships, and their minds fortified by true and invincible courage.

In the celebrated battle of Dettingen, in the late King's reign, victory was obtained by the *strength of arm* in wielding the broad-sword so adroitly,—the lines of the enemy were forced, and literally cut to pieces; a total discomfiture and defeat took place, to the increased honour of the British soldiery.

Having thus far cursorily expressed our opinions in favour of this manly art, we shall now proceed to shew some of its most powerful *knock-down* arguments:—

JACK BROUGHTON, according to the best authorities, appears to have been considered as the Father of the English School of Boxing, and by whose superior skill and ability, PUGILISM obtained the rank of A SCIENCE.

Previous to the days of BROUGHTON it was downright *slaughtering*,—or, in the modern acceptation, either *gluttony*, *strength*, or *bottom*, decided almost every contest. But after BROUGHTON appeared as a professor of the gymnastic art, he drew crowds after him to witness his exhibitions; there was a *neatness* about his method completely new, and unknown to his auditors—he *stopped* the blows aimed at any part of him by his antagonist, with so much skill, and *hit* his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and terrified his opponents beyond measure; and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with BROUGHTON were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess: and most of his competitors, who were compelled to *give in*



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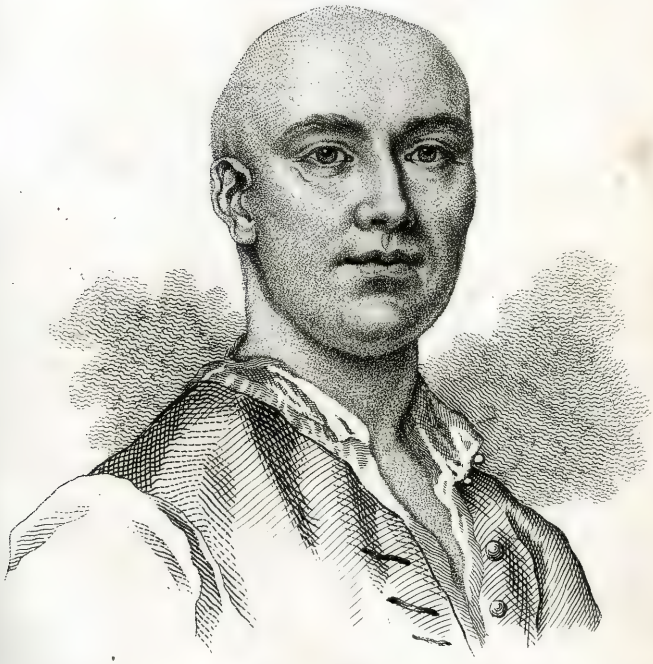


BROUGHTON.

BROUGHTON AND SLACK,

In the memorable battle, at the Amphitheatre, on Tuesday, April 10: 1750. 1-16

Copied by Permission from the Original Painting in the possession of Mr Thomas Belcher.

Published, Sept.r 23: 1812: by G. Smeeton, 139, St Martins Lane.

from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold BROUGHTON scarcely touched, and to appear with as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had never been engaged in a *set-to*.

He was indebted to nature for a good person; his countenance was manly and open; and, possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, that almost looked through the object before him, gave a fine animation to his face. His form was athletic and commanding; there was an importance about it which denoted uncommon strength, and which every spectator felt impressed with that beheld him. Six feet, wanting an inch, in height; and fourteen stone, or thereabouts, in weight.

BROUGHTON became as a *fixed star* in the pugilistic hemisphere; his talents as a Boxer gained him many admirers and patrons; but his good temper, generosity of disposition, and gentleness of manners, ensured him numerous friends. He was intelligent, communicative, and not destitute of wit. The system he laid down was plain, and easy to be understood; and under his instruction, several of his pupils arrived at a pugilistic eminence, and gave distinguished proofs of the acquirements they had gained under so great a master.

Notwithstanding the inferiority of Boxers, previous to the days of Broughton, it may not be improper, as far as they can be traced with any degree of accuracy, so as to render the connection more complete and strong, to give some short account of their feats.

SOUTHWARK FAIR, during its continuance, was an uncommon scene of attraction to the inhabitants in, and contiguous to, London, from the various sports and pastimes which were exhibited by its versatility of performers.

Boxing and cudgelling were strong features among the other amusements: refinement, it appears, was not so well understood *then* as at the present period; although several of the most celebrated actors of that day, did not feel *ashamed* to make known their efforts to amuse the populace. When even the stage was not considered in a degenerate state, and while the irresistible and loud roars of laughter prevailed outside of the booths, from an intermixture of all ranks of people, the involuntary tear was seen stealing down the cheeks of the audiences within, at the imaginary sufferings of the hero or heroine, from the excellent *manner* in which it was *told*. Genius and talent was often seen, felt, and acknowledged, under many of those ragged coverings; however difficult it may be to experience under more classic and magnificent domes, the *mere* hint at such things now-a-days, would make our fixed theatrical star

JOHN KEMBLE—

Tremble!

Nor did that truly great Colossus of Literature (Dr. Johnson) appear shy, in witnessing the eccentricities developed by human beings at such places of amusement, where the finest display of NATURE and ART that could be experienced, were to be seen *contrasted*, and REAL LIFE, in all its abundant varieties, pourtrayed in its native dress. To a *mind* like that of Dr. Johnson's, few circumstances escaped his notice, whether attracted by the loud laugh at the rude and noisy fair, or the *self-approving* smile at the more refined and splendid chateau; in the manly display of the pugilist, or in appealing eloquence of the orator, it was appreciated and treasured up, added to his midnight sallies with the unfortunate and pitiable Savage, united with his intellectual acquirements; and which, doubt-

less, formed the *stamina* of those works that have tended to add so much literary reputation to this country.

The learned Doctor, in himself, was another *striking* proof of pugilism being a national trait, by having a regular set-to with an athletic brewer's servant, who had insulted him in Fleet-street, and gave the fellow a complete milling in a few minutes.

BOXING and CUDGELLING, it appeared, degenerated into down-right ferocity and barbarity at this fair, from the drunkenness and inequality of the combatants, and the various artifices adopted to get money, which at last became so disgusting, that it was declared a public nuisance, and in 1743 Southwark fair was suppressed.

Smithfield and Moorfields also sported booths and rings, for the display of boxing and cudgelling; and where many a good bit of stuff has *pealed* with all the courage of a lion, and who has soon been reduced to the meekness of a Lamb: here, also, many a *glutton* has received his belly-full, and retired perfectly *satisfied;* and many an *ugly-customer* has met with his match, and been frightened in his turn; *milling coves* had the pride taken out of them by mere *novices;* and where many *sparring gills* have found out that, in *reality*, they could not *box!* But, alas! for want of a BOXIANA, to record their valorous deeds, Heroes and Tyros of the fist, have, unfortunately, been suffered to "steal ingloriously to the grave," and their qualifications buried with them, leaving the pugilistic posterity to mourn in silence the loss of their achievements.

It was from the above scene of frolic and fun, that the inimitable Hogarth drew his celebrated picture of Southwark Fair, in which life is exhibited in all its various

shapes, from the King to the Beggar; and among the variety of characters here pourtrayed, may be traced the likenesses of the late King, interestedly gazing upon the rude and comic touches of nature, and in viewing the merry countenances of his happy subjects, enjoying the humours and freedom of their countrymen, so congenial to the soil of liberty; and the famous Colly Cibber, of theatrical fame, in observing the display of talent, sported by his brethren of the *sock* and *buskin* to the gaping crowd, to persuade the populace to fill their booths, that they might *begin immediately*; and the heroic Figg, of pugilistic memory, challenging any of the crowd to enter the lists with him, either for money, for love, or a belly-full!

The latter character, at this period, was a distinguished personage in the history of pugilism, by references being made to him upon all fighting occasions; and was considered to possess good judgment. He might be looked upon as the champion of that day.—Figg was more indebted to strength and courage for his success in the battles which he gained, than from the effects of genius: in fact, he was extremely illiterate, and it might be said, that he *boxed* his way through life. If Figg's method of fighting was subject to the *criticism* of the present day, he would be denominated more of a *slaughterer*, than that of a neat, finished pugilist. His antagonists were punished severely in their conflicts with him, particularly those who stood up to receive his blows; in making matches his advice was always consulted, as he possessed the character of an honest fellow—and was looked up to as a leading fighter among the most distinguished of the *fancy*.

It appears that FIG was more distinguished as a *fencer* and *cudgeller* than as a pugilist; and, notwithstanding the former acquirements gave him a decidedly superior advantage over the other boxers of that day, by his thorough acquaintance with *time* and *measure*, yet his favourite practices were the SWORD and STICK, and in the use of which he particularly excelled.

His reputation rapidly increasing as a scientific man in those pursuits, he was induced to open an *Academy* (perhaps better known by FIG's Amphitheatre) for teaching the use of the small and back-sword, cudgelling, and pugilism; and which place soon became of considerable notoriety, by proving a great attraction to the sporting men at that period, in making and settling matches in the various bouts that were displayed.

It was here that the celebrated Captain GODFREY (the *Barclay* of that time) displayed his uncommon skill and elegance in those manly sports, with the most hardy and determined competitors, contending for the palm of victory; and often was the Captain witnessed by royal and noble personages, whom, it should seem, became supporters to a science, tending to inure the people to bravery and intrepidity.

To Captain GODFREY's *Treatise upon the Useful Science of Defence*, (now extremely scarce) published in 1747, we are, in some degree, indebted for an account of the characters of the *Fancy* within his time. Which work was dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and was so well received by the public, that it immediately went through two large editions.

The Captain thus speaks of FIG:—"I have purchased my knowledge with many a broken head, and bruise in

every part of me. I chose to go mostly to FIG, and exercise with him; partly, as I knew him to be the ablest master, and partly, as he was of a rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him. I bore his rough treatment with determined patience, and followed him so long, that FIG at last, finding he could not have the beating of me at so cheap a rate as usual, did not shew such fondness for my company. This is well known by gentlemen of distinguished rank, who used to be pleased in setting us together."

FIG's *academy* was now in high estimation; and the encouragement he received from plenty of scholars, and numerous visitors upon all occasions, made him a man of no little importance among the heroes of the fist, stick, or sword; and he turned out some excellent pupils in all the various branches of the art of self-defence.

It was about this period, that the whole boxing hemisphere was *up in arms!* occasioned by the *insolent* threats of the English laurels being torn from their native soil, and transplanted to a foreign land!—It was a *Venetian* Gondolier that *threw down the glove*, boasting, at the same time, that he would break the jaw-bone of any opponent who might have the temerity to fight him. The *Venetian*, was a man of prodigious strength, possessing an *arm* not only very large and muscular, but surprisingly long; and had proved a complete terror to his own countrymen, by the number of *jaw-bones* which he had sent to the surgeons to be *set*, of those persons who had possessed hardihood enough to oppose him. His fame ran before him, and his impetuosity was described to be irresistible. The *Venetian* was considered a good subject for winning, and a foreigner of distinction, and several of his countrymen,

backed him for a large sum;—but JOHN BULL was not thus to be *bounced* out of his *pluck*, or his money—and, in this situation of affairs, FIG was applied to for a customer to *serve him out*, if such a-one could be found!—"Found," exclaimed FIG, laughing heartily, "aye, my Masters, plenty; but I don't know, d'ye see, as how that'ere's truth about his breaking so many of his countrymens' jaw-bones with his fist; howsomdever, that's no matter, he can't break BOB WHITAKER's jaw-bone, if he had a sledge-hammer in his hand. And if BOB must knock under, why, before this here *outlandish* waterman shall rule the roast, I'll give him a FIG to *chaw*, which, perhaps, he'll find some trouble in *swallowing!*" After this luminous display upon the matter, the match was made, and the day appointed for the combat, to take place at FIG's Amphitheatre.

It may be necessary to say something here about the qualifications of BOB WHITAKER, who was selected to *punish* this *Venetian* for his vain-boasting, that he would take *the shine out* of Englishmen! BOB was an awkward boxer, and an athletic man; but possessed true *bottom*, and was celebrated for his throwing, and contriving to pitch his weighty body on his fallen antagonist.

Among the *milling coves* the day was looked for with uncommon anxiety, that was to decide this mighty contest:—

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

The important moment at length arrived, and, according to all report, it was by far the most splendid company, and the politest house of the kind, that was ever seen at FIG's Amphitheatre.

The stage was ordered to be cleared, when an awful silence prevailed in the anxiety manifested for the *set-to*. The *Venetian* mounted with smiles of confidence, and was greeted welcome by loud plaudits from his countrymen and partizans, and instantly began to strip—his *giant-like arm* claimed universal astonishment, and his size in general struck terror, and even Captain GODFREY observes, "That his heart yearned for his countryman!" BOB appeared cool and steady, in a few seconds afterwards, and was cheered with huzzas. He eyed the Gondolier with firmness, and quite undismayed, threw off his clothes in an instant, when the attack commenced,—the *Venetian* pitched himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended, and, before WHITAKER was aware of his design, he received a blow on the side of the head, so powerful in its effect, as to *capsize* him over the stage, which was remarkable for its height. WHITAKER's fall was desperate indeed, as he dashed completely against the ground; which circumstance would not have taken place, but for the grandeur of the audience, whose prices for admission were so high on that day as to exclude the common people, who generally sat on the ground, and formed a line round the stage. It was then all clear, and BOB had nothing to stop him but the bottom. The bets ran high, and the foreigners vociferated loudly indeed, in behalf of the *Venetian*, and flattered themselves, that WHITAKER would scarcely be able to *come again* from the desperate blow and fall that he had received, and sported their cash freely in laying the odds thick against him;—but BOB was not to be *told out* so soon, and jumped upon the stage, like a game-cock, to renew the attack. *Sparring* now was all at an

end; and WHITAKER found out that something must be done to render the *Venetian's long arm* useless, or he must lose the fight; so, without further ceremony, he made a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and, with one "*English peg*" in the stomach, (quite a new thing to foreigners) brought him on his breech. The tables were then turned, the sporting men laughing heartily, and the foreigners a little chop-fallen. The *Venetian* shewed symptoms of uneasiness—was quite sick—and his wind being touched, he was scarcely to his *time*. BOB now *punished* him in fine style, drove the *Venetian* all over the stage, and soon gave him a *leveller*. The odds shifted fast in favour of WHITAKER, and the foreigners displayed some terrible *long faces!* The Gondolier was completely puzzled, and, in the course of a few rounds, the *conceit was so taken out of him*, that he lost all guard of his person, and was compelled to GIVE IN—to the no small chagrin of the foreigners, who were properly *cleaned out* upon this occasion; but the *Venetian* had the mortification to retire in disgrace, after his vain-boasting, and with a good *milling*; or, as Captain GODFREY concludes, "the blow in the stomach carried too much of the English *rudeness* for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly fist."

FIG was so enraptured with the elegance of the audience, and not wishing to let so good an opportunity slip, instantly mounted the stage, and addressed the spectators, nearly to the following purport:—"Gentlemen, perhaps, as how, you may think, that I have picked out the best man in London to beat this here foreigner; but if you will come this day se'nnight, I'll produce a man that

shall beat Bob Whitaker, by fair hitting, in ten minutes."—It had the desired effect;—by the company proving as great and as fine as the week before, and who came to see whether Fig was not trifling with them; it being considered a difficult task to beat such a *bottom* man as Whitaker in so short a space of time. On the day appointed, the Amphitheatre, as before, was crowded at an early hour, and poor Whitaker's laurels were doomed to be but of short duration. Nat Peartree was the man looked out to deprive him of his honours; and who was considered a most admirable Boxer; and had he not have lost a finger in a desperate conflict, it was supposed that Peartree was a match for any of the pugilists. He was famous for fighting at the face, and putting in his blows with great strength; yet felt doubtful in being able to beat Whitaker by force, as the latter had proved himself, upon many occasions, a most enormous *glutton*, and therefore cunningly determined to fight at his eyes. The event proved Peartree's judgment to be correct, for, in about six minutes, he had directed his arms so well, that Whitaker was shut out from day-light, by both his eyes being closed up. In this *distressed* situation he became an object of pity, by being completely at the mercy of his antagonist; when poking about a while for his man, and finding him not, he wisely gave in, with these odd words—"Dam'me, I am not beat, but what signifies when I cannot see my man!"

Tom Pipes, who had long been the Champion of England till Broughton appeared, was but weakly made; his appearance bespoke great activity, yet his arm, hand, and body, were but small. Pipes was distinguished for a peculiar swing of his arm, his blows were prodigious,

and he was an uncommon quick hitter. He displayed a great deal of neatness in his boxing; and fought at the face most, where he put in blows with excellent time and judgment. PIPES had fought a great number of battles against men of superior strength; and his skill was so superior, that victory attended him: his fame lasted for several years, and it was the opinion of Captain GODFREY, "that it was more owing to debauchery, than to the merit of those with whom he contended, that he was beat out of the championship!"

One GRETTING was a strong competitor against PIPES, and both having obtained great celebrity by their skill and prowess, felt somewhat jealous at each other's fame, and had several combats together, when they were almost alternate victors; though BROUGHTON beat them both with ease. GRETTING was a stronger made man than PIPES, and an artful boxer, and had the nearest way of going to the stomach (which *then* was denominated the MARK) than any man of his day, besides putting in his blows remarkably straight; but, notwithstanding, PIPES was his superior, by the thorough *bottom* he always displayed, and which most excellent requisite for a pugilist, GRETTING did not possess sufficiently enough. In his last two battles with PIPES he was severely beaten. Like too many boxers, in the hey-day of their prowess, he thought nothing would hurt him, and drank to excess, which rendered him a mere *plaything* among the fighting men; and a very slovenly boxer, called HAMMERSMITH JACK, beat him with ease, as did every other person that fought him afterwards. GRETTING was certainly entitled to the appellation of a great Boxer—and had it not have

been for repeated inebriety, must have become quite a first-rate pugilist.

The time was at length arrived, when FIG, notwithstanding his celebrated parryings and severe thrusts, was doomed to meet with a superior antagonist—and DEATH gave him his *knock-down blow* in 1740. It was the opinion of this period, that the English nation were more expert than any other, not only in boxing, but in the use of the back-sword; and it would be a great pity were they not to continue so at the present day. The amphitheatre, boxing, foil-play, and cudgelling schools, were openly advertised, and the amusements made known, like unto any of the regular theatres—the audiences equally as fashionable; patronised by the noble and great, and not disturbed, but tolerated by the magistrates. Although it was admitted, that those amphitheatrical practices were productive of some ill, as offering a kind of encouragement to idleness and extravagance among the vulgar: but there is hardly any useful thing but what leaves an opening for mischief, and which is not liable to abuse. The practices of back-sword fighting and boxing, have been thought commendable by the serious legislator, in feeding and keeping up the British spirit. Courage is allowed to be chiefly natural, and probably owing, in a great measure, to the complexion and constitution of our bodies, and flowing in the different texture of the blood and juices; but, surely, it may be admitted, that it is not only acquired, but strengthened, by use and familiarity with danger. Emulation, and the love of glory, are true and powerful breeders of it. To what a pitch of daring do we not see them carry men? And the innumerable proofs of Englishmen in the above instance, demonstrates

the truth of the position beyond all controversy. Is it not observable in miniature among little children, who, almost as soon as they can go alone, put themselves into attitudes and postures of defence—and the boys bear their little bloody noses without complaint, sooner than be stigmatised as cowards?

During FIG's life-time these manly exercises were carried on with great spirit; but for a short period after his decease, appeared rather upon the decline. And it would not be doing justice to the merits of so celebrated a *Fancier*, before we take our leave of him, were we not to give his character in a few words, by one of his impartial biographers:—"FIG was the atlas of the sword, and may he remain the gladiating statue! In him, strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment, conspired to form a matchless master. There was a majesty shone in his countenance, and blazed in all his actions, beyond all I ever saw. His right leg bold and firm, and his left, which could hardly ever be disturbed, gave him the surprising advantage already proved, and struck his adversary with despair and panic. He had a peculiar way of *stepping* in a parry. He knew his arm, and its just time of moving, put a firm faith in that, and never let his adversary escape his parry. He was just as much a greater MASTER than any other I ever saw, as he was a greater judge of *time* and *measure*." FIG was a native of Oxfordshire; and the excellent portrait which is given of him in this work, was copied, by permission, from an original likeness in the cabinet collection of an Amateur, otherwise it would have been extremely difficult to have procured one, on account of its great scarcity.

GEORGE TAYLOR, known by the name of *George the*

Barber, now sprang rapidly into notice, by beating all the celebrated pugilists, excepting BROUGHTON. He had so good an *opinion of himself*, that he attacked the Champion first; but his judgment not proving so sound as his courage, he was soon laid prostrate by the potent and well-directed arm of BROUGHTON; and, like many a brave fellow that had done so before him, was compelled, reluctantly, to acknowledge that he had got a Master. But, notwithstanding his defeat, his fame was not injured, when comparisons were made between them, as GEORGE was not more than twenty, and the Champion in the very zenith of his age and art. TAYLOR soon distinguished himself among all the first-rate boxers; but it does not appear that he had ever any notion of *trying it on* any more with BROUGHTON. He was rated as a strong, able pugilist, possessing a most extraordinary skill, and aided by his knowledge of the small and back sword, and a remarkable judgment in the cross-buttock-fall; was considered to be able to contend for victory with any one. With these pretensions he considered himself as a proper person to succeed the late FIG in his Amphitheatre, and lost no time in becoming its proprietor. Which circumstance he soon made known by public advertisements of the performances which were to take place under his management at the theatre; and inviting the most celebrated men in the different branches of self-defence to display their skill. That the terms were upon the most equitable scale, and the admission-money should be honourably disposed of according to any agreement that might be made. It was no uncommon thing for the receipts of the house, at that time, to produce from one hundred to one hundred and

fifty pounds. This publication had the desired effect—in not only bringing numerous audiences, but collecting together the most celebrated performers of the gymnastic art, to display their abilities; and among those that appeared at TAYLOR's Amphitheatre, was a man of the name of

BOSWELL, who was possessed of every requisite to constitute a finished boxer—except *courage*. He was noted for putting in a blow with the left hand at the jaw, which has been represented something like the *kick of a horse*. Captain GODFREY, who had often witnessed his efforts, thus speaks of BOSWELL:—"Praise be to his power of fighting, his excellent choice of *time* and *measure*, his superior judgment, dispatching forth his executing arm! But fye upon his dastard heart, that marrs it all! As I knew that fellow's abilities, and his worm-dread soul, I never saw him beat, but I wished him to be beaten. Though I am charmed with the idea of his power and manner of fighting, I am sick at the thoughts of his nurse-wanting courage. Farewell to him, with this fair acknowledgment, that, if he had a true *English* bottom, (the best fighting epithet for a man of spirit) he would carry all before him, and be a match for even BROUGHTON himself!" GEORGE TAYLOR and BOSWELL contended for the honour of victory; but the latter became no difficult conquest to TAYLOR, as the fight was only of short duration. But TAYLOR, although in every other respect was considered a most consummate boxer, was well known to be deficient in *bottom;* and that blows, equal to his own strength he could not stand, but quite disconcerted his science.

GEORGE STEVENSON, the *Coachman*, and TOM

SMALLWOOD, stood high upon the list as *bottom* pugilists. The former stood up to BROUGHTON manfully; and it was observed of SMALLWOOD, that he was thorough *game*, with judgment equal to any, and superior to most. He was capable of standing against any man, if he had but have possessed weight. SMALLWOOD fought with DIMMOCK, when he was in his infancy of boxing, and but a mere stripling. The latter was a man of great strength and not destitute of skill, and he was near an hour before he gained the victory over SMALLWOOD. It was the opinion of Capt. GODFREY, "that if he was to chuse a boxer for his money, and could but purchase him strength equal to his resolution, SMALLWOOD should be the man."

In the course of a few months after the above period, SMALLWOOD proved himself fully entitled to the high opinion which had been held of him respecting his *science* and *bottom*, in a desperate conflict with one DICK HARRIS, a proper piece of hardihood. It was a most obstinate battle indeed, continuing above an hour, and was considered as *game* a one as had been witnessed for many years. HARRIS knowing that he had got a *trump* to deal with, showed out with all the courage of a hero; and SMALLWOOD, to recover from his former defeat with *Dimmock*, endeavoured to place himself on an eminence with the first-rate pugilists of the day, by the science and intrepidity which he displayed—the fight was *primely* contested, and victory for a long time appeared doubtful—but DICK, not being so thoroughly acquainted with the advantages of the art to relieve himself when distressed for wind, was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of SMALLWOOD,—

BROUGHTON, who witnessed the fight, was much pleased with the *set-to* of SMALLWOOD, and his method all through the contest—and clapping him upon the back, exclaimed, "well done, TOM! such courage and science, ought not to go unrewarded!" The battle was for fifty-pounds.

SMALLWOOD also fought the *fighting Quaker*, so denominated, but whose name was BILL WILLIS. His appearance was remarkably plain and formal, and the heroes of the fist, were his *voluntary* god-fathers, and thus it appears, he was christened the *fighting Quaker*. Whether BILL WILLIS ever belonged to that respectable sect we have not been able to ascertain—but we learn that he possessed one of its requisites, plenty of *stiffening*. In *setting-to*, he pourtrayed that he was not unlike the *faithful*, by the *spirit* with which he attacked SMALLWOOD, and contended for victory with no inconsiderable share of manhood:—but in the course of a short time, the *spirit* no longer *moved him*—the *stiffening* was taken out of his carcase—and he was obliged to sing, *Smallwood I am content*. TOM SMALLWOOD fought several other battles, in all of which he proved victorious; but the combatants were not of sufficient importance to claim particular mention.

JACK JAMES was considered a most charming boxer; and a complete master of the art. A spring of the arm peculiar to himself, and remarkably delicate in his blows—in fighting, his wrist appeared delightful to the lookers on, but terrible to his antagonist. Thorough *bottom*, but not possessing much strength. The above Pugilist had a severe encounter with a poulterer, which terminated highly to the honour of JAMES. His *pretty* wrist was

again conspicuous in the fight, but the marks it occasioned upon the face of his antagonist was far from being considered *handsome*. His opponent was styled *Chicken* HARRIS; but it appeared that JAMES could beat a *brood* of such birds, till they had not a feather to fly!

About this time, the noted BUCKHORSE fought the clog-maker, HARRY GRAY; when the latter got most severely *punished* by the former *rum-customer*. For an account of whose character, we feel much indebted to the Proprietor of the ECCENTRIC MAGAZINE, (a work abounding with anecdote and interest) in permitting us to copy the following extract:—

"BUCKHORSE, one of those singularities of Nature, and whose real name is said to have been JOHN SMITH, first saw the light in the house of a *sinner*, in that part of London known by the name of Lewkener's Lane—a place notorious in the extreme, for the eccentricity of characters it contained: *here* the disciples of *Bamfylde Moore Carew* were to be found in crowds, and where *cadgers* of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves upon the *good things of this life*, laughing at the credulity of the public in being so easily duped by their impositions; groups of the frail sisterhood adorned its purlieus, whose *nudicity* of appearance, and *glibbiosity* of mother tongue, formed a prominent feature in this conglomeration of the vicious and depraved, by their coarse amours, and bare-faced pilfering; the juvenile *prig* was soon taught to become an adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief, or a snuff-box, from the pocket of a coat *covered with bells*, without ringing any of them—and the finished thief *roosted* here from the prying eye of society, and laid plans for his future depredations in the arms of

his unsophisticated charmer: those timber-merchants who reduced their logs of wood to *matches*, to light the public, might be observed issuing out in numbers from this receptacle of *brimstones!* Costermongers, in droves, were seen mounting their *neddies*, decorated with hampers, *scorning* the refined use of saddles and bridles; and *Lewkener's Lane* was not only celebrated amongst all its other attractions, in being the residence of a finisher of the law, (TOM DENNIS) *slangly* denominated JACK KETCH; but acquired considerable notoriety by giving birth to the *ugliness* of a BUCKHORSE, and beauty to Miss ——, a female possessing those irresistible charms, that levelled all distinctions of rank before its superior power, and transplanting her from the rude and dirty company of the dust-hill, to the downy couch of Royalty; and who has for many years past been the enviable and elevated rib of a celebrated four-in-hand Baronet of the old school of whips, whose feats in driving, and sporting high-bred cattle, have been considered the very acme of style; and acknowledged one of the most *knowing* Lads upon the turf, when he led this *fair piece* of the creation to the Hymeneal altar, who has long been, and still continues a *fixed star* in the hemisphere of fashion.

It appears then, that few places could boast of more originality of character than *that* from which BUCKHORSE sprang; and from the variety of talents here displayed, there is, little doubt, he did not remain long a *novice*. As we have never been troubled with any account—to what *good-natured* personage he owed his origin, we cannot determine; but suffice to observe, that *little* BUCKHORSE and his mother were turned out upon

the wide world long before he knew its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord; which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1720.

This *freak* of Nature it should seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which was an extraordinary volubility of speech; and from his early acquaintance with the streets, he *picked up* the rest of his qualifications.

BUCKHORSE's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without *harmony*; and although his FIST might not appear *musical* to his antagonist by its potent *touch*, yet when applied to his own chin, was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, and by which peculiar trait he mostly subsisted, added to selling little switches for a halfpenny a-piece; his *cry* of which was so singular, that SHUTER, the celebrated Comedian, among his other imitations, was more than successful in his attempts of BUCKHORSE, and which was repeatedly called for a second time.

As a Pugilist, BUCKHORSE ranked high for courage and strength among the boxers of his day, and displayed great muscular powers in the battles he had contested; and like a number of the sporting *gemmen*, was distinguished for his numerous amours with the *gay nymphs* of the town, *more* by the *potency* of his arm, than the *persuasive* powers of his rhetoric, notwithstanding his rapid improvements of the tongue. He is represented as a most impetuous character, and his principal features were, LOVE and BOXING.

An anecdote has been mentioned of BUCKHORSE, but we cannot vouch for its authenticity, that he

was the person whom the late Duke of Queensbury selected to ride for him, when the Duke won his celebrated wager against time at Newmarket."

It may, perhaps, be necessary to consider here, (previous to entering into the merits of one, whose scientific knowledge and manly display of Pugilism, placed him at the top of the art, renders the character of BROUGHTON worthy of particular attention) *the necessary requisites which constitute a Boxer; the superiority and evident advantages of the Science that may be gained over persons ignorant of the Art; and the nature and effect of particular Blows explained, that have so often terminated battles.* It is principally from the pen of a celebrated amateur captain, who had made it his particular study from practical observation; and though extremely plain and intelligible, yet perfectly scientific, founded on the true principles of anatomy and the powers of the human system, and cannot be read by any person without advantage and improvement—towards gaining a knowledge of SELF-DEFENCE:—It has ever been the opinion of the scientific, that BOXING is a combat, depending more on strength than the sword; but art will yet bear down the beam against it. A less degree of art will tell far more than a considerably greater quantity of strength. Strength, most undoubtedly, is what the Boxer ought to set out with, but without art he will succeed but poorly. The deficiency of strength may be greatly supplied with art; but the want of art will have but heavy and unwieldy succour from strength.

The strength of man, it appears, chiefly consists of the power of his muscles, and that power is greatly to be increased by art. The muscles are as springs and

levers, which execute the different motions of our body; but by art a man may give an additional force to them.

The nearer a man brings his body to the centre of gravity, the truer line of direction will his muscle act in, and consequently with more resisting force. If a man designs to strike a hard blow, let him shut his fist as firm as possible; the power of his arm will then be considerably greater, than if but slightly closed, and the velocity of his blow greatly augmented by it. The muscles which give this additional force to the arm, in shutting the fist, are the flexors of the fingers, and the extensors are the opposite muscles, as they open or expand the same; yet in striking, or using any violent efforts with your hands, these different orders of the muscles contribute to the same action. Thus it will appear, that when you close the fist of your left arm, and clap your right hand upon that arm, you will plainly feel all the muscles of it to have a reciprocal swelling. From hence it follows, that muscles, by nature designed for different offices, mutually depend upon each other in great efforts. This consideration will be of much advantage in that artificial force in fighting, which beats much superior strength, where art is wanting.

The position of the body is of the greatest consequence in fighting. The centre of gravity ought to be well considered, for by that the weight of the body being justly suspended, and the true equilibrium preserved, the body stands much the firmer against opposing force. This depends upon the proper distance between the legs, which is *the first regard a Boxer ought to have,* or all his manly attempts will prove abortive. In order to form the true position, the left leg must be presented some

reasonable distance before the right, which brings the left side towards the adversary; this the right handed man ought to do, that, after having stopped the blow with his left arm, which is a kind of buckler to him, he may have the same readiness and greater power of stepping in with his right hand's returning blow. In this posture he ought to reserve an easy flexion in the left knee, that his advances and retreats may be the quicker. By this proper flexion, his body is brought so far forward as to have a just inclination over the left thigh, insomuch that his face makes a perpendicular or strait line with the left knee; whilst the right leg and thigh in a slanting line, strongly prop up the whole body, as does a large beam an old wall. The body by this means is supported against all violent efforts, and the additional strength acquired by this equilibrium, is greatly to the purpose. How much greater weight must not your adversary stand in need of, to beat you back from this forward inclining of the body, than the so much less resisting reclination of it. By this disposed attitude, you find the whole body gently inclining forward with a slanting direction, so that you shall find from the *outside* of the right ancle all the way to the shoulder, a straight line of direction, somewhat inclining, or slanting upward, which inclination is the strongest position a man can contrive; and it is such as we generally use in forcing doors, resisting strength, or pushing forward any weight with violence, for the muscles of the left side, which bend the body gently forward, bring over the left thigh the gravitating part, which by this contrivance, augments the force; whereas, if it was held erect or upright, an indifferent blow on the head, or breast, would

overset it. The body, by this position, has the muscles of the right side partly relaxed, and partly contracted, whilst those of the left are altogether in a state of contraction; but the reserve made in the muscles of the right side, is as springs and levers to let fall the body at discretion.

By delivering up the power to the muscles of the left side, which, in a very strong contraction, brings the body forward, the motion which is communicated, is then so strong, that, if the hand at that time be firmly shut, and the blow at that instant pushed forward, with the contracting muscles, in a straight line with the moving body, the shock given from the stroke will be able to overcome a force, not thus artfully contrived, twenty times as great.

From this it is evident, how it is in our power to give additional force and strength to our bodies, whereby we may make ourselves far superior to men of more strength, not seconded by art.

Let us now examine the most hurtful blows, and such as contribute most to the battle. *This is a most important consideration to pugilists and others, and claims their particular attention.* It is well known, that very few of those who fight, know *why* a blow on such a part has such effects, yet by *experience* they know it HAS; and by these evident effects they are directed to the proper parts; as for instance, hitting under the ear, between the eye-brows, and about the stomach. The blow under the ear is considered to be as dangerous as any that is given, if it light between the angle of the lower jaw, and the neck; because in this part there are two kinds of blood-vessels, considerably large: the one brings the blood immediately from the heart to the head, whilst the other

carries it immediately back. If a man receive a blow on these vessels, the blood proceeding from the heart to the head is partly forced back, whilst the other part is pushed forwards vehemently to the head: the same happens in the blood returning from the head to the heart, for part of it is precipitately forced into the latter, whilst the other tumultuously rushes to the head, whereby the blood-vessels are immediately overcharged, and the sinuses of the brain so overloaded and compressed, that the man at once loses all sensation, and the blood often runs from his ears, mouth, and nose, altogether owing to its quantity forced with such impetuosity into the smaller vessels, the coats whereof being too tender to resist so great a charge, instantly break, and cause the effusion of blood through these different parts.

This is not the only consequence, but the heart being overcharged with a regurgitation of blood, (as may be said with respect to that forced back on the succeeding blood coming from its left ventricle) stops its progress, whilst that part of the blood coming from the head, is violently pushed into its right auricle; so that as the heart labours under a violent surcharge of blood, there soon follows a cardiaca or suffocation, but which goes off as the parts recover themselves, and push the blood forward. The blows given *between the eye-brows* contribute greatly *to the victory*: for this part being contused between two hard bodies, viz. the *fist* and *os frontale*, there ensues a violent echymosis, or extravasation of blood, which falls immediately into the eye-lids; and they being of a lax texture, incapable of resisting this influx of blood, swell almost instantaneously; which violent intrimescence soon obstructs the sight. The man thus inde-

cently treated, and artfully hoodwinked, is beat about at his adversary's discretion.

The blows on the stomach are very hurtful, as the diaphragm and lungs share in the injury.

It is particularly recommended to those who box, *never to charge their stomachs with too much food on the day of combat*; for, by observing this precaution, they will find great service. It will help them to avoid that extraordinary compression on the *etorta descendens*, and, in a great measure, preserve their stomachs from the blows, which they must be the more exposed to, when distended with victuals. The consequence of which may be attended with a vomiting of blood, caused by the eruption of some blood-vessels, from the overcharging of the stomach: whereas the EMPTY STOMACH, *yielding to the blow*, is as much less affected by it, as it is more by its resistance, when expanded with food.

Therefore it is advisable for a man to take a little cordial water upon an empty stomach, which, it is thought, cannot fail in proving of great service, by its astringing the fibres, and contracting it into a smaller compass.

The injury the diaphragm is subject to from blows which light just under the breast-bone, is very considerable, because the diaphragm is brought into a strong convulsive state, which produces great pain, and lessens the cavity of the thorax, whereby the lungs are, in a great measure, deprived of their liberty, and the quantity of air retained in them from the contraction of the thorax, through the convulsive state of the diaphragm, is so forcibly pushed from them, that it causes great difficulty of respiration, which cannot be overcome till the convulsive motion of the diaphragm ceases.

The scientific boxer may, in some degree, render the blows less hurtful on this part, by drawing the belly, holding his breath, and bending his thorax over his navel, when the stroke is coming.

Strength and art have both been mentioned as the two principal requisites for a Boxer to possess; but there is another equally as necessary, and without which no Pugilist can be termed complete—denominated *bottom*. In establishing *bottom*, there are two things required—*wind* and *spirit*, or *heart*, or wherever you can fix the residence of courage. *Wind* may be obtained by a proper attention to diet and exercise; but it is *spirit* that keeps the boxer upon his legs. Without this substantial requisite both art and strength will avail a man but little.

In tracing thus far, anatomically, the severe *effects* that blows have upon the human frame, and their ultimate consequences in quickly deciding a contest, or of proving seriously dangerous; little doubt can be entertained, but that, by an attentive perusal of the foregoing remarks, persons, in becoming acquainted with those peculiarly *sensitive parts*, may be enabled, whenever occasion requires, to protect themselves from any threatened danger. This is the ground-work of *Science*, and which, in the course of this work, the reader will perceive practically illustrated by viewing the Heroes of the Gymnastic Art, and their valorous exploits.

About the year 1740, and upwards, public challenges of the Pugilists were advertised; and at the various Fairs hand-bills were distributed of their feats to be displayed; and, endeavouring to make BOXIANA as complete a book of reference as possible, we are induced to insert the following specimens :—

AT

FIG'S GREAT TIL'D BOOTH,

On the Bowling-Green, Southwark,

During the Time of the *FAIR*,

(Which begins on SATURDAY, the 18th of SEPTEMBER)

The TOWN will be entertained with the

MANLY ARTS OF

Foil-play, Back-sword, Cudgelling, and Boxing,

in which

The noted PARKS, from Coventry, and the celebrated gentleman prize-fighter, Mr. MILLAR, will display their skill in a tilting-bout, showing the advantages of *Time* and *Measure*:

ALSO

Mr. JOHNSON, the great Swordsman, superior to any man in the World for his unrivalled display of the *hanging-guard*, in a grand attack of SELF-DEFENCE, against the all-powerful arm of the renowned SUTTON.

DELFORCE, the finished Cudgeller, will likewise exhibit his uncommon feats with the *single-stick*; and who challenges any man in the kingdom to enter the lists with him for a *broken-head*, or a *belly-full!*

BUCKHORSE, and several other *Pugilists*, will shew the Art of Boxing.

To conclude

With a GRAND PARADE by the Valiant FIG, who will exhibit his knowledge in various Combats—with the Foil, Back-sword, Cudgel, and Fist.

To begin each Day at Twelve o'Clock, and close at Ten.

Vivat. Rex.

N. B. The Booth is fitted up in a most commodious manner, for the better reception of Gentlemen, &c. &c.

"*Daily Advertiser*, April 26, 1742.

"At the Great Booth, Tottenham Court, on Wednesday next, the 28th instant, will be a trial of manhood, between the two following champions:

"Whereas I, WILLIAM WILLIS, commonly known by the name of the *fighting* Quaker, have fought Mr. SMALLWOOD about twelve months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill-fortune to be beat by an accidental fall; the said SMALLWOOD, flushed with the success

blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, at the time and place above-mentioned, when, I doubt not but I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks.

"WILLIAM WILLIS."

"I, THOMAS SMALLWOOD, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this *puffing Quaker*, and will shew him that he is led by a false spirit, that means him no other good, than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him the *arm of the flesh*.

"THOMAS SMALLWOOD."

"*Note.* The Doors will be opened at Ten, and the Combatants mount at Twelve.

"There will be several by-battles, as usual; and particularly one between JOHN DIVINE and JOHN TIPPING, for Five Pounds each."

In this second trial of skill between SMALLWOOD and WILLIS, the superiority of the former was again manifested, and the *fighting* Quaker retired with a *broken* spirit, and was *shown-up* as a complete *Ranter!* SMALLWOOD beat him easy; notwithstanding his terrible threats of "pegs, darts, hard-blows, and cross-buttocks."

The *calls of honour*, it appears, were numerous to be settled, and little time was suffered to intervene from the following public notice:—

"May 24, 1742, at GEORGE TAYLOR'S Booth, Tottenham-court-road,—There will be a trial of manhood here to-morrow, between the following champions, viz.

"Whereas I, JOHN FRANCIS, commonly known by the name of the *Jumping Soldier*, who have always had the reputation of a good fellow, and have fought several bruisers in the street, &c. nor am I ashamed to mount the stage when my manhood is called in question by an Irish Braggadocia, whom I fought some time ago, in a by-battle, for twelve minutes, and

though I had not the success due to my courage and ability in the art of boxing, I now invite him to fight me for Two Guineas, at the time and place above-mentioned, where, I doubt not, I shall give him the truth of a good beating.

"JOHN FRANCIS."

"I, PATRICK HENLEY, known to every one for the truth of a good fellow, who never refused any one, on or off the stage, and fight as often for the diversion of gentlemen as money, do accept the challenge of this *Jumping Jack*; and shall, if he don't take care, give him one of my bothering blows, which will convince him of his ignorance in the art of boxing.

"PATRICK HENLEY."

Paddy kept his promise, for he so *bothered the gig* of the Jumping Soldier, that he was not able to *move*, much more to *jump*, for some time: Paddy gave him a TIPPERARY *fling*, which so completely *shook* all his recollection out of him, that he never troubled the town afterwards with any more of his *epistolary* Challenges!

Several other minor fights and trifling events, which occurred at TAYLOR'S Booth, &c. might be introduced, to shew that PUGILISM was, at that period, rising fast into notice, and had gained considerable patronage and support; but lest that, in pursuing them further, when more important objects are at hand, it should appear

> As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious:—

we shall, *sans ceremonie*, clear the boards, to make room for the entrance of that principal and celebrated first-rate performer in the Pugilistic Art,—

JACK BROUGHTON:

"Advance, brave BROUGHTON!" exclaims Captain GODFREY,—"Thee I pronounce Captain of the *Boxers*. As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the characters with him: I know none so fit, so able, to lead up the van. This is giving him the living preference to the rest; but, I hope, I have not given any cause to say, that there has appeared, in any of my characters, a partial tincture. I have thoroughly consulted nothing but my unbiassed mind, and my heart has known no call but merit. Wherever I have praised, I have no desire of pleasing: wherever decryed, no fear of offending.—BROUGHTON, by his manly merit, has bid the highest, therefore has my heart. I really think all will poll with me, who poll with the same principle. Sure there is some standing reason for this preference: what can be stronger than to say, that for seventeen or eighteen years, he has fought every able Boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat? This being the case, we may venture to conclude from it. But not to build alone on this, let us examine farther into his merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom spirit never to pronounce the word ENOUGH. He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small-sword. This practice has given him the distinction of *time* and *measure* beyond the rest. He stops as regularly as the swordsman, and carries his blows truly in the line; he steps not back, distrusing of himself, to stop a blow, and

piddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but a kind of fly-flap blows, such as pastry-cooks use to beat those insects from their tarts and cheese-cakes.—No—BROUGHTON steps bold and firmly in, bids a welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then, with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, pours the pile-driving force upon his man.

"That I may not be thought particular in dwelling long upon BROUGHTON, I leave him with this assertion, that as he, I believe, will scarce trust a battle to a warning age, I never shall think he is to be beat, till I see him beat."

With such a character, and from a patron so distinguished as Captain GODFREY, who was no *finicking* FOP, or *empty* SWELL, that run after PUGILISM, because it was thought *knowing* and *stylish*—but had viewed its effects NATIONALLY, in producing those scenes of heroism in the field of glory, where he had fought and bled for his country;—and who, in his leisure moments, had *practised* the science for pleasure and profit with the above herb, of whom he acknowledges, that "my head, my arm, and leg, are strong witnesses of his convincing arm. As I said before, I have tried with them all, and must confess, my flesh, my bones, remember him the best."

It can be a matter of no surprize, after such a display of the capabilities of BROUGHTON, that he did not want either friends or money to put him forwards in the world; and it was hinted to him by the *sporting world*, that a more eligible place was necessary than TAYLOR'S

Booth for their accommodation, and that if BROUGHTON would undertake the management of such a house, a subscription would be entered into to defray the expences of the same by the nobility and gentry. Under the cognizance of so respectable a firm, a building was soon erected, denominated BROUGHTON'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE, every way convenient and fit for the purpose, in what is now called *Hanway Yard*, Oxford-street. In its interior appearance, it was somewhat similar to Astley's Riding School, with boxes, pit, and gallery—and a commodious stage for the combatants, and which was opened on March 10, 1743, with the following public notice :—

AT BROUGHTON'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE,
OXFORD ROAD,
The back of the late Mr. FIG'S,
On TUESDAY next, the 13th instant,
Will be exhibited
THE TRUE ART OF BOXING,
By the *eight famed* following men, viz.

ABRAHAM EVANS,	——— ROGER,
——— SWEEP,	——— ALLEN,
——— BELAS,	ROBERT SPIKES, and
——— GLOVER,	HARRY GRAY, the clog maker.

The above eight men are to be brought on the Stage, and to be matched according to the approbation of the gentlemen who shall be pleased to honour them with their company.

N. B. There will be a BATTLE ROYAL between the
NOTED BUCKHORSE,
and SEVEN or EIGHT more; after which there will be several BY-BATTLES by others.

Gentlemen are therefore desired to come by times. The doors will open at nine; the Champions mount at eleven; and no person is to pay more than A SHILLING.

The appearance of the above public notice, operated like a *death-blow* to the feelings of GEORGE TAYLOR, who immediately saw the impending consequences that must inevitably result from the importance that BROUGHTON possessed with the *sporting men*; and to save complete destruction, circulated, without any hesitation, an address, nearly to the following purport, all over the town:

TO THE PATRONS AND ENCOURAGERS OF THE MANLY ART OF BOXING.

Whereas Mr. BROUGHTON, well knowing that I was to fight Mr. Field, on Tuesday next, the 13th of March, 1743, in order to injure me, has maliciously advertised to open his Amphitheatre on that day, and where several battles are then to be fought. To prevent the public from being deceived, I feel it my duty to inform them, that the principal part of the persons mentioned were never made acquainted with such circumstance, and have no intention of so doing. Mr. Broughton wishes to make it appear that he never imposed upon any of the pugilists who had been concerned with him in any transaction whatever; but his impositions shall soon be made manifest to the world. And to shew Mr. BROUGHTON that I have no animosity against him as a pugilist, or any jealousy concerning his amphitheatre, I am willing to fight him, as soon as he may think proper, wherever it may please him, not regarding, as he loudly sets forth, the strength of his arm.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

BROUGHTON smiled at this *bombastic* attempt to reduce his character as a man, or his fame as a pugilist: it was like a drowning man catching at a straw. TAYLOR had already fell beneath the all-conquering arm of BROUGHTON; and the challenge of the former was considered nothing more than a *mere threat*, without any serious intention of

putting it into practice. To clear up the imposition that TAYLOR alleged against BROUGHTON, the latter made it appear that he had not received from the public one hundred pounds, and that his amphitheatre had cost him upwards of 400l. and acknowledged that he had appropriated a third part of the door-money for his own individual emolument, which he trusted was only fair and reasonable: and that the rest had been shared among the pugilists. This account proving perfectly satisfactory to the amateurs and the public, BROUGHTON was now firmly established as a manager; and TAYLOR perceiving that it would be useless to oppose so powerful an opponent, relinquished his booth, and was engaged as a principal actor at the amphitheatre, where his performers soon followed him, and BROUGHTON became in possession of a *strong* company. Some plan appearing necessary for their future conduct, the following

RULES

Were produced by MR. BROUGHTON, *for the better regulation of the Amphitheatre; approved of by the Gentlemen, and agreed to by the* PUGILISTS, *August* 10, 1743:

1. THAT a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage; and every fresh set-to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him opposite to the other, and till they are fairly set to at the lines, it shall not be lawful for the one to strike the other.

2. That, in order to prevent any disputes, the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square, within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

3. That in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principals and their seconds; the same rule to be observed in by-battles, except that in the latter, Mr. BROUGHTON is allowed to be upon the stage to

keep decorum, and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places; provided always he does not interfere in the battle; and who ever pretends to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Every body is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set-to.

4. That no champion be deemed beaten, unless he fails coming up to the line in the limited time; or, that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to give out.

5. That in by-battles, the winning man to have two thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreements to the contrary.

6. That to prevent disputes, in every main battle, the principals shall, on the coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present, two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle; and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

These RULES may be called the *data* of Boxing—and no man, from his experience, was better able to frame such a code than—BROUGHTON. It does not appear, that any Pugilist previous to, or since the days of that acknowledged hero, has, generally speaking, ever possessed either in point of *theory* or *practice*, the SCIENCE in so eminent a degree as BROUGHTON; and this circumstance is observed, very far from any intention of detracting merit from a number of deservedly celebrated pugilists since his time, but with a view of advocating, if necessary, the superior talents and genius of so great a master in the art of Boxing—intending at the same time, by way of hint, that no doubt can exist but there

is still room left for considerable improvement in the practice. Most first-rate Pugilists have, independent of their knowledge of the SCIENCE, a peculiar mode of their own in fighting, and which cannot be *exactly* communicated to their pupils from the want of studious application; which every SCIENCE so essentially requires, before any professor can be rated as—a *finished* master. BROUGHTON, from the study and attention that he paid to it *theoretically*, added to the great practice he had, not only in *sparring*, (with whom the first use of gloves originated) but in his numerous public contests; that he became so thoroughly acquainted with every *minutiæ* of the art, as to be peculiarly happy in communicating it to his scholars; a memorable instance of which will be hereafter shown, from one of his pupils, who, weighing only *nine* stone, fought a man of *seventeen*, and beat him in the course of ten minutes!

Unfortunately, most HEROES OF THE FIST, are too apt to forget the numerous *knock-down* blows and dreadful bruises which they have received in climbing up to the *daring height* of CHAMPION! and that one fatal blow can hurl them from the high precipice—level them with the ground—and wrest that *hard-earned* title from their brows! Let them also bear in mind, that in becoming the mighty CHAMPION OF ENGLAND (enviable sound!) they appear as a *public mark* to hit at, and who ever *throws down* the glove, whether in possession of youth in opposition to their age, superior strength, or science, THEY *must pick it up;* and if they mean to continue in their elevated seat, *wear it.*

Few, very few Pugilists, have died in possession of the Championship; and however desperate and chequered the

road may be to procure that title—the DIFFICULTY rests in keeping of it. The smiles of *victory* have often blinded and ruined many, by plunging them into excess and gaiety—instead of being tremblingly alive to their future fame. SOBRIETY will prove their best friend, and they should endeavour never to turn their back upon so invaluable a monitor; and that in gaining fresh acquaintances, which their success will naturally occasion, they will find no better one than in *investigating the* SCIENCE again and again, whereby they may discover some NEW stop or hit that was unknown to them before; but above all, let them endeavour to become *acquainted with* THEMSELVES, study their defects, and improve them;—if *passionate* in their nature, learn to suppress that overwhelming quality so dangerous to pugilists, for if they cannot view the attacks of their antagonist with coolness—conquest *then*, is more indebted to *chance*, than judgment! Here it was that BROUGHTON proved himself so much master of the SCIENCE—and so superior to all his competitors—as his mind was continually at work to improve his knowledge in giving blows with more ease and effect to himself, and in warding off those powerful attacks aimed at his destruction from his adversary; while, on the contrary, *they* were too generally spending their time in drinking and other pastimes, instead of improving themselves and becoming adepts in the art—leaving every other consideration to strength and chance.

BROUGHTON, like all great masters, generally exhibited something NEW in every performance; and those pugilists who had witnessed his contests, and afterwards entered the lists with him, expecting to find that he would fight upon the *old suit*, were most terribly deceived; as,

contrary to most other Boxers, he did not depend upon any *particular* blow, although he was distinguished for giving some remarkable hits, which were scarcely ever *forgotten!* BROUGHTON, when necessary in the conflict, by putting in HIS *stomach blow*, has often decided the battle; and his lunge under the EAR, generally produced terrible consequences to his opponent—the *eye* of BROUGHTON was most lively and acute, soon perceiving the weakness of any adversary; and, his *arm* keeping pace with that valuable assistant, protected him from the most destructive blows: and his quick penetration made him always aware of any direct intent pursued by his adversary, as immediately to render it futile and unavailing. His guard was considered so complete, that his frame appeared as well secured as if in a fence: uncommon strength and *bottom* often fell before him; and his expertness in the cross-buttock was great. His various attitudes in the fight were fine and impressive, and his countenance always animated and cheerful.

PIPES and GRETTING, were both distinguished Pugilists—the former of whom nobly maintained the rank of Champion for a number of years;—but they appeared *nothing* in the hands of BROUGHTON, who gave them several chances to recover their lost laurels—which proved severe beatings to them, and only tended to increase his growing fame.

GEORGE TAYLOR, of whom honorable mention has been made, was an easy conquest to BROUGHTON.

GEORGE STEVENSON, the *Coachman*, stood up for the length of forty minutes in a most heroic style to BROUGHTON. It was a hasty match, and although BROUGHTON was extremely unwell, sooner than make any excuse,

he agreed to fight STEVENSON without having that *regard for his preparation*, as he afterwards FOUND *he ought to have had*. But here his *true bottom* was proved, and his conduct shone and admired. The battle was fought in one of the fair-booths, at Tottenham-court Road, railed at the end towards the Pit. After a most desperate conflict of thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails, and the Coachman endeavouring to get the *whip hand* of BROUGHTON, the latter by his superior genius, got such a lock upon STEVENSON, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till resting his head for about three or four minutes upon his back, he found himself recovering, then loosed his hold; by this manœuvre, BROUGHTON became as a new man—and on *setting-to* again, he gave the Coachman a most tremendous blow, as hard as any he had given him in the whole battle, that he could no longer stand, and his brave contending heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. *Coachee* was a beautiful hitter; he put in his blows faster than BROUGHTON, but then one of the latter's told for three of the former's. STEVENSON had a most daring *spirit*, but his *strength* could not keep pace with it. BROUGHTON expressed a very high opinion of STEVENSON as a Pugilist.

JACK JAMES, a dashing Boxer, and who ranked high in the annals of pugilism, and a *thorough-bred* man, was compelled to acknowledge that he had found out his master in BROUGHTON. JAMES's *wrist*, which in other contests had been considered so remarkably *handsome*, lost all its attraction when in contact with the *beautiful* athletic arm of BROUGHTON.

It would be occupying too much space, as well as time, to enumerate all the battles that BROUGHTON had gained in eighteen years, during which long period he reigned the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND; but immediately proceed to that contest, wherein his proud and deserved title was unluckily torn from his veteran head—his fame eclipsed —and his future prospects ruined!

We cannot vouch for the authenticity of the following statement, but it is reported, that at Hounslow Races, a butcher, of the name of SLACK, and known as a good pugilist, had behaved in an improper manner towards BROUGHTON, when the latter having a whip in his hand, threatened to horsewhip him for his insolent conduct—SLACK's pride felt hurt at this indignant mode of treatment to *a man of his blood*, and instantly challenged BROUGHTON, which was immediately accepted.

BROUGHTON, it should seem, viewed this challenge of SLACK's in rather too trifling a light, and felt persuaded that the contest would prove so easy to him, although he had not fought for a long time, that there was no necessity for *training*. This fatal confidence proved his downfall—the error was discovered too late—and he was left to regret not following the good old maxim, that a skilful general should be armed at all points.

On the evening previous to the battle (Tuesday, April 10, 1750) taking place, BROUGHTON, who had invited his patrons and numerous friends to witness the combat, was rather apprehensive that SLACK would not fight, and for fear any disappointment should take place, made the latter a present of ten guineas, not to break his engagement.

The time of fighting at length commenced, when

BROUGHTON'S superiority over SLACK was so evident, for the first two minutes, that the odds were ten to one in his favour. SLACK recovering himself a little from the violent effects of his antagonist's blows, made a sudden and unexpected jump, and put in a desperate hit between BROUGHTON'S eyes, which immediately closed them up; BROUGHTON now appeared like one stupid, and it was two or three minutes before this circumstance was discovered by the spectators, whose attentions were attracted by the strange and unusual manner in which BROUGHTON appeared to *feel* for, instead of boldly facing and attacking his man: at length his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, earnestly exclaimed, "WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT BROUGHTON—YOU CAN'T FIGHT!—YOU'RE BEAT!" To which question BROUGHTON instantly replied—"*I can't see my man, your Highness—I am blind, but not* BEAT; *only let me be placed before my antagonist, and he shall not gain the day yet.*"—BROUGHTON'S situation was truly distressing—the audience were disgusted—and SLACK following up this singular advantage, obtained a victory in *fourteen minutes!*—The *faces*, in the amphitheatre, upon this occasion, are better imagined than described; but suffice to say, they were of all manner of *colours* and *lengths*—TEN to *one* had been laid pretty thick, and the favourite had lost. The above Royal Duke lost several thousands, and the *knowing ones* were completely *done up!* The door-money produced near 150l. besides a great number of tickets at a guinea and a half each; and as the conqueror was to have the produce of the house, it is supposed that SLACK got near 600l.

Thus, in the short space of *fourteen minutes*, alas! was the FATHER OF BOXING, BROUGHTON, deprived

of all his laurels! Hear it, ye Champions! Weep for the veteran's downfall! and profit by his loss—BE NOT TOO CONFIDENT—and *remember*, that it was occasioned by *one* fatal error—neglect of *training!!!*

Notwithstanding this unfortunate defeat, according to the opinions of the best informed of that period, SLACK was in every respect, as a pugilist, inferior to BROUGHTON, and that it was more owing to accident, than design, that SLACK gained the victory. It was well known among the *sporting men*, that SLACK was not the slightest object of envy to BROUGHTON; as the former had been beaten by TAYLOR, and who was an easy conquest to BROUGHTON. However, it proved his complete overthrow—the Duke of Cumberland, his staunch supporter upon all occasions, never could speak of this transaction with any degree of temper, declaring, that *he had been sold*, and nothing could persuade him to the contrary; being so firmly persuaded that BROUGHTON was every way so superior to SLACK. His Royal Highness instantly turned his back upon him, and by the interference of the Legislature, his Amphitheatre was shut up. BROUGHTON never fought again. Previous to this battle, he had grown considerably into flesh, and was of a plethoric habit, by which his frame was rendered much softer than heretofore, that the blows made him bleed at the touch, and his flesh swelled amazingly.

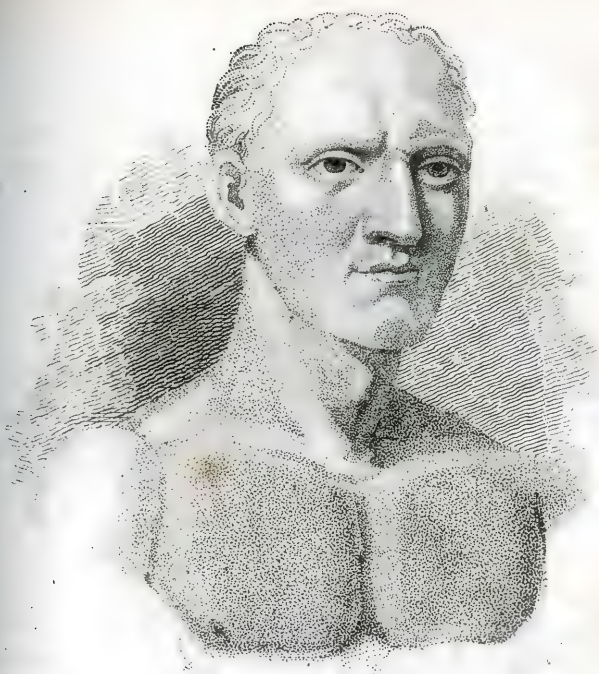
BROUGHTON, after such a sudden reverse of fortune, retired into private life quite disconcerted and unhappy—occasioned, it is said, from his ROYAL PATRON entertaining so *unjust* an opinion of him, and became, in consequence, much dejected!—We cannot take leave of so distinguished a HERO without remarking that he deserved

a better fate; and that the *veteran* might exclaim in the words of the poet:

"So farewel to the little good you bear me;
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then HE FALLS AS I DO!"

JACK SLACK:

Rendered a pugilist of some prominency, by his victory over BROUGHTON, and in being elevated to the rank of CHAMPION!—He was a man of considerable strength and bottom; firmly made; in height about five feet eight inches and an half, and in weight, nearly as heavy as BROUGHTON, but not quite fourteen stone. SLACK was very little indebted to *science*, and trusted to a method almost exclusively his own: his blows were generally well put in, and given with a most dreadful force. His attitudes were by no means impressive; there was a want of elegance in his positions to attract the attention of the spectators, and he appeared as a most determined fighter, scarcely giving time to his adversary to breathe, and bent upon nothing else but *victory*. He stood remarkably upright, guarding his stomach with his right hand, and as if protecting his mouth with his left. Whenever SLACK meditated giving a blow upon any particular part of his antagonist, he rushed in furiously,



SLACK.

From the Bust in the Possession of Mr. Thos. Belcher.

BERKS.

regardless of the consequences of a *knock-down* blow in the attempt. It is but justice to say of him, that he disputed every battle manfully; was above shifting; and his *bottom* was of the first quality. SLACK was noted for a back-handed blow, which often operated most powerfully upon the face of his opponent: and it was observed, that being so used to *chopping* in his business as a butcher, that in fighting, the CHOPPER proved of no little service to him in producing victory.

SLACK's first battle of note was with GEORGE TAYLOR, in 1750; but the superior science of GEORGE rendered his ferocity unavailing; and SLACK, after a severe contest for near thirty minutes, was obliged to acknowledge that he had got ENOUGH. It was a battle spoken highly of by the sporting men of that day, for a prime display of *science* and *bottom*.

After BROUGHTON's defeat—PUGILISM in the Metropolis was *done up*; and a period of upwards of four years elapsed before a battle of any consequence took place, and then it was fought in the country, between one PETTIT a Frenchman, and SLACK, at *Harlston* in *Norfolk*, in 1754.

This battle proved as singular a conflict as ever took place in the annals of pugilism:—MONSIEUR, on the first *set-to*, darted with uncommon fury at SLACK, and seized him by the throat, and, for half a minute, held him tight against the rails, till SLACK was nearly choaked and black in the face; and it was with some difficulty that SLACK released himself from this unpleasant situation.—The next ten minutes the *Frenchman* appeared like a blacksmith *hammering* away at SLACK, and driving him all over the stage with uncommon im-

petuosity, till at length SLACK closed upon PETTIT, and gave him three desperate falls; but, during which period, he canted SLACK twice off the stage.—MONSIEUR began to appear shy of SLACK's method of throwing, and ran in upon the latter and seized him by the hams—and tumbled him down, by which means SLACK fell easy. A GUINEA to *a Shilling* was the odds against SLACK after they had been fighting eighteen minutes; when, at the commencement of the fight, it was four to one in his favour. SLACK now changed his method of attack, and followed the *Frenchman* up so close, that he had no opportunity of running in at him, but was compelled to stand up and fight; when SLACK closed one of his eyes, and disfigured his face in a shocking manner. PETTIT's wind began now to fail him, and SLACK was recovering his strength fast, when the odds were shifting rapidly on his side. PETTIT once more got a little advantage and threw SLACK over the rails—but in going over, SLACK put in a desperate blow under the ribs of the *Frenchman*, that made him cry *peccavi*. SLACK was not long in mounting the stage; but MONSIEUR was so *panic-struck*, that he *brushed* off with all the haste imaginable, never stopping to look back after his opponent. It was the opinion of the spectators, that PETTIT was full strong when he *bolted*. The battle lasted twenty-five minutes, perfectly ridiculous at times, and equally dreadful by turns. The *Frenchman* not returning to finish the contest, SLACK was declared the conqueror, and drew the first ten Guineas out of the box.

About a twelvemonth after this fight, one CORNELIUS HARRIS, a Collier, from Bristol, challenged SLACK for one hundred Guineas. HARRIS proved himself a good *hit of*

stuff; teazed the CHAMPION a great deal, and disputed the ground manfully;—but SLACK's experience was too much for him, and, after a severe *set-to* for twenty minutes, HARRIS *gave in*.

SLACK now laid by in peace for upwards of four years, till one MORTON, of Acton Wells, had the temerity to call the Champion out to the field of honour, for fifty pounds. SLACK accepted the challenge with alacrity, and the moment of decision arrived, when MORTON shewed himself a good *bottom* man, and kept the *game alive* for thirty-five minutes, in a style of great excellence. SLACK had *his work* to do; but ultimately was declared the victor.

Ten years had now elapsed since SLACK had vanquished the renowned BROUGHTON, and held the title of CHAMPION—but the honour was dazzling, and another hero put in his claim for the towering prize. SLACK's fame was well established; and here Royalty was once more busy in the pugilistic scene, by BROUGHTON's old patron, the Duke of Cumberland, stepping forward, and backing him for one hundred pounds against one BILL STEVENS, a *Nailer*, whom the Duke of York took under his patronage. The Haymarket was the scene of action, and a stage was erected in the Tennis Court, James Street. SLACK entered the field with all the confidence of a veteran, and was acknowledged to have the advantage in the first part of the battle; but the *Nailer*, with an arm like iron, received the ponderous blows of his antagonist on his left with ease, while with his right arm he so punished the CHAMPION's *nob*, that he knocked off the title—picked it up, and wore it!—Thus fell the hitherto mighty SLACK!

SLACK now returned to his business as a butcher, and opened a shop in that line near Covent Garden; and, being a *public man*, the curiosity of the people in going to see a great fighter, brought him considerable custom. SLACK had a number of accidental skirmishes in his visits to fairs and other places of amusement, and was fond of what he termed—"*giving the natives a small* TASTE;" but at a country fair, affronting (what is now styled) a *Johnny Raw*, who, on the impulse of the moment, gave the CHAMPION, for his bit of fun, a prime *lick on the smellers*, which rather disconcerted SLACK; who, thinking he had got a mere *plaything*, immediately put in one of his best hits as a *finisher;* but he was mistaken, and a regular *set-to* commenced. *Johnny Raw*, being a fine athletic young man, and plenty of *pluck*, fell upon SLACK as if he had been *threshing of corn*, and positively would have soon *served out* the CHAMPION—which SLACK now perceiving that he had picked up a *troublesome customer*, resorted to the following manœuvre, by way of intimidating *Johnny*, cried out, with some degree of emphasis, "What! a *chaw-bacon* attempt to beat JACK SLACK!"—This stratagem had the desired effect upon the nerves of the unsuspecting countryman, who simply thought it impossible that he should be able to conquer so renowned a hero, exclaimed—"Dang it, what have I been fiten with that noted mon, SLACK—no, no, I moant have no more to do with he!" and instantly gave up the contest; though, in all probability, SLACK would have been drubbed most soundly!

The above anecdote reminds us of a number of similar circumstances, (which have induced us to offer the following remarks, with the most friendly intention,

trusting they may operate as a useful *hint* in future) that have taken place at various times, occasioned by wanton, foolish young men, who, being in possession of considerable *strength*, and knowing how to *fight a little*, (and even *some* celebrated PUGILISTS, who ought to have known better) have been guilty of taking up liquor in strange company, and drinking of it that has not belonged to them, merely, as it is termed, for *a lark;* and which upon being resented as a most gross affront, by the persons who have been thus insulted, from their not being able to contend with such powerful opponents, have frequently got *beaten* in the bargain. Such acts are most grievous indeed, and, consequently, brings PUGILISM into disgrace; but, surely, men who are gifted with only a trifling share of common sense, must be well aware, that such conduct is truly despicable; and if they have the smallest intention of being respected in society, they will never take such unwarrantable liberties, in sporting with the feelings of the harmless and unoffending stranger. No Englishman will PASSIVELY put up with such treatment—so derogatory to the character of a Briton!

"Oh! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is *tyrannous*
To use it like A GIANT!"

GEORGE TAYLOR:

Although defeated by the Champion BROUGHTON, yet he 'stood high upon the list as a *prime article*, in vanquishing the mighty SLACK and other Pugilists of note;

and rendering himself popular in succeeding FIG as master of the Amphitheatre—that we cannot pass over his last *set-to* without respectful mention; and by placing him in a proper situation after those renowned heroes.—The noted TOM FAULKENER, celebrated for his knowledge of cricket and pugilism, and who had been twice *milled* by GEORGE, yet still thought there was another *chance* left, and, therefore, challenged TAYLOR for two hundred Guineas and the door-money. TAYLOR, who had grown old in the service, and now kept the Fountain Tavern, Deptford, where he lived in peace and quietness, serving his customers, smoking his pipe, and recounting o'er his battles—yet the *pluck* still remained, and he accepted of the challenge without hesitation. It was to be decided near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire. FAULKENER, although the odds were much against him, *sported* all he possessed, and felt confident of winning. The combatants knew each other, and that no time should be lost upon either side, it was a complete HAMMERING *set-to*. For the first twelve or thirteen rounds FAULKENER was *punished* most dreadfully, and *floored* several times, without knocking down his antagonist. The fourteenth round proved a proper trial of skill and strength; at length, FAULKENER levelled TAYLOR, when the odds began to drop a little, and FAULKENER was getting into favour. GEORGE, finding that his man was gaining upon him, began to shift, and fell now and then without a blow, which occasioned considerable murmuring, and the friends of FAULKENER insisted that he had won the battle: but FAULKENER was above taking any advantage, and wished to fight it out. The combatants *set-to* more furious than ever—and the *knowing ones* were puzzled

how to *sport* their cash with any degree of certainty, the *chances* were so various, and the conquest so *doubtful*. TAYLOR, inspired with the thoughts of his former victories, and his fame, fought like a HERO thirsting after more glory; and FAULKENER, recollecting that it must either *make* or *break* him, stood up like a LION, without a particle of fear. The spectators were astonished at the intrepidity displayed. When, after a most terrible conflict of an hour and seventeen minutes, the veteran GEORGE TAYLOR *blushed* to acknowledge that he was conquered! Greater courage and skill could not be displayed; and it was entertained by the *sporting men*, that had not TAYLOR have laboured under the manifest disadvantage of an eye, (which he had been blind of for some years) FAULKENER could never have beat him; as the contest was only put an end to by TAYLOR's having the other eye closed from a dreadful blow given by FAULKENER upon it. Neither of the combatants were able to walk off the ground. TAYLOR died in three months after this *set-to*.

EDWARD HUNT,

The celebrated pupil of BROUGHTON, (whom we have alluded to in a former part of this work,) was a most distinguished pugilist; and, like his great master, a first-rate scientific artist. *Thorough-bred* in bottom, and well acquainted with the *arcana* of boxing, he acquired great reputation in conquering men twice his weight. HUNT was of a size that must be considered little for a boxer, being scarcely five feet five inches in height, and his

weight not above eight stone and a half. He had no competitors of his own size, and, consequently, was generally overmatched—his rich display of the art with one HAWKSLEY, a life-guardsman, in 1746, completely established his fame. HUNT, on the *set-to* with the guardsman, (who weighed *seventeen* stone) appeared like a boy to HAWKSLEY's weight and height, that the odds were ten to one against him; but HUNT was not the least intimidated by the disparagement between him and his lofty opponent, and stood up to HAWKSLEY as prime as a *game-cock;* for the idea of *shifting* he spurned, and never fell without a *knock-down* blow. He so confused HAWKSLEY by the various attitudes he assumed during the fight, that he *punished* the guardsman in the most effectual manner, and soon changed the odds in his favour. HUNT's knowledge of the SCIENCE was so manifest, that he *stopped* the heavy blows aimed at his head or body by his powerful antagonist with apparent ease, and returned instantly a desperate hit. The guardsman could do nothing with him; and, after a severe beating, which he got in the short space of ten minutes, HAWKSLEY left HUNT in possession of the field. And it was supposed, if HUNT had weighed about twelve or thirteen stone, no pugilist at that period, would have stood any chance with him.

In the course of a twelvemonth after this time, a match was made for one hundred and fifty guineas between HUNT and TOM SMALLWOOD, of great pugilistic notoriety. Such a battle had not been seen for some time—here was *science* against *science*, and bottom *against* bottom. The sporting world expected much from this meeting, and, in the event of it, were not de-

ceived, knowing both the articles to be thorough *game!* The scene of action was upon a stage erected at Hounslow, and for the first half-hour the spectators did not know how to lay their money,—it was *diamond cut diamond!* NED's strength began now to be on the decline, and SMALLWOOD, being the heaviest man, threw HUNT very often; but still the *game* was not to be taken out of him easily, and HUNT continued the fight for near an hour before SMALLWOOD was declared the conqueror.

Notwithstanding NED experienced a defeat, his character was not in the least tarnished as a finished pugilist—his SCIENCE was universally admired, and his friends were only sorry, that his frame was not strong enough to operate as a second to so much spirit and art.

HUNT distinguished himself considerably in all the battles he fought, and particularly in those where victory was against him: feeling anxiously to establish a good character as a Boxer. He had a most desperate conflict, for upwards of an hour, with one DICK MILLS, but was compelled to GIVE IN. Considerable sums were lost upon HUNT in this battle.

BILL STEVENS—*the Nailer:*

A most tremendous Boxer, and, at one period of his life, beat all before him—who also conquered the famous SLACK; and from his skill and uncommon strength, might, in all probability, have retained the title of Champion, till he had made his grand exit off the stage, or, at least, for a considerable number of years; but want of *principle* blighted his prospects, and ruined his

character as a pugilist. His conquests, at one time, it is said, were so numerous, that he sat down like the great ALEXANDER, *weeping that he had no more heroes to overcome!* But gold, powerful gold, seduced him from his honesty; and ever afterwards, as he most justly deserved to be, was without a friend or patron to back him. However, notwithsthanding all his failings, STEVENS was considered a most desperate *punisher*; and, whenever inclination prompted him so to do, he could *serve it out* in the first style of finished excellence! His *Championship* was but of short duration, owing to his treachery.

STEVENS fought a terrible battle in 1760, against one JACOB TAPLIN, a *Coal-heaver*, in Mary-le-bone Fields. The spectators were exceedingly numerous from the *bottom* characters of the combatants. At the commencement of the fight, the *Coal-heaver* gave STEVENS repeatedly knock down blows, which raised the odds upon TAPLIN; but STEVENS, recovering from the powerful blows of his antagonist, and finding he had not much time to lose, put in a most desperate body-blow, which brought TAPLIN down, and followed it up by several other violent hits. The odds now changed five to one upon the *Nailer*, and the contest was soon decided in his favour. This battle raised his fame, and it was but a few months after this time, when he fought

SLACK, the Champion—and added more laurels to his brow.

In less than twelve months, after his name had become almost a terror to Pugilists, by his beating the Champion, he entered the lists with GEORGE MEGGS, a Bristol Collier, for 200 guineas, at the Tennis Court, James

Street. STEVENS scarcely knew *how* to make a fight of it—and let MEGGS drive him about as he pleased; and after seventeen minutes in *humbugging* the spectators—STEVENS gave in. The *sporting men* were properly swindled upon this occasion; and the *Nailer* had the impudence to acknowledge soon after, that he was *tipped* handsomely to lose the battle, and that he had gained more by so doing—exclaiming, at the same time, "that he was as good a man as ever!" The *Nailers* and *Blacksmiths* of the Metropolis, were finely *spoke to* by the loss of this battle, as they had backed the *man of iron*, from his former staunch character, for considerable sums. And it is said, that a celebrated engraving now extant, of a blacksmith's shop where the *Nailer* had worked, the men of which had sported their *little cash* upon his head, was taken from their hearing he had lost the battle!

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a Tailor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his *nimble haste*,
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

The fights of the *Nailer*, after the above circumstance, cannot prove interesting, as he had grossly forfeited all pretensions to *honour*:—STEVENS beat an Irish pugilist of the name of M'GUIRE, behind Montague House; and was defeated in a battle with one TURNER. The *Nailer's* last battle of any consequence was with the noted SELLERS, (the conqueror of PETER CORCORAN, of pugilistic celebrity) in which STEVENS stood no chance with SELLERS; eighteen years having elapsed since he fought SLACK, his powers, of course, were considerably on the decline, as a pugilist.

MISCELLANEOUS PUGILISM.

From the year 1761 to 1783, a period of twenty-two years, the CHAMPIONSHIP was in a very unsettled state, and *knocked* about quickly from one *nob* to another; as there were few heads that could be found whom the CONQUEROR'S CAP would *fit* for any length of time:—GEORGE MEGGS, who *bought* the title from the *Nailer*, had it soon wrested from him by MILSOM the *Baker*. TOM JUCHAU soon *milled* it out of MILSOM; and the renowned BILL DARTS *punished* all pretensions toward the elevated prize from TOM JUCHAU—when BILL, experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune, although contending for the honour of wearing it for nearly five years, lost it in a desperate struggle with LYONS the *Waterman*—*here the* CHAMPIONSHIP *was at a stand-still for a short time*—when DARTS had once more an opportunity of gaining it with PETER CORCORAN; but PETER grasped it so hard and fast, that it was *seven long years* before they could get it out of his hands; at length, one HARRY SELLERS, got possession of the TITLE, but if report speaks true, he *paid* for it; and who knew its value so very little, as to let FEARNS, an Irish boatswain, carry it off in less than *five minutes!* Thus was the CHAMPIONSHIP being *badgered* about—till TOM JOHNSON appeared, and put in his claim to support it with true courage and dignity. TOM soon *tried on* the CAP OF HONOUR, and it appeared to *fit* him so tight and well, that many a brave fellow, for a long time, endeavoured to *knock* it off—but without effect!

In order to prevent any chasm in the History of Pugilism, although many of the battles may be of inferior note, yet still we deem it perfectly necessary to insert trifling accounts of them.

TOM FAULKENER:

Who beat the veteran GEORGE TAYLOR, fought with JOE JAMES, (brother to Jack James, celebrated at Broughton's School) at Putney, in Surrey, upon a stage erected in a field. The odds at *setting-to* were considerably in favour of JAMES, and continued to increase during the fight. FAULKENER appeared to stand no chance with JOE, as the latter *floored* him every round. FAULKENER at length brought down his antagonist, when JAMES immediately gave in, to the great indignation of the spectators. The battle was for one hundred pounds, and the *sporting world* considered it to be little short of a CROSS!

GEORGE MEGGS:

Of no particular note as a Pugilist, except beating the *Nailer*. He received instruction from SLACK, and fought with MILSOM the *Baker*, at Calne, in Wiltshire, for forty minutes, which was well contested, but MILSOM was declared the conqueror. MEGGS was not satisfied, and demanded another trial, when MILSOM beat him easy the second time.

PARSITT MEGGS, brother to the above Pugilist, also *tried it on* with MILSOM, but in the event, got a severe beating.

TOM JUCHAU—*the Paviour:*

A most excellent bit of flesh, and a *glutton* of the first *mould*, was matched against CHARLES COANT, a *Butcher*, for a considerable sum, the battle was decided at Guildford, in Surrey, and on the *set-to*, the odds were high upon the *Butcher*, who kept increasing them for the first half hour, that JUCHAU could scarcely put in a blow to do any harm to his antagonist. The *Butcher* kept getting on in such superior style, that they were all *betters* and no *takers*. A fair opportunity now offering, JUCHAU put in a desperate body-blow, which levelled this *prime cove*, when the odds began to move directly, and the next round JUCHAU followed up his advantage so quickly, that the bets became even. JUCHAU now *showed off* in such a spirited manner, putting in his blows right and left, that COANT in a few rounds more, was compelled to cry stop, and JUCHAU pronounced Conqueror; the fight lasted near fifty minutes.

MILSOM, who had beat the *temporary* Champion MEGGS, now entered the field with JUCHAU, near St. Alban's. MILSOM by no means disgraced himself in the contest; but was under the necessity of allowing JUCHAU to be his master. The *Paviour* was now considered a first-rate man, and soon matched himself against some of the most distinguished Pugilists.

BILL DARTS—*the Dyer:*

Of no mean rank as a boxer, and considered one of the most desperate hitters of his time—plenty of

strength, good *pluck*, and not destitute of science, was backed to fight TOM JUCHAU, at Guildford, for *one thousand Guineas!* The *Paviour* had been tried, and not found wanting; and DARTS was known to be thorough GAME. The *sporting men* anticipated a fine display of the art, and, in the event, were not disappointed. *One thousand Guineas* were dazzling indeed—and they both entered the field with uncommon gaiety, determined upon victory. The contest was long and doubtful—the odds continually varying—and, after a most dreadful struggle, DARTS came off victorious.

A West-country Bargeman, celebrated for strength, challenged BILL DARTS, after his successful contest with JUCHAU, for one hundred Pounds. DOGGET was the hero of the country, and, from his great prowess, flattered himself he could make an easy conquest of DARTS;—but in the field of battle he experienced so many severe *darts* from his antagonist, that he was quickly slain. DOGGET acknowledged that he was the *worst customer* he had ever met with.

A *Butcher*, who felt rather anxiously for *a taste* of DART's quality, called him out to the plains of honour; but SWANSEY, the Butcher, was soon *cut up*.

BILL DARTS now went on *swimmingly*, and kind Fortune had smiled upon him in all his adventures—but BILL was envied; and a *Waterman* was determined to try if he could not *row* in the same lucky boat with him. LYONS, therefore, sent him a challenge, to fight at Kingston-upon-Thames, which BILL, upon receiving, was too *gay* to refuse. The time was appointed, and the *set-to* commenced. For the first twenty-five minutes the Waterman's *scull* was knocked about as if it did not belong

to him, and the odds were ten to one upon Darts; but the *tide* soon turning, the *Waterman* pulled up at every *stroke*, and, in the course of twenty minutes afterwards, DARTS was completely distanced. This battle afforded considerable amusement to the amateurs; and both the Pugilists got great praise; but it does not appear that LYONS fought much after this contest—giving DARTS an opportunity of regaining his laurels.

Notwithstanding that BILL DARTS was defeated by this able *Waterman*, he soon had the temerity to enter the lists with a more terrible opponent—DEATH! (so denominated for his singularly pale face when fighting, a Pugilist of great renown, and one of BROUGHTON's principal favourites). It was supposed that DEATH had fought more battles than any Boxer in England: was a neat, tight-made man, weighing about twelve stone, possessing uncommon agility, but not much strength; thorough *bottom*, and never nice in being overmatched. He was considered the best *sparrer* of his time, and had made the SCIENCE his study. STEPHEN OLIVER (for that was his real name) was no trifling antagonist for DARTS to contend with; but then OLIVER was going fast down hill, and twenty years had elapsed since his patron BROUGHTON had left the field. It was a well-contested battle; and it was supposed by the *sporting world*, that there was never more strength, science, and *bottom*, shown in any *set-to* than that between DARTS and DEATH! OLIVER, tough as bell-wire, struggled hard to hear the pleasing sound of victory once more grace his listening ear, but in vain—DARTS put in such tremendous blows, that OLIVER was compelled to GIVE IN—thus, for once, was DEATH defeated!

BATTLES,

(Contested at various Times, although not very important, yet necessary to render the Connection complete to the Time when TOM JOHNSON *commenced Champion,)*

IN WHICH

THE FOLLOWING PUGILISTS WERE ENGAGED:—

JACK SHEPHERD,	GEORGE RING,
JOHN WHITE,	JACK WARREN,
DENNIS KELLYHORN,	ABRAHAM DA COSTA,
OLIVER, ALIAS DEATH,	ISAAC MOUSHA,
PHILIP JUCHAU,	JEMMY, *the Postman*,
HARRY PAYNE,	WILLIAM SMALL,
JACK LAMB,	PETER EDWARDS,
JOHN PEARCE,	TOM NICHOLS,
CHARLES COANT,	BILL JOYCE, &c.

IN commencing this EPITOME OF PUGILISM, towards completing the above period, the valorous deeds of JACK LAMB the *Plasterer*, stand most prominent:—his name was far from indicating his character, as MEEKNESS was not in his composition. JACK was a good second-rate pugilist, and was not afraid of his *canvas*.—PAYNE the *Carpenter*, challenged LAMB for twenty pounds; when the battle was decided in (a celebrated place for minor pugilists) Islington Hollow. The fight was well-contested, and the odds were in favour of PAYNE; but in the event of the conflict Master *Chip* was defeated.

JEMMY the *Postman*, well known for a *bit of blood* in the fighting world, entered the field with LAMB. Considerable sums were sported on the issue of this contest, and Moorfields were half filled with spectators. It was a complete *mill* upon both sides, and, after a *hammering* of near fifty minutes, they both agreed to *sheer* off!

LAMB was getting rather an object of jealousy among the inferior *milling coves*, and challenges came in upon him thick:—SIMPSON, a *Carman*, who felt a little pride in the pugilistic way, fought LAMB upon Bethnal-green; but the *Knight of the Whip* soon acknowledged that the *Lamb* was too tough for him. ISAAC MOUSHA, at Stepney, and ABRAHAM DA COSTA, in Moorfields, two of the tribe of Israel, wished to take *the conceit out* of JACK; but they were most terribly disappointed in not finding the LAMB quite so *tender* as they imagined, by his proving, what they did not like—a PRIME *piece of pork!*

But LAMB had now got quite unruly, and began to challenge in his turn, and offered *fifty pounds* to *thirty* to beat a SHEPHERD of some experience. The LAMB was the favourite, and the odds were sported high upon his head; but the SHEPHERD, who knew how to manage a flock, in the event chastised the LAMB for his daring temerity in forty minutes, so as not to be able to run away any more from the SHEPHERD. LAMB was carried out of SAMPSON's Riding School, Islington, nearly lifeless!

CHARLES COANT and the above JACK SHEPHERD had a most desperate *set-to* at Barnet for upwards of thirty minutes; when SHEPHERD proved the conqueror.

An Hibernian pugilist, of the name of JOYCE, fought a battle at Mill Hill, near Hendon, with NICHOLLS, a *Butcher*; the latter was but a small-made man, and JOYCE possessing considerable strength and fame, the odds were very high in his favour. But bets are very deceiving frequently, and so they proved in this instance; for in the first round NICHOLLS put in such a desperate blow on the face of his antagonist as to break JOYCE's

jaw—the fight was soon over after this circumstance, and the *sweaters* and *trainers* were completely in the *basket!*

Two *Sons of St. Crispin*, JACK PEARCE and JACK WHITE, who felt some thirst for pugilistic honours, had a *set-to* for twenty pounds, at the Riding School, Islington. The *Heroes of the Last* were showing off in *prime style*—several *knock-down* blows were the consequence of their efforts, and PEARCE was going on fast for victory, when an unmannerly fellow, with a staff in his hand, put an end to the contest by shewing his authority, to the no small disappointment of the spectators, and the chagrin of PEARCE. However, they chose a more favourable opportunity to settle this honourable reckoning, at a town in Essex, when WHITE, unexpectedly, was the conquerer.

A most obstinate battle was contested opposite Bethlem-gates, Moorfields, between JACK WARREN, a *Butcher*, and the *Coachman*, PHILIP JUCHAU, for ten pounds, which terminated most fatally to the latter! The success was alternate, and great *bottom* displayed, when, unfortunately, WARREN gave JUCHAU a *cross-buttock*, by which throw he came down upon his head, and died immediately.

BILL SMALL, a *Butcher*, had the temerity to enter the lists with the noted OLIVER, better known by the appellation of DEATH, for twenty pounds. This contest was decided at Barnet; but DEATH very soon proved too much for SMALL.

GEORGE RING, a *Baker*, and who had distinguished himself as a pugilist at Bath, fought one Edwards, a *Butcher*, at Kilburn Wells. There was no *bottom* wanting on either side, and a great number of *knock-down*

blows were given in the course of the fight, which lasted upwards of an hour and twenty minutes. EDWARDS was the favourite; but the *Baker* proved the conqueror.

SAM PETERS—*a Birmingham Hero!*

Well known in that part of the country, as a Pugilist of some eminence, and who now wished to try his skill with a few of the first-rate *millers* in the metropolis:—SAM was not long in meeting with a *customer* to answer the purpose, and upon Epping Forest, an Irishman of the name of TRAINER, fought with PETERS for 30l. The Birmingham lad was *game*, and not easily daunted; but TRAINER was too powerful, and was declared the conqueror in thirty-eight minutes.

PETERS was not so soon *satisfied*, and shortly afterwards fought with another *Paddy*, called ROSSEMUS GREGORY, upon the same Forest, but PETERS considering himself unfairly used, declined fighting any longer then; however, it was but a little time after this period, when PETERS had a *set-to* with GREGORY, at Islington, in the Riding-School, when he *served* the latter *out* in good *twig*, in less than half an hour.

JOE HOOD—*the Weaver:*

A Pugilist of considerable celebrity, fought several battles with some of the first-rate heroes, and in many of which he had proved victorious. JOE entered the lists with JEM PARROT, in White-conduit Fields, Isling-

ton, who was looked up to as a prime *bit of stuff*, for twenty pounds. The contest was carried on with great spirit for near forty minutes, when PARROT, on the account of a foul blow, left the ring; but it was decided in favour of HOOD.

DENNIS KELLYHORN, an Irish boxer of note, fought with HOOD, at Chingford-hatch, in Essex, for fifty pounds; when HOOD was again victorious.

JOE received a challenge from a *Sawyer*, of the name of MACDONALD, to fight for ten pounds; it was accepted without hesitation, and a most dreadful *set-to* commenced. HOOD had no *flat* to deal with, and it was upwards of fifty minutes before the *Sawyer* could be persuaded he had got *enough*, which was not till his jaw was broken, and both his eyes were closed.

HIGGINS, a celebrated pugilist from Birmingham, who was the conqueror in fifteen battles, now called out JOE to decide which was the best man. HOOD was not to be frightened by his great character, but instantly matched himself. HIGGINS was a bottom man, but not able to contend against the science of HOOD. The Birmingham hero took a decent *milling* before he GAVE-IN.

PETER BATH, from Bristol, fought HOOD at Maidenhead, during the races, for fifty pounds. JOE having pleased the *sporting gentry* in several of his battles, they backed him two to one, although HOOD was not in good health. The fight soon changed in favour of the Bristol lad, who was in good condition, and proved too strong for JOE, who, after a *set-to* of twenty-three minutes, GAVE-IN.

JOE HOOD had also been *milled* by a neat, light boxer, of the name of BILL DAY, in Smithfield.

PETER CORCORAN,

A most celebrated Pugilist from the Sister Country, was born at Athoye, in the County of Carlow, who took the lead for some years as a boxer in England, and might be said to be the *best man* of his time; was five feet eleven inches in height, well-proportioned limbs, and of prodigious strength. PETER, from a boy, was distinguished for his uncommon intrepidity; and was looked upon in the vicinity of his father's MUD EDIFICE as the *cock of the walk!* He left Ireland a mere stripling, and in his peregrinations to the metropolis—Birmingham *chanced* to fall in his way; and in which place, through an accidental skirmish, his fame rose so high as a pugilist, that it was not long in reaching London. CORCORAN was accompanied from the *sod* by another tight boy, and they being somewhat fatigued with their journey—or, as an Irish or English poet, no matter which, most sublimely and *poetically* observes:

"They who have money can ride in Post-chaises—
But HONIES that have none, *must walk* by Jasus!"

and so it fell out with PETER and his friend, for money was the *lightest* thing they had about them—but, notwithstanding this scarcity of the *rhino*, hunger will very often intrude where there are no pockets at all—and a *beautiful* little shoulder of mutton, hanging up at a butcher's shop, so *fastened* on the longing imagination of hungry PETER, that he could not pass it, and instantly went in to know the price. Some difference occurring respecting the terms, *Master Steel*, without any hesitation, threatened to knock the shoulder about poor PADDY'S *nob!*

PETER CORCORAN.

It appeared that this Butcher was a bit of a *hit-a-body*, and well-known in Birmingham as a pugilist, and distinguished for his insolence, and who flattered himself that he should have a little sport with these *haymakers*, as he termed them; but, in the sequel, it turned out somewhat different. PETER, who had not only felt himself baulked of his *beautiful little joint*, but insulted also, exclaimed, with all the fervour of the brogue, "By Jasus, Mr. *Butcher*, but you have too much prate—and for half a pin, but I'd *bate* the mutton out of your greasy carcase!" PADDY had scarcely uttered the words, when the *Butcher* showed fight, and a regular *set-to* commenced—a concourse of people soon collected, and PETER, with his clumsy thumps, *served-out* the *Knight of the Cleaver* in the presence of his neighbours, and *knocked down* his consequence as a fighting man, in the course of a few minutes; and shortly afterwards enjoyed his mutton with as keen an appetite as if nothing had happened! and the next day pursued his journey to London.

CORCORAN, upon his arrival in the Metropolis, commenced Coal-heaver; but which calling he soon left for that of Chairman; and, owing to some trifling dispute, it was not long afterwards when he went to sea, where the rough elements gave additional vigour to his athletic frame; and, from the frequent specimens he at times had displayed, was considered, for a *mill*, the first man in the fleet, and was patronized by Captain PERCEVAL. When at Portsmouth, he performed a number of feats of strength; and one, among the number, was beating a whole press-gang, and breaking the Lieutenant's sword over his head. PETER, on leaving the navy,

came to London, and took the *Black Horse*, in Dyot Street, St. Giles's; where his disposition was experienced to be generous, truly good-natured, and remarkably tender-hearted. As a pugilist—he was a first-rate ARTICLE, possessing *bottom*, which could not be excelled, as he did not know how to *shift*, and scorned to fall without a *knock-down* blow! PETER was denominated a straight fighter; put in his blows with uncommon force; and possessed great confidence in his own powers: his attitude was considered too erect, his arms not sufficiently extended, by which means his guard was incomplete. But CORCORAN was distinguished for the use of both his hands with equal facility; his aim was generally correct, and he scarcely ever missed the object in view—and was peculiarly successful in taking advantage of any trifling neglect in his adversary; and likewise celebrated for an extraordinary jumper. PETER had several scholars, among whom was *Big* PITT, well-known for many years as one of the turnkeys of Newgate, a man of uncommon size and strength; and being one night at JOYCE's house, a pugilist, in the Haymarket, *brim-full* of conceit, surrounded by fighting men, foolishly exclaimed, "that some of the *milling coves* had taught their pupils so well, that many of them were able to beat their masters!" Upon which PETER instantly got up, and addressing himself to PITT, "What's that you say, you *spalpeen!* come—come out!" PITT stood up, but received such a *leveller* upon the head, as completely knocked all recollection out of him, for a few minutes, of what he had been *throwing-off* about! and, upon recovering himself, acknowledged he had been most woefully deceived.

PETER beat one TURNER, who fought him for twenty pounds; and, although the latter had beaten the *Nailer*, yet, in the hands of CORCORAN, he was soon disposed of.

In the Long-fields, behind the British Museum, PETER had a good battle with one DALTON, an Irishman; and also with JACK DAVIS; they were both beaten dreadfully.

A desperate contest took place in Moorfields, between SMILER, the *Brickmaker*, and CORCORAN; when PETER was again victorious.

The famous BILL DARTS now mounted the stage with CORCORAN, for two hundred pounds, to give additional sport to Epsom races. The *set-to* commenced with cautious sparring upon the part of DARTS, who soon discovered that he could not win; and in a short time *gave-in!* A singular report crept into circulation, accounting for DARTS losing the battle—that Colonel O'KELLY (one of the most celebrated sportsmen upon the turf, and who, undoubtedly, was *awake* to every manœuvre in gambling that could be *tried-on* with any degree of certainty, either on the Turf or at the Table—Play or Pay—Cockpit, or Racquets) backed his countryman for a large amount; but to make his bets dead sure, on the night previous to the fight, he presented DARTS with one hundred pounds not even to try to win the battle, but *positively* to lose it. Surely, no *thorough-bred* sportsman could commit such a bare-faced robbery! And, upon the best information, we are assured, that DARTS in his *prime* was never half man enough for CORCORAN!

SAM PETERS, who fought PETER at Waltham Abbey, in Essex, was the best man, according to CORCORAN's

own account, that ever *set-to* with him. It was a complete *hammering* fight; and, at the expiration of ten minutes, PETERS declared he was *satisfied*; and CORCORAN's body for several days afterwards was entirely black, the bruises were so extremely severe.

CORCORAN, who had hitherto beat all the men which had been brought against him, and whose powers appeared not in the least diminished, was now doomed to sink fast into obscurity, from his memorable contest with SELLERS, a West-countryman. There is a considerable mystery hanging over that transaction; and it was, most undoubtedly, at the period when they fought, October 16, 1776, the general opinion of the SPORTING WORLD, that it was a complete DO! It being well understood that SELLERS was deficient in *science* and *bottom* when placed in competition with PETER. The battle was for one hundred guineas, and decided at Staines. On the *set-to*, PETER, (who had always fought for victory previous to this combat,) began, as usual, and drove SELLERS about the stage like a shuttle-cock, and put in a blow, so powerful in its effect, as to knock-down SELLERS, who fell at a considerable distance from him. The odds were considerably high on PETER; who, as if *recollecting* that he had done too much, immediately *suffered* himself, so as to make it have the appearance of a fight, to be beat about the stage for ten minutes, when he *gave-in!* This *contest*, if it can be so called, took twenty-three minutes.—The *knowing ones* were completely *dished*, at least, those who were not in the *secret;* and the poor *Paddies* were literally ruined, as many of them had *backed* their *darling boy* with every farthing they possessed. St. Giles's was in a complete uproar,

with mutterings and disapprobation at PETER's conduct!

Previous to the fight, PETER's house was almost destitute of any liquor, and he had been threatened with an execution for rent, &c.; but in a day or two after the *set-to*, the house was flowing with all sorts of spirits, &c. graced with plenty of new pots; the inside and out painted, and every thing got up in a superior style to what it ever had been witnessed before: and the very next morning after the *mill*, PETER CORCORAN was playing at skittles at the *Blakeney's Head*, St. Giles's, with all the activity and cheerfulness of a man who had never been engaged at all in pugilism. He shortly afterwards, sunk into beggary and contempt, and was as much despised as he had been before respected; and was so miserably poor at his decease, that his remains were interred by subscription!—Reminding us, that—

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—THERE all the honour lies!"

HARRY SELLERS:

Was brought into notice by his conquest over PETER CORCORAN. SELLERS was a West-countryman, possessing some *science*, and not deficient in strength; but he was not generally considered as a pugilist of staunch *bottom*, although he had gained several battles in the country parts of England. Whenever the fight proved too hot for him, SELLERS had recourse to dropping on his knees, and striking his adversary as he fell, by which

manœuvre he saved himself many a *leveller*, and was able to protract the combat. He never ranked as a *thorough-bred* Boxer, nor was looked up to as a *first-rate* Pugilist.

Joe Hood fought with Sellers at Ascot-heath races, for fifty pounds; but was compelled to *give-in*; yet Joe, in a short time afterwards, flattered himself that he could beat him, and insisted upon another trial with Sellers; which was agreed to upon the part of the latter, and another *set-to* commenced: the battle was well contested, and Joe made use of all his judgment and *bottom*; but Sellers, as before, proved victorious.

Harry also beat the *Nailer*.

An Irish Boatswain, Jack Fearns, had a *set-to* with Sellers for fifty pounds, and disposed of him in a *few minutes!* The amateurs were so taken by surprise, that their money was lost before they had scarcely time to recover from their *astonishment*, and much grumbling ensued! The odds had been betted upon Sellers.

Harry, after his victory over Corcoran, was continually insulting the *Paddies*; and being one *St. Patrick's* evening at the Black Dog, Holloway Mount, a Mr. Harvey, a Lamp-black maker, was among the company, who had a Shamrock in his hat in honour of that *Saint!* Sellers (who, it appears, was unknown) began sneering and laughing at Harvey, and observed, "that he ought to take that thing from his hat, as the *conceit* had been completely taken out of the *Paddies* since their Champion Peter had been defeated!" In consequence of this insult, words arose, and Harvey, feeling warmly for the honour of his countrymen, talked about resenting such conduct; when Sellers immediately offered to

fight him NINE guineas to *four*, which was accepted by *Paddy;* the stakes were instantly made good; and it was agreed the contest should be decided the next morning, in the most convenient field near the house. HARVEY was a tall, well-made man, but a total stranger to the science; yet possessing that manly courage, which would not let him put up with a gross affront, pusillanimously. HARVEY was there at the time appointed, contrary to SELLERS's expectation, who vainly imagined, that if his antagonist had found out WHO *he* WAS, that he would forfeit the money rather than enter the lists with so *great a man!*—but viewing HARVEY so cool and collected about the business, SELLERS did not half like him; and, by way of terrifying HARVEY, said, "my name is SELLERS—I don't want to hurt you, and will let you off for a *leg of mutton and trimmings!*"—"By de powers of *Moll Kelly,*" replied *Paddy,* "if a single *potate* would buy me off, I'd not give it you, Honey! and Devil may care whether you're SELLERS or any other big blackguard; but I *mane* to give you a good *bating* for your impertinence!" Words were now useless, and SELLERS, finding his fame at stake, the combatants entered the ring, and the *set-to* commenced—when the anticipated fears of SELLERS were too soon realized, and he found that HARVEY was not to be trifled with. SELLERS tried all the manœuvres of the art to puzzle and exhaust his antagonist—but HARVEY's true courage rose superior to all the attacks of his adversary, and straight forward completely *punished* SELLERS in a quarter of an hour. SELLERS, thus deservedly disgraced and beaten, soon fell into disrepute and oblivion!

TOM JOHNSON:

(THE ONCE CELEBRATED CHAMPION OF ENGLAND)

Was a pugilist of singularly distinguished abilities in the gymnastic art; and *if* TOM was not equal, at least, he came the nearest to BROUGHTON of any Boxer, since the days of that renowned Veteran. In the pugilistic annals, JOHNSON was a hero among heroes, possessing all those requisites for pugilism, which rarely falls to the lot of an individual. NATURE had given him a form almost of Herculean strength, which rendered him either capable of resisting with ease, or in attacking with the utmost impetuosity; and he had improved these natural qualifications by a most minute attention to ART. His courage was of the finest order, well versed in the science, and possessed of a native coolness of disposition, that infused into his composition a superior degree of firmness over most of his competitors: and added to these great capabilities, JOHNSON had learned to subdue his passions—that, like the unrivalled BROUGHTON, when he mounted the stage, he was complete in his part, and proved himself a first-rate actor.

JOHNSON (whose real name, it is said, was *Jackling*) was a native of Yorkshire, born in the same year that his great prototype in the science was defeated by SLACK, and who, at a very early age, came to London, where he followed the vocation of a corn-porter for nearly twenty years, upon the several wharfs leading to Thames Street. His surprising strength was first discovered from an act of benevolence, highly worthy of recital:—JOHNSON's fellow-porter was taken ill, and having a wife and large

family entirely depending upon his labour for support, were likely to be reduced to want, had not JOHNSON immediately undertook (unknown to them) to do his fellow-porter's work, united with his own. The warehouses where the corn was deposited were situated at some trifling distance from the wharf, upon a hill, denominated from its steepness, "*Labour-in-vain-hill,*" and to which place TOM carried every journey two sacks of corn instead of one, and gave the money to his family, till the porter was able to return to his work. It was no uncommon thing for JOHNSON, by way of evincing his strength, to take up a sack of corn in one hand, and twirl it round his head; which circumstance he once did within an hour after fighting a celebrated pugilist, to show how little he had suffered in the conflict. JOHNSON had fought with all the *picked* men of England, and who were reluctantly compelled to acknowledge his vast superiority. His appearance indicated when stripped, more of strength than beauty of form; and he was in height nearly five feet nine inches, and about fourteen stone in weight; a remarkably round-made man, with very fine chest and shoulders, and displaying those strong loins that few human frames could boast such. JOHNSON was by no means a showy fighter, and his guard was generally considered as inelegant; his attitudes appeared more upon the defensive than otherwise; and in the fight was peculiarly steady, watching every movement of his antagonist, with a coolness unequalled; receiving the attack unappalled; and scarcely ever failing in the *return* of planting a most desperate hit. The head was his favourite object, and if his adversary did not possess considerable science, he was in extreme danger of being put

in the *dark!* JOHNSON worked round his antagonist in a way peculiar to himself, that so puzzled his adversary to find out his intent, that he was frequently thrown off his guard, by which manœuvring JOHNSON often gained the most important advantages: TOM was thorough *game*, and shewed the utmost contempt for *retreating*; at the same time careful to avoid exposing his person too much to the attacks of his antagonist.

JOHNSON's first *set-to*, in 1783, was with a fighting *Carman*, of the name of JARVIS; and though TOM was looked upon as a mere *novice* in the art, yet he displayed so much superiority over the *Carman*, that his fame was soon made known. JARVIS had *milled* a few good men himself—but in the hands of JOHNSON he got most dreadfully beaten, that he was scarcely able to walk out of Lock's Fields, where the contest was decided.

The CROYDON *Drover*, a man of pugilistic notoriety, now fought JOHNSON upon Kennington Common; but JOHNSON *finished* him in a very short period.

STEEVY OLIVER, the noted DEATH, although growing old fast, and who had been fighting ever since the days of BROUGHTON, entered the lists with TOM JOHNSON, and proved himself a good *bit of stuff*—but his day was gone by—and JOHNSON was not long in getting the victory. Some thousands of spectators were upon Blackheath to witness this display of science.

BILL LOVE, a *Butcher*, challenged JOHNSON for fifty guineas, which was decided at Barnet; but the *Knight of the Cleaver* was, in a few minutes, so completely *cut up*, as to leave JOHNSON in possession of the ground.

JACK TOWERS, who had overcome DEATH, thought he had little more to fear, and therefore, without hesitation,

agreed to fight JOHNSON at the above place; but TOM had likewise got the better of DEATH, and, in a very short time, TOWERS was completely *satisfied* that he stood no *chance* with JOHNSON, and so *gave in!*

A man, of the name of FRY, offered to fight JOHNSON for fifty guineas, at Kingston, which TOM cheerfully agreed to; but, in less than half an hour, FRY got so much *broiled*, as to be very glad to put an end to the contest; and TOM walked off the ground not even *pinked!*

JOHNSON about this period (1787) punished so many of the *minor coves*, that it was deemed necessary, by the *sporting world*, to look out for a *customer* who might be able to stand something like a *mill* with him. As the Metropolis could produce no such character, *Bristol* was searched, (the hot-bed for pugilists,) when BILL WARD was selected, as a *decent article*, that could be depended upon; and accordingly he was backed to fight JOHNSON for two hundred guineas, at Oakingham, in Berkshire. In the first round WARD found out that he had got a *trump* to deal with, by receiving nearly a *doubler* from JOHNSON; and immediately acted upon the defensive. In fact, it was scarcely worthy of being called a fight; and the amateurs were not only disappointed, but much displeased. WARD was convinced that he could not beat JOHNSON by standing up to him, and, therefore, determined to try whether he could not *tire him out!* and, generally, when TOM attempted to put in a good blow, WARD was down on his knees. This *humbugging* lasted for nearly an hour and an half—JOHNSON's intentions being continually frustrated by WARD's dropping on his knees: at length a prime blow made him cry out "*foul!*"

and he instantly *bolted*, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his second to come back and finish the fight. JOHNSON was now firmly established as the Champion—his fame ran before him, and it was some months before any person could be found hardy enough to dispute his well-earned title; at length, a brave Hibernian chief, who, like TOM JOHNSON, had *milled* all his opponents, came forward, and was instantly backed, when they were soon *pitted*, like two GAME COCKS!

RYAN'S well-known skill and *bottom* stood so high with the *Swells of the Fancy*, that the odds were six to four before the fight; which took place at Wradisbury, in Buckinghamshire. The seconds were chosen from the first-rate pugilists—HUMPHRIES for JOHNSON, and DUNN for RYAN; and even the bottle-holders were of equal rank, in TRING for the latter, and MENDOZA for the former. The spectators were numerous; and many of whom, whose refined tastes were of the most classical order, were extremely prominent—the late celebrated Mr. WYNDHAM, and General FITZPATRICK, &c. &c. were more than *gazers* on this occasion.

The *set-to* was grand—fear was out of the question—and science was pre-eminent. It was like unto *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, attended by their best Generals to give advice upon the least disorder, in contending for the high honour of the *purple*. True courage was never finer displayed, and perfect heroism was seen upon both sides. The contest was doubtful in the extreme, though, at the commencement, the odds were in favour of RYAN. After the fight had continued for nearly twenty minutes, and at the close of a most tremendous round, RYAN put in a dreadful blow upon JOHNSON'S temple, which so

completely stunned him, that his arms fell down as useless by his side, and was following up this advantage with another *hit*, which must have decided the contest, when HUMPHRIES ran in to save JOHNSON, and caught RYAN in his arms. The cries of "*foul! foul!*" now resounded from all parts of the spectators, and the friends of RYAN instantly demanded the money, by observing, that as long as JOHNSON had not fell, it was perfectly fair on the part of RYAN to strike him, and that the latter had won the battle. Here a general clamour took place, during which, RYAN, with all the native warmth peculiar to his country, indignantly told his second, DUNN, that he had not done his duty by him as a man, in suffering such conduct to take place without resenting it, and had not RYAN been prevented, he would have *milled* DUNN upon the spot, his rage was so great. Considerable time having now elapsed, JOHNSON was perfectly recovered, and challenged RYAN to renew the combat:—the latter, like a man, notwithstanding it was considered there was no necessity for so doing, agreed to it, thinking he could beat JOHNSON. The battle was at length renewed; but it was soon perceived that RYAN's strength was exhausted by his passion, and he now, in about ten minutes, became an easy conquest to JOHNSON, by giving away the *chance*. RYAN's conduct in the battle was so noble, and his manly courage and science so truly apparent, that the amateurs were still left in doubt to decide accurately WHO *was the best man!*

In consequence of which opinion, a second battle was determined upon, and fought upon a stage near Rickmansworth, in a gentleman's park, for six hundred guineas. It was a contest of great anxiety, and the

whole of the bruising world were there, from the CORINTHIAN-PILLAR to the *Coster-monger!* — JOHNSON, with his second, HUMPHRIES, and JACKSON as his bottle-holder, mounted the stage at three o'clock, and were immediately followed by RYAN, who was seconded by a Mr. Rolfe, a Baker, and NOWLAN as bottle-holder. The *set-to* was one of the finest ever witnessed in the annals of pugilism; the science was displayed in all its perfection, and the parryings and feints were as well executed as if they had been fencing-masters of the first reputation; the silence and anxiety were so great among the spectators, that a pin almost might have been heard to fall. At length, RYAN put in a severe blow upon JOHNSON's chest, that brought him to the ground. The second round, which continued above two minutes, was terrible beyond description—science seemed forgotten—and they appeared like two blacksmiths at an anvil, when RYAN received a *knock-down* blow. The battle was well sustained on both sides for some time; but RYAN's passion getting the better of him, and which was much increased by the irritation of JOHNSON's second, in reflecting upon his country, that he began to lose ground. Ryan's head and eyes made a most dreadful appearance; and JOHNSON was severely *punished*. The contest lasted for thirty-three minutes, when RYAN *gave in*. A hat, ornamented with blue ribbons, was placed upon the conqueror's head; and JOHNSON gained a considerable sum of money, independent of twenty pounds per annum, which was settled upon him by his master, who won some thousands in backing TOM. The door-money, amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, was divided between the combatants.

BRAIN, denominated BIG BEN, was now considered the only man capable of meeting JOHNSON, and a match was made for *one thousand pounds*; but BEN being taken ill at the appointed time, forfeited his deposit, which was one hundred pounds.

JOHNSON's fame was now so considerably heightened, that he was challenged, in a few months afterwards, by ISAAC PERRINS, of Birmingham, one of the strongest men in the kingdom, and who had lifted into a waggon upwards of eight hundred weight of iron without difficulty. Few men ever stood up to him more than five minutes, and he had beat all the heroes of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, &c. He had won numerous battles with ease; was not destitute of *science;* and for *bottom* unequalled. He had "*crept into favour with himself*" a little, by sending forth a public advertisement, challenging all England for five hundred guineas. PERRINS was six feet two inches high without his shoes, and weighed close upon seventeen stone, which was *three* heavier than JOHNSON; extremely active, cheerful, and good tempered. The odds were considerably in his favour, and many of his Birmingham friends were so wanton in his praise, that they sported TWO to *one* against JOHNSON. The battle took place at BANBURY, in Oxfordshire, upon a turf-stage, twenty-four feet square, railed in, and raised about five feet from the ground. BILL and JOE WARD were the assistants to JOHNSON, and his umpire, Colonel TARLETON: PERRINS was seconded by PICKARD, and his brother officiated as bottle-holder, and Mr. MEADOWS, of Birmingham, as his umpire. The combat commenced at one o'clock.

On stripping, PERRINS looked, in comparison, like

a Hercules, and JOHNSON, who, in other fights, appeared as a big man, by the side of PERRINS now looked as a boy; the spectators were struck with the difference, and even JOHNSON's friends began to *shake*. The awful *set-to* at length commenced, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch—JOHNSON steadfastly viewing his mighty opponent, and considerable skill was manifested by both the combatants for nearly five minutes;—PERRINS then made a blow, which, in all probability, had he not have missed his aim, must have decided the contest, and JOHNSON been killed, from its dreadful force; but TOM was *awake* to the intent, and eluded it, and in return put in a *hit*, which could be of no trifling nature, to *knock a man down of seventeen stone!* [Great applause, *bravo*, TOM! *well done*, TOM!] JOHNSON followed up this advantage for three more rounds with success, and his *science* was of great service in puzzling his antagonist.—PERRINS now went into JOHNSON, regardless of all danger, and knocked him down without ceremony; and continued *punishing* for several more rounds. TOM, finding he was over-matched, was obliged, for the first time in his life, to have recourse to *shifting* to prevent his being beat straight forward; which conduct occasioned some murmuring from the spectators, and PERRINS began to treat him with contempt, by exclaiming, "*Why, what have you brought me here! this is not the valiant* JOHNSON, *the* CHAMPION OF ENGLAND; *you have imposed upon me with a mere boy!*"—TOM's manly heart felt most bitterly this keen sarcasm, and, bursting with indignation, instantly cried out, "By G—d! you shall soon know that TOM JOHNSON *is* here!"—and directly made a *spring* at PERRINS, and put in a lunge over the

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JOHNSON & PERRINS.

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left-eye, that closed it up in a twinkling; and his wind likewise getting bad, JOHNSON's friends took the *hint*, and began to sport their money upon the Champion's head. PERRINS, like a brilliant of the first water, appeared not the least dull or dismayed by this loss, but rallied in fine style, and went into JOHNSON and closed his right-eye in return. The odds began to waver immediately, and the Birmingham men offered to lay it on thick. Forty rounds and upwards had now taken place, and the combatants still *game*. JOHNSON began to be extremely careful, and to make the best use of his one eye, finding that it was still *up-hill work*, and gave PERRINS a desperate blow upon the nose, which slit it down so completely, as to have the appearance of being done with a knife.—Odds TEN to *one* upon TOM. The manly fortitude of PERRINS astonished all present—his *bottom* was still sound, and undismayed he went in to JOHNSON, and endeavoured, by a terrible *hit*, to close his other eye. PERRINS's friends began to revive; and in a few more rounds claimed the victory, as JOHNSON fell without a blow! But the umpires allowed it fair, as the articles of agreement did not mention falling. PERRINS's frame now began to fail him; but his mind was still cool and collected, and he had recourse to another method of attacking his antagonist, and which proved rather successful, till TOM became *down* to it. JOHNSON's knowledge of the science was here displayed in fine style—in warding off the chopper, and back-handed strokes of his adversary; by which means TOM recruited his strength. Every round now, PERRINS appeared much the worse for it, and fell repeatedly from his exhausted state. JOHNSON had it nearly his own way, *hit* where he liked, and

put in several tremendous *facers*, that PERRINS's head had scarcely the traces left of a human being! still his courage never forsook him, and had not his friends interfered and prevented ISAAC from fighting any longer, it was the general opinion that PERRINS would have continued the contest till he had died! PERRINS positively refused to *give out*, and was literally forced from the stage. *Sixty-two* such rounds of fighting for an hour and a quarter, were scarcely, if ever, before witnessed in the annals of pugilism. The disparagement was spoken of as much too great between the combatants; and, notwithstanding JOHNSON performed prodigies of valour, by beating so uncommonly large a man, and entitled to every praise; yet still there were parts of the fight that the amateur could not approve of, and the spectators dissatisfied. It was reported among the sporting men, that Mr. BULLOCK made JOHNSON a present of *one thousand pounds*, and that he had gained, by the vast odds he had betted upon TOM, twenty thousand pounds! The door-money amounted to nearly 800l. out of which JOHNSON received 533l. TOM called upon PERRINS, and left a guinea to drink ISAAC's health, previous to his quitting Banbury.

A match was at length made between BIG BEN and JOHNSON for five hundred guineas. The former was under the patronage of the Duke of HAMILTON. This battle, which had long been expected, excited considerable interest in the *sporting world*, and bets to the amount of several thousands were laid upon its decision. The characters of the combatants stood high—JOHNSON, from *what* he had done, was surrounded by friends, and the odds were seven to four in his favour. BEN was also well known for thorough *game*; a most powerful

hitter, and both hands of equal use to him—had given ample proofs in town and country that he might be depended upon, and was not without a host of supporters. At Wrotham, in Kent, upon a stage twenty feet square, was the Championship of England once more to be decided. JOHNSON, attended by JOE WARD for his second, and his bottle-holder MENDOZA, mounted the stage at one o'clock, with firm and decent composure; and almost at the same instant BEN followed, with a cheerful countenance, accompanied by BILL WARD and HUMPHRIES, as his second and bottle-holder. The *set-to* was more furious than usual upon these occasions, and JOHNSON, from a desperate blow on the face, fell upon his nose, which completely stupified him. The effects appeared evident in the second round, when BEN put in another *leveller*. JOHNSON *plucked* up, and in the next *set-to* laid BEN upon his back. Well, as these pugilists knew the *science*, they now appeared to lay it aside; and *ferocity* was the order of the day. The blows were dreadful in the extreme, and given and taken reciprocally; at length JOHNSON in missing his aim at BEN, struck the stage with his hand, and broke his middle finger.—TOM soon afterwards became desperate, and with the agonising idea that his proud fame was fast expiring, completely lost himself, and caught hold of the hair of BEN's head several times—shifted, and had recourse to those manœuvres so unlike his former conduct, that disapprobation was publicly expressed by the spectators. BEN, after *milling* away for twenty minutes, decided the battle, by putting in a most tremendous *hit* upon JOHNSON's ribs, and by another, cutting his lip nearly in half.—THUS, was the valiant, and truly re-

nowned Tom Johnson deprived of the Championship, which he had so nobly maintained for several years, unsullied!

The conduct of Johnson throughout this fight astonished his friends very much indeed—that coolness of temper, which shone so conspicuously in all his other battles, *here* seemed totally eradicated, and his mind irritated to excess—whether Johnson was impressed with the superiority of his antagonist, or his courage depressed from his heavy losses at gambling, has not been ascertained; but there was a miserable *falling-off* in him altogether! Johnson never fought afterwards, but took the Grapes, in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. The customers proving too *flash*, the licence was taken away, and Johnson once more adrift. He was also routed by the magistrates from Copper-alley, Dublin, from his house not proving so consonant to the principles of propriety as were wished. He wandered about much distressed, and died at Cork, January 21, 1797, aged forty-seven years. Johnson complained much of the blows which he received from Big Ben, and attributed his death from that fight. As a pugilist he was of the highest order; and his natural abilities were by no means contemptible:—but he was imprudent, and the latter part of his life was marked by dejection and want!

RICHARD HUMPHRIES,

THE GENTLEMAN BOXER!

So denominated from his genteel appearance and behaviour. Richard was a remarkably graceful boxer and his attitudes were of the most elegant and impres-

sive nature. He was about the middle size, strong, and well-limbed; and had studied the science with some advantage. His blows were very powerful, and the stomach, and under the ear, were the principal objects of his aim: in general, he struck with his right, and stopped with his left; but did not make use of both hands with equal facility. His *game* was unquestionable; and HUMPHRIES was considered a most distinguished pugilist: he was so attractive as to revive PUGILISM, which had been on the decline for some time, and on its being publicly announced, that he was to fight MARTIN, the *Bath Butcher*, on a stage at Newmarket, May 3, 1786, the whole of the amateurs rallied, and the *set-to* was witnessed by his Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, Duke of YORK, Duke of ORLEANS, and most of the French nobility at that time in England. A guinea a ticket was the price of admission, and some hundreds cheerfully paid it; and which collection was to go to the winner. Between *thirty* and *forty* thousand pounds were sported upon the occasion—bets were so flush. MARTIN was a boxer of some repute, but shorter than HUMPHRIES, yet a well-made man, and who had seen some service in the pugilistic field of honour. The *set-to* was distinguished for science, and HUMPHRIES parried off his adversary's attacks with great adroitness, and stood up to MARTIN manfully. The latter was deficient in *distance*, and sometimes fell, which rendered his hits rather feeble. HUMPHRIES was the favourite. MARTIN, finding that his *distance* was wrong, went boldly in to HUMPHRIES—the contest was now *prime*, and betting equal. However, HUMPHRIES soon appeared the *fancy* man, by giving his opponent a most tremendous *leveller*,

and varied the odds in his favor. MARTIN notwithstanding appeared *game* and fought well, contesting every inch of ground; and not till after a complete *mill* for three quarters of an hour, and in receiving a blow from HUMPHRIES which nearly *rolled him up*, did MARTIN signify that he had ENOUGH. The amateurs were highly gratified, and both the pugilists established their fame, but more particularly HUMPHRIES.

Numerous *sporting men* rallied round PUGILISM, and the Professors of the Science were not without high and noble patrons. ROYALTY frequently witnessed the displays of the art, accompanied by Dukes, Earls, Honorables, &c. and men of the first distinction felt not *ashamed* of being seen in the *ring*, or in acting as UMPIRES at a boxing match.

The science, courage, and gentleman-like conduct of HUMPHRIES had secured him many friends, and with a mind by no means destitute of intelligence, he became a real *fancy article*—that when *sported* upon any occasion, he did not fail in claiming admiration and respect. But deservedly distinguished as HUMPHRIES stood in the Boxing hemisphere, a COMPETITOR had lately risen up to share his fame and glory—if not, *even* to aspire to superiority. He was not only a daring, but a most formidable rival, as his pretensions to pugilistic excellence were known to be sound—he had been proved, and his specimens of skill in the trying conflict, had made a deep impression upon the amateurs—and it was judged expedient by the men of note, that MENDOZA should enter the lists with their favorite—HUMPHRIES.

Negotiations were commenced, and the preliminaries being agreed to, Odiham, in Hampshire, for 400 guineas,

HUMPHRIES.

upon a raised twenty-four foot stage in a paddock, and the door money divided between the combatants, were the terms and place where this memorable contest was to be decided. The day (January 9, 1788,) being known, description falls short in pourtraying the anxiety which prevailed upon the decision of this grand *set-to*, both in town and country. The first-rate *fanciers* were off in thoroughbred style—and no sporting *kid* that could muster the *blunt* was absent—distance was out of the question, and weather was of no object—HUMPHRIES and MENDOZA were to fight, and that was the *only* consideration. From the towns and villages near the scene of action, the country people seemed equally *interested;* and numerous pedestrians were seen in all directions moving towards the fight; that, within an hour previous to the battle, the assemblage collected together in one spot, were truly astonishing and irresistible. To prevent the combatants from being *bilked* out of the door-money, (which was half-a-guinea for each person's admission) the most athletic of the *milling* race were selected for the protection of the entrance, and the potent arms of Dunn, Ryan, and Tring, with *little bits* of *shillalees* in their fists flourishing about, assisted by other powerful pugilists, kept for some time the saucy intruders at bay—but as the time drew near for the combatants to mount the stage, *John Bull's* anxiety increased beyond every other thought, and with one desperate effort, like a mighty flood, swept all before it, that the door keepers were soon lost by the violence of the torrent, and thousands never gave themselves any trouble as to the *expense* of admission. All was noise, uproar, and confusion for some minutes, occasioned by this sudden interruption; but, upon the appearance of

hostilities commencing, their attentions were so completely rivetted, than an awful silence, as if by one impulse, instantly prevailed.

HUMPHRIES, upon ascending the stage, was received with loud and repeated cheers, which he gratefully acknowledged by his genteel deportment, when *Tom Johnson* appeared as his second, the athletic *Tring* as his bottle-holder, and Mr. *Allen* as umpire. MENDOZA almost instantly following was greeted with the most flattering marks of attention and respect from the surrounding spectators; a Mr. *Moravia* acted as his umpire, *David Benjamin* was his second, and *Jacobs* his bottle-holder, and the whole of them were Jews. HUMPHRIES' appearance when stripped for the fight was peculiarly attractive, and his fine manly form was seen to great advantage; he had on a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings, the clocks of which were spangled with gold, and pumps tied with ribbon. The dress of MENDOZA was plain and neat. About twenty minutes after one, every thing being ready, the usual salutations took place, when the display of the science was infinitely fine—much was expected from two such skilful artists, and the *feints* made by each party were elegant and scientific—MENDOZA felt no terrors from the proud fame of his antagonist, and HUMPHRIES viewed the admirable skill displayed by his opponent with firmness and composure—the parryings were long and various, and the amateur experienced one of the richest treats ever exhibited in this noble and manly art—at length, MENDOZA put in the first blow, and recoiling from its effects slipped and fell upon his back, in consequence of the stage being slippery from the rain which had fell previous to the battle, yet was of

no material effect against HUMPHRIES, as he warded it off and retreated. In the second round MENDOZA, full of vigour, went into his antagonist and knocked him down; and in closing in the next, the Jew threw HUMPHRIES. The odds which had been much in favor of HUMPHRIES, were now changing rapidly upon MENDOZA. The Jew, flushed with his success, found his *game* all alive, and *showed* himself off to the best advantage, with all the heroism of a most experienced pugilist. HUMPHRIES appeared to make no way against MENDOZA, who had now knocked *Dick* down six times in succession.—The Jews sported their cash freely, as the Christian, it was supposed, must soon be vanquished; but the friends of HUMPHRIES were not to be dismayed, and took the odds greedily. At one time the contest was nearly coming to a premature termination, from the cry of "*foul, foul!*" by the friends of MENDOZA, who in the early part of the fight, had drove HUMPHRIES upon the rail of the stage, and while the latter was upon the balance, aimed a blow at his ribs which must have finished the battle, but JOHNSON caught it. The umpires considered it a knock-down blow, and that *Johnson* was correct. The stage was so slippery that HUMPHRIES could scarcely stand upon his legs, and soon discharged the *finery* from his legs, for the more substantial service of worsted hose---*Dick* now felt his feet, went in with his usual confidence, and the bets became even. HUMPHRIES was now himself, and fast recovering in wind and strength, the amateurs were delighted with his undaunted courage and neatness of execution. MENDOZA was thrown, and in falling pitched upon his face, his forehead was dreadfully cut just above the right eye, and his nose assumed

a different shape; but the Jew's *pluck* was good, and in the next round gave HUMPHRIES a prime *facer*, that the bets were still alive. HUMPHRIES was gaining ground fast, and soon put in a *doubler* upon the loins of MENDOZA, one of the Jew's most vulnerable parts; which was followed up by one in the neck, the Jew reeling fell with his leg under him, sprained his ancle, and was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the Christian. MENDOZA almost immediately afterwards fainted, and was taken from the stage. Thus ended this truly celebrated contest, in twenty-eight minutes, fifty-four-seconds, in which, perhaps, there never was so much skill and dexterity ever witnessed; nor more money depending upon its termination. The Jews were severe sufferers—and although MENDOZA was defeated, his fame and character as a pugilist were considerably increased—his style of fighting was highly spoken of by the scientific amateur; and that in close fighting, and as a quick hitter, he was evidently superior to his antagonist. The advantage was also upon the side of MENDOZA in point of strength of arm, and when struggling to obtain the throw, he *punished* his adversary considerably by keeping down his head. His guard was excellent, and displayed a thorough knowledge of the art, by keeping it closer to his body than that of his adversary, by which means his blows were given with more force when he struck out his arms, and with respect to stopping, he was not deficient to HUMPHRIES;—but for elegance of position—cool and prompt judgment—fortitude of manner—and force of blow, he was materially inferior. He wanted also that personal courage, which was so apparent in HUMPHRIES, and whose confidence rendered him so indifferent of

HUMPHRIES & MENDOZA.

In their third public contest for Superiority, on Sept.r 29; 1790.

Publish'd (Sept.r 16: 1812) by G. Smeeton, 139, St. Martin's Lane.

himself—but in point of throwing, MENDOZA, though not expected, had the complete advantage, and the activity he displayed throughout the fight was considerable. MENDOZA contended for victory with all the style and valour of a true Hero.

HUMPHRIES displayed all those superior requisites of the *science*, that it is difficult to point out any thing like an equal to him; his attitudes were of the most manly and tasteful description, and even in the most trying moments of the fight, his postures were considered graceful. His intellectual capacity had rendered him more acquainted with the properties of the human frame than pugilists in general; and his habits of life had tended to make him more conversant and attractive in Society, than fighting men, perhaps, think essentially necessary. His manners were conciliating—and he endeavoured through life to pourtray the gentleman—and his friends were not diminished, but materially increased by such conduct.

It was extremely difficult to appreciate which was the neatest pugilist in the fight; so much activity, science, elegance, and bottom were displayed upon both sides, yet extremely different as to character and manner; but it appeared that HUMPHRIES, in the defensive position, though he kept at a distance his adversary by extending his arms, yet he lost that celerity and power which his *hits* must otherwise have effected, had they have been nearer his body.

Mr. Bradyl, well known in the annals of pugilism, was the patron of HUMPHRIES, and prevented from attending the battle by business of a private nature; but who felt so anxiously for the issue of the contest, that his

servant was ordered to witness the conflict, and convey to him the earliest intelligence. HUMPHRIES immediately after the fight, like the heroes of old, wrote the following laconic epistle to Mr. Bradyl.

"SIR,

"I have *done* the JEW, and am in good health.

"RICHARD HUMPHRIES."

HUMPHRIES lived several years after the above conflict, in the capacity of a coal merchant, in good repute, and much respected.

The above battle brought BOXING into general notice; and the abilities of the two pugilists occasioned considerable conversation at this period, both in the BIG and *Little world!* The newspapers teemed with anecdotes concerning them—pamphlets were published in favor of pugilism—and scarcely a print shop in the Metropolis but what displayed the *set-to* in glowing colours, and portraits of those distinguished heroes of the fist. HUMPHRIES and MENDOZA were the rage—the Modern comedies glanced at their exploits—and the *sporting hemisphere* was quite charged with it. Two such pugilists had not been seen since the days of the renowned BROUGHTON and SLACK, and they rose up like a NEW FEATURE *of the* TIMES! Boxing became fashionable—followed, patronized, and encouraged. Sparring Matches took place at the Theatres and Royal Circus—Schools were established for the promulgation of the art; and the *Science* of SELF-DEFENCE considered as a necessary requisite for all Englishmen. Among its numerous splendid patrons and supporters were to be seen His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York and Clarence, Duke of Hamilton, Lord Barrymore, Alderman Coombe, &c.

BRISTOL HEROES.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By another name would smell as sweet:

Most assuredly it would—and we cordially acquiesce in the justness of the Poet's remark; being well aware, that valiant men are to be found in all countries, and that true courage is not confined to any particular place, colour, or station. Cowardice has often been experienced in men of six feet high; and heroism has shone resplendent in men of the most diminutive stature. Impartiality should be the peculiar feature of all Biographers in recording the deeds of the brave—and a love of truth superior to every other consideration manifested; that no wrong bias may prejudice the mind of the reader, and posterity receive an account that may be depended upon. Bristol or *Baltimore* are but sounds to the man of liberality—and when an Englishman holds the scales of justice, we trust he will be *blind* to every other balance, but that of—HONESTY. Characters may then be fairly appreciated—actions, not too highly coloured from gross adulation, or ill-timed friendship; nor deeds of valour suffer from malignity, or the baleful spirit of envy,—but like the faithful mirror that reflects the true likeness, neither adding or diminishing the portrait, by firmly adhering—"nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice!"

Bristol has, for the last twenty years, been rendered conspicuous from the production of its numerous race

of celebrated Pugilists—the *skill* of whom, generally speaking, have proved pre-eminent; and whose thorough *bottom* rarely equalled, but never excelled. The CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND has, at various times, graced the heads of several of the NATIVES of *Bristol;* and two of its most prime Boxers, have carried that distinguished appellation with them, (a circumstance which happens to so few) down to their graves! ANOTHER, whose pugilistic career will long be remembered by the amateurs, possessed it for a considerable length of time, with the most honorable and enviable reputation; and, it might be observed, only transferred its dignity when his *stamina* was on the decline, and the frame had experienced the material loss of ONE of its most principal organs:—and, at the present moment, (September 21, 1812) it is still in the *unsullied* keeping of a NATIVE of the above ancient City.

Thus, it appears, from such noble specimens of valour, hardihood, and science, is the principal reason, which we can account, for that kind of partiality which has arisen, by not only giving importance, but frequently a preference to the sound of—HE's A BRISTOL MAN!"

BENJAMIN BRAIN,

otherwise BIG BEN.

(*who remained* CHAMPION till his death!)

Rendered truly memorable in wresting the laurels from the hardy and scientific TOM JOHNSON. BEN was a most powerful pugilist—a remarkably straight and tremendous hitter—and dealt out punishment with equal severity from both his hands. His adversaries found

great difficulty in opposing his impetuosity; and BEN's particular aim was to prevent any of his opponents recovering themselves, when at fault, till the round was completed.

BRAIN was of an athletic make, but not particularly so as to merit the appellation of *Big!* scarcely exceeding the size of JOHNSON. He was born in 1753, and in the early part of his life was employed as a collier in his native place: it was here that BEN first distinguished himself as a pugilist, with CLAYTON, the Shropshire man, by the science and game that was observed in the fight. A good battle also took place between BEN and a collier belonging to Kingswood, of the name of HARRIS. They were both compelled to acknowledge the superiority of BEN's pugilistic powers. He now bent his way towards the Metropolis, and arrived about the year 1774; where, at the Adelphi wharf, he was employed many years as a coal-porter. He was a good-looking man, and when out of his business always appeared clean and respectable; mild and sociable in his demeanour, and never, ridiculously, presumed upon his qualities as a boxer.

BEN's first *set-to* in London was with the *fighting* GRENADIER, in the Long fields, in which, had it not have been for the assistance of a medical man, who was witnessing the contest, BEN must have been defeated. The *Lobster* had most powerful *claws*, and was a first-rate *punisher*, and by the tremendous *hits* which he put in under BEN's eyes, they were so swelled up that he could not see out of them: when just at this juncture (whether from design, or not, we cannot ascertain) the ring was broken. During which circumstance the swellings were skilfully lanced by the surgeon, the blood discharged, and BEN

restored to perfect sight. A fresh ring by this time was made, and the combat renewed; but in the course of a few minutes the *fighting* GRENADIER was glad to call for *quarter*.

CORBALLY, an *Irish Chairman*, fought BEN, upon a stage twenty-five feet square, at Knavestock, in Essex, on December 31, 1788. Notwithstanding the weather was extremely severe, the combatants stripped with the most perfect indifference, and the fight was carried on with determined courage on both sides; but CORBALLY, at length, was compelled to *give in*.

BEN, in 1789, forfeited one hundred pounds to JOHNSON, which sum was deposited in part of one thousand pounds stakes, BRAIN being in a bad state of health.

BEN received a challenge from JACOMBS, a *Birmingham Pugilist*, which was accepted, and the battle took place at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, upon a twenty-four feet square stage, railed in, on October 23, 1789. JACOMBS was a stout-made man, plenty of *pluck*, and not without some science. On the *set-to* JACOMBS pourtrayed his determined resolution, and went in to BRAIN in fine style; but whether BEN felt any doubt about the fight, he did not conduct himself after his accustomed method of boxing, but was on the retreat, *shifting* often, to avoid JACOMB's blows, and fell frequently without a touch. JACOMBS, on the contrary, received BEN's attacks undaunted. Considerable disapprobation being expressed by the spectators, particularly the Warwickshire men, who were getting outrageous at BEN's manœuvring, when at length BRAIN stood up to his adversary, and shewed what he was capable of performing, by putting in a tremendous *leveller*, and soon convinced the

auditors that he was a *prime bit of stuff*. The contest was now worth looking at, and heroism was displayed upon both sides—when, after a most dreadful battle of one hour and twenty-six minutes, the brave JACOMBS was conquered. The Birmingham men lost considerable sums upon JACOMBS.

HOOPER, the *Tinman*, was now backed to fight BEN; but a more ridiculous match never took place in the annals of pugilism—a fight it could not be called; and, in fact, it was little more than making fun of pugilism. HOOPER was over-matched, and BEN treated him with the most sovereign contempt. The first round was well-contested; but Ben put in such a *doubler*, that HOOPER could never be induced to put it in his power to do so again. HOOPER fell every round without a blow, run all over the stage; squirted water in BEN's face; and called him by the most opprobrious epithets, thinking, that by such acts BEN might be provoked, and put off his guard, and fall an easy prey to his disgusting manœuvres. BEN received several severe *facers* from the activity of HOOPER; and had no means of returning a blow, as his antagonist, after striking, was upon the ground. However, BEN adopted a plan that all the stratagems of the *Tinman* could not divert him from—BRAIN stood up like a rock in the middle of the stage, and there waited till HOOPER thought proper to come up to him. This piece of *diversion* took place upon August the 30th, 1790, at Chapel-row-revel, near Newbury, in Berkshire, and continued for *three hours and a half*; the night coming on fast, several of the amateurs asked BEN if he should be able to finish the battle that day? when BRAIN jocularly replied, "That it entirely depended upon his antagonist;"

and, laughing, observed, "they had better begin the next morning at six o'clock, and have the whole day before them." The *Fancy* in general were completely disgusted at such treatment—and, after what was *termed* one hundred and eighty rounds having taken place, and it being nearly dark, it was declared *a drawn battle!* and BEN walked off without receiving any particular hurt.

BEN's next *set-to* was altogether as different—for, in the contest with JOHNSON, the blows from that hero told so severely upon his frame, that his constitution was materially injured; and, we are credibly informed, that he attributed his death to that fight. Though BEN did not appear to be visibly hurt at the time, yet he was never in sound health afterwards: and Excellent as both the above pugilists were versed in the *science*—yet after the third round, it was downright FEROCITY; and nothing but death-like blows heard. It was truly, a most miserable conflict.

A match was made in January, 1794, between BRAIN and WILL WOOD, the *Coachman*, a pugilist of considerable celebrity; but death interfering, prevented the conflict from taking place: and, on the 8th of April, in the above year, he received his last *knock-down* blow! Upon his body being opened, it was found that his liver was considerably injured, in consequence of the many desperate battles which he had fought. On the 11th, his funeral was conducted with decent solemnity, and TOM JOHNSON, forgetting all past differences, was foremost among the mourners, to shew his respect to the deceased; WARD, WOOD, &c. &c. attended to see the remains of the Champion respectably interred in St. Sepulchre's Church-yard.

WILLIAM WARR: (generally called WARD.)

A pugilist of considerable eminence, and expressly brought to London to fight TOM JOHNSON; possessing uncommon agility, and a thorough knowledge of the *science*. But much as his talents were respected, it has been the expressed opinion of several amateurs, that in many of his battles he appeared somewhat *too scientific;* and that so much *shifting* appeared more like a deficiency in *bottom*, and less calculated to please, than such *fine* displays of the art. A manliness of style in fighting is a sure criterion of *game*—it prevents any imputation of *fear*, and is always hailed with respect. WARD's activity in battle was truly conspicuous, and his adversary has often been looking from whence the blow came, he has been so soon at a great distance after striking his opponent. Extremely well formed in the breast and arms; and about five feet nine inches, in height; strongly made; his general appearance robust, and well calculated for a pugilist. As a teacher of the *science*, he possessed considerable merit; and some of his pupils have proved themselves first-rate articles. As a *second* he was equally good, and few fights of any note have taken place, but what BILL WARD has played a prominent character in them.

Captain ROBINSON having a *fancy* Coachman, that besides *driving* in style, could *box* a little, was matched against WARD, to fight at Knavestock, in Essex, upon a stage. It snowed incessantly all through the combat—and the pugilists were only affected from its slippery qualities upon the boards, occasioning more falls than otherwise might have happened. WOOD being but little

better than a *novice*, trusted more to impetuosity than judgment; but displayed *bottom* of the richest kind. WARD's *science* was manifest, and who opposed the violent attacks of his adversary with much adroitness; but the *shifting* was thought to be too prominent. Notwithstanding, it is but justice to remark, that the battle was carried on with great spirit upon both sides for twenty minutes; WOOD's eye was soon closed after this period, yet he fought in *prime* style for ten minutes longer, when, becoming blind, he was obliged to *give in!*

BILL WARD and WATSON, in their journey to witness the fight between HUMPHRIES and MENDOZA, as Stilton, met with an unfortunate circumstance, at the Bell Inn, Enfield, where they had accidentally put up to take some refreshment. The company in the parlour, were warmly engaged upon the ensuing fight, and a respectable blacksmith of the name of Swaine, speaking highly of MENDOZA, which was not relished, and immediately opposed by WARD, high words took place, and a regular *set-to* instantly commenced. WARD was in danger of receiving a good *milling*, as he had no room to retreat, and SWAINE was *serving it out* in good style; when BILL proposed an adjournment to a field where SWAINE had a severe blow upon his stomach, that, unhappily, killed him. WARD was confined three months in Newgate, being found guilty of Manslaughter.

WARD fought MENDOZA; but the superiority of the *Jew* was manifested in twenty-three rounds.

A match was made by the amateurs between STANYARD, a pugilist of celebrity from Birmingham, and BILL WARD, for one hundred guineas, which took place at Colnbrook. This proved a well-contested battle, for

thirteen minutes, and WARD convinced his friends that he was not without *game*, and stood up most heroically. The *set-to* was good, and some excellent sparring took place; but WARD was *levelled*. STANYARD soon repeated the action; but, in the third round, BILL put in one of the severest blows ever heard, which completely broke STANYARD's jaw at the angle; yet still the latter possessed so much *bottom* as never to complain of the circumstance, and knocked WARD down; and, in the next round, followed it up with equal success. In the sixth *set-to*, STANYARD excited considerable astonishment, in holding up WARD by main strength, *punishing* him dreadfully, and dashing him upon the stage with great violence. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth rounds, WARD experienced tremendous *levellers*. In the tenth and last, a complete *milling* took place upon both sides—WARD put in several terrible *hits* upon his opponent's broken jaw; and in struggling for the throw, both fell down. It was by far the best round, and STANYARD *gave in*. To all appearance he was not much hurt; but a surgeon pronounced it a most dangerous fracture. WARD received much praise for this valiant display of the art, and, in the weakness of the moment, challenged TOM JOHNSON to fight, who had performed the office of second to STANYARD; but TOM only smiled at this *insignificant* threat.

WARD again contended for victory with DAN MENDOZA; and it should seem that BILL entertained an idea, that there was a *chance* left of taking the *shine* out of the *Jew*—but a quarter of an hour sufficiently satisfied him, that it was *grounded* in error!

BILL WARD, died of a consumption; and his remains were interred in St. Giles's Church yard.

JEM BELCHER:

(*One of the most heroic* CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND:)

Descended from the mighty SLACK, of pugilistic celebrity, and grandson of that renowned Boxer. The family of the BELCHERS have long been distinguished for their prowess—and even some of the female branches have contended for victory in the field of glory, with considerable pugilistic science and effect; and the proud name of BELCHER has been, in no degree whatever, *sullied* by their attempts to preserve its fame. In tracing the valorous deeds of BELCHER, candour alone dictates us to observe, that in finding scarcely any thing to condemn, we are almost overwhelmed with circumstances to applaud. To him MODERN BOXING is principally indebted for that extensive patronage and support which it has experienced from the *higher flights* of the FANCY! Upon JEM's first appearance as a pugilist, he was considered a perfect phenomenon in the gymnastic art—*a mere boy*, scarcely twenty years of age, putting all the celebrated heroes of the *Old School* at defiance—their scientific efforts, when placed in competition with his peculiar mode of fighting, were not only completely baffled, but rendered unavailing. BELCHER had a prepossessing appearance, genteel, and remarkably placid in his behaviour. There was nothing about his person that indicated superior bodily strength; yet, when stripped, his form was muscular and elegant. The *science*, that he was master of, appeared exclusively his own—and his antagonists were not aware of the singular advantages that it gave him over those who studied and fought upon the accustomed principles of pugilism; it was com-

pletely intuitive, practice had rendered its effects powerful, and in confusing his antagonists he gained considerable time to improve this native advantage with promptitude and decision. The quickness of his *hits* were unparalleled, they were severely *felt*, but scarcely *seen*; and in springing backwards and forwards, his celerity was truly astonishing—and, in this particular respect, it might be justly said, that JEM was without an equal! BELCHER's style was original—the amateur was struck with its excellence; his antagonists terrified from the gaiety and decision it produced; and the fighting men, in general, were confounded with his *sang-froid* and intrepidity. It appears that BELCHER made his appearance under the auspices of BILL WARD; and it is but justice to observe, that the talents of so *finished* a pupil, reflected great credit upon that experienced veteran in the gymnastic art.

In his social hours, JEM was good-natured in the extreme; and modest and unassuming to a degree almost bordering upon bashfulness. In the character of a publican, no man entertained a better sense of propriety and decorum than BELCHER did; and the stranger, in casually mixing with the FANCY in his house, to behold NATURE in her *primest* moments of recreation, never felt any danger of being affronted, from the attentive conduct of the landlord. Good order reigned predominant, and frequently very animated criticisms have taken place concerning the merits of the *stage;* and the various talents of most of the first-rate performers who *sported* their *figures* upon the boards, have given rise to considerable discussion; in which the high and dignified Legislator has been heard to *argufy the topic* in the most

earnest manner, to convince his *plebeian* opponent, (whose situation in life was, perhaps, not more elevated than that of a *coal-porter* or *coster-monger*,) of the superior abilities of some particular actor, whose *action* has proved more *convincing* in a few minutes—when all the words contained in JOHNSON's folio Dictionary would have had no effect—and in turn, those COMPOSITES of the State, have been listening with the most minute attention to the flowing harangue of some DUSTY COVE, *blowing a cloud* over his porter, and lavish with his *slum* on the beauties possessed by some *distinguished* pugilist, whose talents for *serving it out* were elegant and *striking*; and where *flash* has been *pattered* in all that native purity of style, and richness of eloquence, which would have startled a *High Toby Gloque*, and put a *Jigger Screw* upon the alert, to find so many *down;* and, even among the crowd have been found admirers of HERMES, who have retired well persuaded, that ALL *was not barren!*

> "Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
> The optics seeing, as the object seen.
> All manners take a tincture from our own,
> Or come discolour'd, through our passions shown,
> Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
> Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes."

BELCHER's *bottom*, judgment, and activity, have never been surpassed—in his battle with *Paddington* JONES, a pugilist extremely well versed in the *science*, and of good *bottom*; who had also distinguished himself in several fights, and was considered by the amateurs, a man that might be depended upon, and one that was not *easily* disposed of—but BELCHER rendered this opinion errone-

ous:—and with JACK BARTHOLOMEW, (a thorough-bred and sound pugilist) when JEM was merely a lad, he performed such prodigies of valour, that astonished the most scientific professors—GAMBLE, who had *milled* all the *primest coves* in the kingdom for some years, *lost*, in a few minutes, all his *consequence*, from the dexterity of BELCHER. In his various fights with BURKE, either prepared, or taken *unawares*, he *hit* away, and gave that most inordinate *glutton* several hearty meals, with all the ease and facility of an experienced *caterer*. FEARBY, (the *young Ruffian*) who had distinguished himself so manfully in several excellent matches, and who had obtained the appellation of a first-rate pugilist, both for *science* and *bottom*, from the best judges among the amateurs, when in competition with BELCHER, his abilities were so reduced, as to appear more like that of a third or fourth-rate boxer, and was *punished* most dreadfully by JEM, while BELCHER scarcely appeared touched,—such, most undoubtedly, was the superiority of BELCHER's talents in all the above battles.

It was warmly, if not, perhaps, ill-naturedly expressed by one of the most scientific pugilists in the whole circle of Boxers, in giving his opinion respecting the battle between the *Game Chicken* and BELCHER, in asserting, "*That had* JEM *been in possession of* FOUR EYES, *he was never able to beat* PEARCE." Here it was, for the first time in his life, that his judgment proved defective as a pugilist; and, in acting from the envious impulse of the moment, JEM BELCHER only pourtrayed the infirmities of human nature, and the want of stability in man—his character was established, and never did any pugilist's

fame stand upon a more elevated and stronger basis---he had retired into private life, respected by his friends, and supported and admired by the FANCY in general, who were no strangers to his integrity and private worth, ---THERE he should have remained, where his days might have glided happily along, and without regret, and his life, in all probability, been lengthened from the placid scene---but his rest was unhappily disturbed, and poor JEM, like the greatest part of mankind, had not FORTITUDE enough to rise superior to the baleful attacks of

"———malicious ENVIE rode,
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poyson run about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw,
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And WEPT, *that cause of weeping* NONE HE HAD!"

In constitution BELCHER had materially declined, independent of the loss of an eye; and the serious effects which his frame sustained upon that afflicting accident, had endangered the safety of his life. Upwards of two years had elapsed in retirement, when BELCHER came forward to meet an opponent, more formidable than any one he had hitherto met with, and who possessed, in a superior degree, every requisite to constitute a first-rate pugilist, and who likewise had improved under his tuition, and might be said---*a* CHICKEN *of his own rearing!* BELCHER, unfortunately, could not be persuaded of the difficulties he would have to encounter from the loss of an eye, and that the *chance* of success was against him---TILL *it was too late!* and then the error was too glaring to be re-

trieved. But how did he fight?---How HE *did fight* will be long remembered by those who witnessed the *grievous*, yet truly honourable combat---a combat in which more unaffected courage was never seen, and where humanity was more conspicuously displayed, and gratefully applauded---ANIMOSITY appeared to have no resting place, and it was proud HONOUR, only, struggling for victory. BELCHER fought in his accustomed style, and planted his favourite *hits* with his usual adroitness---but he lost his *distance*, and became an easy victim to his own incredulity. In the course of the fight, as JEM afterwards acknowledged, that from the *hits* which he received over his good eye, (the peculiar object of his antagonist's aim) his sight became so defective, that the blows he gave his adversary were merely accidental, and that his aim was lost in confusion, and certainty was out of the question. BELCHER, with the most undaunted heroism, endeavoured to make up the deficiency of sight by a display of *bottom* and gaiety, astonishing and unequalled. The skill upon both sides claimed universal respect: yet, notwithstanding the spectators perceived a deficiency in his fighting in several parts, from BELCHER's not being able to guard off the attacks as heretofore, and the severe *punishment* which his head and face had sustained in the combat: his afflicting situation made a deep impression, not only upon his friends, but the company in general, and the involuntary tear was seen silently stealing down the iron cheek of many present, for the loss of departing greatness in their favourite hero. JEM's spirits never forsook him, and in surrendering his laurels, HONOUR consoled him, that he had transferred them *unsullied*; and appeared only affected,

by declaring, "that his sorrow was more occasioned from the recollection of the severe loss his friend had sustained, who, in fact, had sported every thing which he possessed upon his head; and one of his most staunch backers and supporters through life, than as to any particular consideration respecting himself!" Notwithstanding the excellence evinced by the CHICKEN in science, wind, strength, and bottom, and, by no means, feeling the slightest wish to detract from the merits of so respected, and deservedly distinguished a pugilist---yet, if we may be allowed the supposition, that had the above contest took place when JEM BELCHER possessed his eye-sight in full perfection, we hesitate not in observing, that *its* TERMINATION might have been very *doubtful!*

Respecting BELCHER's two battles with CRIB, when the circumstances of the case are duly appreciated—when it is recollected that his spirits must have been somewhat damped in descending from his elevated eminence, to rank only with men of minor talents, who, when in the plenitude of his health and strength, dared not to have thus presumed—but JEM was down, and *down with him,* as is too generally the case with the unfortunate, and his powers well known to be on the decay, previous to his *set-to* with the *Chicken,* and which were by no means improved from that circumstance; yet still his heroism and *science* shone resplendent, and he left his opponents at a vast distance.

In the first fight with CRIB, as may be traced, JEM's superiority was evidently manifest, and not until he had received a most violent *hit* over his good eye, and sprained his right-hand, CRIB was severely *punished,* and stood

no *chance*; as it appears in the seventeenth round, that the odds were TWO to *one* on BELCHER, and in the eighteenth, FIVE to *one!* when, CRIB was so much beaten, that considerable doubts were entertained whether he would be able to come again: and even at the conclusion of the battle, CRIB was in a very exhausted state. The amateurs were delighted with the uncommon skill BELCHER displayed upon this occasion, and were completely astonished at his gaiety and vigour—and, till he had lost his *distance* from his confused sight, victory appeared to hover round him.

In the last battle that ever BELCHER fought, his *bottom* was good in the extreme, and he by no means proved an easy conquest to CRIB. Since the loss of his eye, it was the positive wish of his best friends that he would fight no more; but he was not to be deterred, unfortunately neglected good advice, and seemed not aware of the decline of his physical powers. In this last *set-to* the disadvantages he had to contend against were great indeed—his antagonist had made a rapid improvement in the science, was in full vigour, and a GLUTTON that was not to be *satisfied* in a common way; yet still JEM pourtrayed that the *science* was left in him, but the *strength* had departed—his hands had become enfeebled, and could not execute their accustomed task, and were so dreadfully lacerated for several of the last rounds, that the flesh had separated from the nails. *Death* was almost as agreeable to his feelings, as to utter those unwelcome sounds to the courageous mind, an acknowledgment of *defeat*. Never was it given with more reluctance, and his friends positively forced it from him after a contest of FORTY MINUTES!

BELCHER'S display with TOM (better known by the name of *Paddington*) JONES, convinced the amateurs of his peculiar *science*, *spirit*, and *bottom*:—and after a desperate conflict, in which considerable judgment took place upon both sides, BELCHER was declared the conqueror. He soon rose rapidly into fame, and was matched against the most distinguished pugilists.

The *sporting world* were now all upon the alert, with a match which had long excited considerable attention, between JACK BATHOLOMEW, a pugilist of high repute, and JEM BELCHER. The former was a great favorite among the *Fancy*, and had attained the age of thirty-seven; while the latter had not reached his *twentieth-year!* The battle was for 300 guineas, and fought upon a stage, on Finchley-common, on Thursday, May 15, 1800.

About half past one the combatants appeared, and the *set-to* immediately commenced:---Sparring was out of the question, and ferocity the leading feature; but BELCHER showed himself off in such good style, and convinced the spectators that the advantage was upon his side, that the odds were now laid upon him. BARTHOLOMEW not in the least dismayed, went in boldly, and gave BELCHER a *leveller*. The friends of BARTHOLOMEW were weak enough upon this circumstance to send a pigeon to London with the intelligence, making up their minds that the battle was a *dead thing* in their favour; but they soon had to repent of their temerity, for in the fourth round BELCHER with great agility threw BARTHOLOMEW upon his head, the shock of which was so violent, as nearly to deprive him of his senses, and materially to affect his eye sight. BARTHOLOMEW, still *prime*, fought in good style, and contested the battle with great firmness,

and dealt out some most tremendous blows, until the close of the seventeenth round, wherein he received a desperate hit in the stomach from BELCHER that made him vomit great quantities of blood, when he acknowledged he had quite *enough*. The battle for the time it continued, twenty-minutes, was very desperate; and considered as obstinate a contest as had been for some years. — BARTHOLOMEW, entertained an idea that there was a *chance* left, and ventured a second trial; but he became an easy conquest, and in considerably less time.

GAMBLE, who had been successful in EIGHTEEN battles, and whose knowledge of the *science* was undisputed,—it now became the wish of the amateurs, that he should enter the lists with JEM BELCHER, who had given such early proofs of excellence, and that it should be decided, whether the honor of the CHAMPIONSHIP was to remain with England or Ireland. Accordingly, a match was agreed upon for one hundred guineas, to be decided in the hollow, near the gibbet of that extraordinary character, JERRY ABBERSHAW, upon Wimbledon Common, on Monday December 22, 1800. To describe the roads to Wimbledon ; the numerous vehicles of all descriptions ; and the pedestrians who were flocking to witness this combat, would be futile in the extreme ;—it seemed as if all the inhabitants of London were upon the alert—and the *Swells* of the FANCY were unusually prominent ! besides the heroes of the Pugilistic art, as Mr. JACKSON, BILL GIBBONS, BROWN, BACK, PADDINGTON JONES, &c.

BELCHER entered the ring about twelve o'clock, accompanied by his second, JOE WARD, and TOM BELCHER (his brother) as his bottle-holder ;—and TOM

TRING as an assistant; MENDOZA was the second to GAMBLE; his bottle holder COADY, and CRABBE as deputy. Messrs. CULLINGTON, MOUNTAIN, and LEE were the umpires. CULLINGTON, the publican, held the stakes.

Notwithstanding GAMBLE had beat JAMES the Cheshire man, a pugilist that had been successful in seventeen pitched battles, and whose *bottom* was said to be superior to any man in the kingdom; yet still the bets from the first making of the match were *seven* to five in favour of BELCHER; and BILL WARD, before the combatants stripped, offered *twenty-five* guineas to twenty. However, upon stripping, GAMBLE appeared much the heaviest man, and his friends and countrymen sported *three* to two upon him—but that was, by no means, the general opinion. A few minutes before one o'clock, the fight commenced:---

First round.—The *set-to* was good, and GAMBLE put in the first *hit*, which was neatly warded off by BELCHER, and who, with a celerity unequalled, planted in return three severe blows in different parts of GAMBLE's face: they soon closed, and BELCHER being well aware of the superiority of his opponent's strength, dropped. The *paddies* in their eagerness to support their countryman offered five to four.

Second.—BELCHER full of spirit advanced towards GAMBLE, who retreated. JEM made a feint with his right hand, and with his left, struck GAMBLE so dreadfully over his right eye, as not only to close it immediately, but knocked him down with uncommon violence. Two to one on BELCHER.

Third.—GAMBLE began to retreat, but put in several severe blows in the body of his antagonist. BELCHER, by a sharp hit, made the *claret* fly copiously from his opponent; but GAMBLE, notwithstanding, threw BELCHER with considerable violence, and fell upon him cross-ways. The odds rose four to one upon JEM.

Fourth.—BELCHER full of coolness and recollection, showed himself possessed of excellent science. His blows were well

directed and severely felt, particularly one in the neck which brought GAMBLE down. Twenty to one BELCHER was the winner.

Fifth and last round.—GAMBLE received two such blows that struck him all of *a heap*—one in the stomach that nearly deprived him of breath; and the other on the kidnies which instantly swelled up as big as a twopenny loaf. GAMBLE completely exhausted, *gave in.*

It is reported, that not less than *twenty thousand pounds* were sported upon this occasion; and the Irish completely *dished,* and full of murmurings at GAMBLE's conduct, who was beaten in five rounds, and in the short space of *nine minutes* and *three quarters!* GAMBLE fought very badly; and from his former excellence much was expected; but he appeared frightened at his opponent's activity. BELCHER laughed at him throughout the fight, and treated his knowledge of the art with the most sovereign contempt. BELCHER was carried upon the shoulders of his friends round the ring, in triumph after the battle was over.

The following conversation, immediately afterwards, took place between MENDOZA and BELCHER. A match had been in agitation for some time past between the above celebrated pugilists, for a considerable sum; and, to prevent any injury arising to MENDOZA, in his capacity as a publican, or the possibility of an interruption to the contest, it was agreed that it should be decided in Scotland—but the match *was off,* and JEM felt rather displeased at the circumstance:—

Belcher. DAN MENDOZA!

Mendoza. Well, what do you want?

Belcher. I say, these were the shoes I bought to give you a thrashing in Scotland.

Mendoza. Well, the time may come.

Belcher. I wish you'd do it now.

The parties becoming rather irritated with each other, an immediate *set-to* was nearly the consequence; but their friends stepped in, and prevented it.

BELCHER, on witnessing a battle, between ELIAS, a Jew, and TOM JONES, which took place upon Wimbledon-common, on Monday, July 13, 1801—a man of the name of BOURKE, a butcher, who had behaved himself improperly in the ring, and was *milled* out of it once or twice by some of the professed pugilists, at length called out for *Belcher*, the Champion, who on mildly asking him what he wanted, received a blow in return for his civility—When JEM was not neglectful of the *favor*, and returned the *compliment* in style.—A dreadful *set-to* instantly commenced—in which, BOURKE displayed uncommon *bottom* and strength, and, notwithstanding his being somewhat intoxicated, had made the spectators scarcely know what to think about the termination of the contest—and it was thought had not BELCHER have possessed a thorough knowledge of the *science*, that he was in great danger of falling a sacrifice to this outrageous *knight of the cleaver*.—

BOURKE having showed so much *game*—and under such evident disadvantages, that LORD CAMELFORD was induced to back him for a second combat in a more *regular* manner for one hundred pounds.—BOURKE was now put out to *nurse*, and a *teacher* appointed to initiate him into the mysteries of the *science;* and it was reported of BOURKE that he was a *promising child*—took his food regular from his nurse, minded what his master said to him, and for the short time that *he* had taken to *study*

---great improvement was visible:---and BOURKE ultimately, turned out one of the most *troublesome* customers, and the hardest to be disposed of, that ever entered the lists with BELCHER.

After some time having elapsed, occasioned by the interruption of Magistrates, a stage was erected at Hurley-bottom, a few miles distant from Maidenhead, on November 25, 1801---*Joe Ward* and a *Bristol* lad, filled the usual offices for BELCHER---and *Harry Lee* attended as BOURKE's second, and *Rhodes* as his bottle-holder---The odds were nearly two to one on *setting-to* upon BELCHER.

First round.—BOURKE did not give much signs of *improvement* from his tuition—several blows were exchanged, BOURKE gave BELCHER a terrible blow under his right eye that made him reel—they closed, and fell.

Second, third, and fourth.—Blows were the leading features in these rounds. *Science* was not displayed by either of the combatants.

Fifth—BOURKE had his nose laid open by a severe *hit* from BELCHER, and *floored*.—TEN to *one* on JEM—no takers.

Sixth.—Shyness was prominent; but BELCHER put in a blow upon BOURKE's forehead, the blood now issued copiously from all parts of his head, that his second found it a difficult task to keep him clean.

Seventh, eighth, and ninth.—The former two were of little consequence; but in the latter BELCHER was thrown with considerable violence.

Thirteenth.—*Milling* was the signal, and this round displayed a fine specimen of their talents for *hammering*. The best round in the fight.

Sixteenth.—BOURKE completely *done up*—yet too much pride to confess he was beat, and his second declared that the fight was over.

Since the days of JOHNSON and BEN, it was the opinion of the amateurs, so desperate a battle had not

taken place. Twenty-five minutes of hard round fighting. BOURKE was heavier than BELCHER, and greatly superior in point of stature; JEM appeared little the worse for the conflict—declaring that he had scarcely felt a blow in the fight; and in the gaiety of the moment, challenged MENDOZA to fight in less than a month for three hundred against two hundred guineas, but DAN was not to be had: and observed he had done with pugilism.

Warrants were now issued for the apprehension of BELCHER, BOURKE, and their seconds, HARRY LEE and JOE WARD, "for unlawfully assembling, and publicly fighting at Hurley, in Berkshire. But this proved to be nothing more than a *reprimand* when brought into court, on their promising not to break the peace again.

BOURKE was not yet *satisfied*, and another trial of skill was granted—Captain Fletcher backing him; and Fletcher Reid, Esq. on the part of BELCHER, for fourteen hundred and fifty guineas a side---which were made good. The combatants appeared upon the stage, which was erected in a bye-place, at a village called Grewelthorpe, about nineteen miles from Middleham, in Yorkshire. A dispute taking place about BOURKE's second; BELCHER offered to fight him a few rounds for *love*---but as BOURKE would neither fight *for* LOVE nor *money*—the consequence was, that the *Fancy* were got into a complete *string!* JEM received fifty pounds for his trouble from Mr. REID, and who also allowed him five pounds for travelling expences.

BOURKE now endeavoured to justify himself through the medium of the Oracle Newspaper, in a long letter to the Editor:—but it was looked upon as *gammon!*

At Camberwell Fair, these Heroes met for the first time after the *bubble* in Yorkshire. BOURKE was rather *lushy*, and entertaining the *Swells* round him, how *he* would *serve it out* to JEM if he was present. BELCHER was nearer than he imagined, and overheard this *bouncing* of BOURKE, and invited him to another *taste*; which the latter readily accepted, and on the Bowling Green, at the Golden Lion, they *set-to*. BOURKE commenced so furiously, that he attacked BELCHER before he was undressed; but JEM, on being prepared for the fray, put in his blows so hard and fast, that BOURKE had one of his front teeth knocked out, and a prime *leveller* into the bargain. BELCHER was somewhat indisposed, and BOURKE, now coming a little more to his *recollection*—their friends interfered—and they mutually agreed to postpone the fight till the next day. They met according to appointment, (August 20, 1802) and in a field behind St. George's Chapel, near Tyburn Turnpike, a most extensive ring was prepared, and though the circumstance was so sudden, and kept very private, yet the spectators were immense. Mr. Fletcher Reid and Mr. Crook, being the only two of the principal amateurs present. A purse of thirty guineas was subscribed for the winner, and five for the loser. *Joe Ward* seconded BELCHER, and *Bill Gibbons* was his bottle holder; BOURKE had *Owen* for a second, and *Yokel*, a Jew, as bottle holder. BOURKE expressed a wish that three quarters of a minute might be allowed instead of half—which was resisted.

First round.—BOURKE was determined to avail himself of his uncommon strength, and ran in upon BELCHER, and endeavoured to throw him, but failed in the attempt. BELCHER

taking advantage of his mistake, soon had him down by his dexterity. Several blows exchanged, but no *corks* were drawn.

Second.—BOURKE still upon the same suit, but received a *throttler* for his attempt that made the *claret* fly. They closed, and BOURKE found himself upon the *ground*.

Third.—BOURKE, full of spirit, ran in and put home a fierce blow on the right cheek bone with his left hand; and another between the shoulder and breast, which was of no effect. They closed, and BOURKE was down.

Fourth.—BOURKE, still *prime*, rushed upon his opponent, but missing his blow, fell. Some murmurs, and calling out "BOURKE's at his old tricks;" but he soon shewed the charge was false.

Fifth.—BOURKE, with the most determined resolution, ran in and caught BELCHER by the hams, doubled him up, and gave him a cross-buttock. The spectators were in fear that BELCHER's neck was broken, as JEM pitched upon his head with great violence. "Foul, foul!" was shouted, but BELCHER rose with uncommon gaiety, and said, "No, no — never mind!!"

Sixth.—The best round that had been fought. As usual, BOURKE ran in full of spirit, and severe blows were exchanged, BELCHER put in several severe hits on the head, neck, and throat—they closed, and considerable skill was manifested on both sides in wrestling, but they both fell, without any advantage.

Seventh.—BOURKE on the decline, his strength was leaving him; but his spirit was good. Closed, and BOURKE thrown.

Eighth.—BOURKE wished now to convince the spectators that he was not destitute of *science*, and fought upon the defensive; but BELCHER smiled at the attempt, gave him several severe blows, and ultimately had BOURKE upon the floor.

Ninth.—Twenty to one on JEM, who was as sprightly as if he had not been fighting—laughing and talking to his antagonist, but not forgetting to put in severe hits. BOURKE down again.

Tenth.—BOURKE, full of *pluck*, set-to with great spirit, and close fighting ensued. BELCHER losing no time, cut BOURKE under the left eye; under the right; and another blow so dreadful in its effects between the throat and chin, as to hoist BOURKE off his feet, and he came down head foremost. BEL-

CHER also fell from the force which he gave it. Both on the floor, when BOURKE squirted some blood out of his mouth over BELCHER: JEM threatened that in the next round he should have it for such conduct—but BOURKE declared it was accidental.

Eleventh.—BOURKE's face was now one mass of blood, and he was completely beaten. But still he stood up; few blows were exchanged—they closed, and BOURKE was thrown; when JEM, very honourably, fell upon his hands, with an intent not to hurt BOURKE any more by falling upon him. Which practice is not unusual, and consistent with fair fighting.

Twelfth.—BOURKE's weakness was now too evident to be disguised—his second could scarcely get him from the floor.

Thirteenth.—BOURKE come again, but BELCHER did as he pleased with him; closed, and threw BOURKE. The latter now was convinced there was no *chance*, and wished to give it in; but his second persuaded him to procced.

Fourteenth.—BOURKE was *game*, but it was useless, and only rendered his situation worse, he was knocked about like a feather, and not the least shadow of success remained for him. BELCHER closed, and BOURKE was thrown upon his chest. he could not come in time, and gave IT IN.

Thus, was this *desperate customer* disposed of AT LAST—his face was so disfigured, that scarcely any traces of a human being were left; while, on the contrary, BELCHER was without any visible marks of the contest, excepting a bruise upon his cheek. BELCHER's rapidity of action in this battle claimed universal attention and astonishment—and his judgment was equally sure and good—BOURKE was too strong for him, and he never closed but when necessity compelled him. He walked round the field several times after the fight, displaying feats of agility.

The *sporting men* were now satisfied of JEM's superiority; and the whole of the immense bets depending

upon the Yorkshire contest, was decided by the above *set-to*.

Notwithstanding BOURKE suffered so severely from the effects of this battle; his recovery and strength surprised every one—for in three days after, at a pugilistic dinner, given by Mr. FLETCHER REID, at the One Tun public house, St. James's Market, BOURKE dined there—shook hands with BELCHER, and acknowledged JEM the best man: a match was made for one hundred yards, for the best runner, to be decided immediately. BOURKE to the astonishment of all present, beat *Jack Ward* (son to the veteran) by five yards.

BELCHER was taken up for not keeping his promise, and bound over for two hundred pounds and two sureties, in one hundred pound each.

JACK FEARBY, better known by the appellation of the Young Ruffian, who had acquired great fame as a pugilist, was now matched with BELCHER for one hundred guineas. The contest was to have been decided at Newmarket: but the magistrates interfering, they travelled out of the county, and halted at a spot of ground, and made a ring, about half a mile beyond Linton, and fifteen from Newmarket. The combatants then agreed that the winner should have ninety guineas, and the loser, ten. On Tuesday, April 12, 1803, at a quarter past nine the *set-to* commenced.

First round.——Great anxiety prevailed for the first blow—sparring took place for some seconds when FEARBY put in a blow at BELCHER's head, which JEM parried, and returned two blows right and left; no mischief done: they closed, and BELCHER fell underneath. Offers to take two to one that FEARBY would win—Betters shy.

Second.—FEARBY received a severe blow in the mouth, the blood from which issued most copiously; and JEM followed

it up by a desperate right-handed hit upon the Ruffian's side, that brought him down. Three to one BELCHER was the conqueror.

Third—Much science displayed on both sides—blows reciprocally given and stopped—when BELCHER fighting half-armed, and following up his adversary close, the RUFFIAN fell.

Fourth.—A good rally, and several severe blows exchanged. They closed, BELCHER fell upon his knee, and in that situation received a blow from FEARBY. "Foul, foul" was the cry; and BELCHER wished the point to be decided, but had no desire to take advantage of the circumstance, A constable followed by a clergyman now made their appearance; but the clamour was so great that the *exhortations* of the Reverend divine could not be heard, and the

Fifth round commenced.—FEARBY seemed rather shy of his opponent, whose eye now appeared black, and he vomited a great deal of blood—BELCHER smiled and beckoned the *Ruffian* to come forward. FEARBY made a blow but it was too slow, and which BELCHER avoided by bobbing his head aside; and JEM in aiming to put in a desperate blow on FEARBY'S ribs, fell. The *Ruffian* appeared distressed.

Sixth.—The best round in the fight—BELCHER quite gay, but FEARBY on the decline. The *Ruffian* irritated made several blows at his antagonist, but they were all thrown away. BELCHER taunted him, and with the most apparent ease put in a severe hit upon the stomach; and in closing FEARBY received a violent cross-buttock.

Seventh.—*Milling* on both sides. Ten to one on BELCHER.

Eighth.—FEARBY rallied with good spirit, and made a hit at BELCHER, which he parried with great neatness; and in return, cut the *Ruffian's* lips severely. FEARBY still *game*, gave JEM a sharp touch, but did not fetch the *claret*. Odds reduced five to one.

Ninth.—BELCHER full of gaiety, and without ceremony, put in a desperate hit over his adversary's right eye, and with all the coolness imaginable, put himself in a defensive posture, and sarcastically asked, "How do you like that Johnny?" This was too much for FEARBY, who was not quite so placid as to pass it over without some notice, and immediately endeavoured to answer the question by a severe blow, but overreached himself in so doing, and fell upon the ground. BELCHER smiled, and pointed at him very ironically.

Eleventh.—Belcher now tried to put an end to the fight, by following Fearby round the ring, and putting in several blows; which the *Ruffian* tried to parry off but not sufficiently. Belcher, at length, put in a *leveller*, when his friends made him decline the contest.

The amateurs were much disappointed in this battle, which continued twenty minutes, in not witnessing that excellent display of the science so much expected. Fearby had no *chance* whatever, and appeared like a different man---his former excellence seemed *frightened* awa y.

The above extraordinary Pugilist was born at his father's house, in *St. James's Church-yard*, Bristol, on the 15th of April, 1781. Jem lived some years with a butcher of that place, but was never apprenticed to the trade; and, when quite a boy, he signalized himself for his pugilistic prowess, and at Landsdown Fair, his feats soon rendered him conspicuous. He was about five feet eleven inches and a half in height. On his coming to London, Bill Ward invited Belcher to his house, and a private sparring match (with the gloves on) took place in *Ward's* dining-room, when the veteram was so astonished at Jem's superior knowledge of the art, that he exclaimed, in falling over a table from one of Belcher's *touches*—"By G—d! Jem, I am perfectly satisfied that you can beat any man in the kingdom." In conversation with *Ward* after dinner, Belcher observed, "*I could have done a great deal better, Sir, but I was afraid I might hit you too hard, and you should be affronted.*"—"Come along, my boy," replied the Veteran, "we'll have no gloves on now, and you shall do your best; I am not, nor never was afraid of a blow!" And the *set-to* instantly commenced, when the guest (out of

pure friendship) *levelled* his HOST several times. *Ward* wanted no further *convincing* proofs of his talents; when they sat down, and spent the remainder of the evening very harmoniously, and *Ward* immediately offered to back JEM against any man in the country.

After the unfortunate circumstance of losing his eye, on July 24, 1803, in playing at Racquets, in company with Mr. *Stuart*, at St. Martin's Street—JEM declined in health; his spirits were not so good as heretofore; and, at times, he felt much depressed from this afflicting loss. Soon after the above accident, he took the *Jolly Brewer*, in Wardour Street, Soho, which house was well attended. In losing the battle with the *Chicken*, (which, we are credibly informed, was principally occasioned by a quarrel between PEARCE and a brother of JEM's, since dead,) his brave heart was almost bursting with grief; and here the loss of his eye now preyed upon him so much, that his temper became very irritable; and so confident of success was BELCHER, in his last contest with CRIB, that, after betting all his money, he sported his gold watch, worth thirty pounds. After this fight he began to droop, and fret considerably—added to the confinement in Horsemonger Lane for twenty-eight days, and having to pay a considerable sum for breaking the peace by that battle. He caught a cold in the above prison, which hastened his death; and it was an expressed opinion, that he died more from a family complaint, than from the blows he had received as a pugilist. His circumstances at one time after his late defeats, were much injured, and he was considerably reduced—the FANCY ought not to have let such a man as JEM BELCHER (at any period of his life) felt loss from his pugilistic efforts—for more honour, integrity, and affection, never resided

in the human heart. In his latter moments, he displayed much good sense, penitence, and resignation, and endeavoured to atone for those errors which he had committed, with all the firmness and piety of a good Christian. He suffered a great deal from expectoration, having an ulcer upon his liver: and, a short period previous to his death, he made his will.

On Tuesday, July 30, 1811, died, at the sign of the Coach and Horses, Frith Street, Soho, (of which he was the landlord,) the renowned JAMES BELCHER, in the 31st year of his age—and on Sunday, August 4, he was buried in Mary-le-bone ground. The concourse of people eager to witness the last of their once-distinguished Champion were immense. His funeral was of the most respectable kind:

THE HEARSE,

Preceded by a Man carrying a Plume of Feathers,

In the first Mourning Coach,

Mrs. BELCHER, (his Widow) Mrs. PHILPOT, and TOM BELCHER, &c.

Second Ditto,

Mr. Harmer, (his nephew) Mrs. Harmer, Messrs. Gregson, Richmond, Bitton, &c.

In the Third,

Mr. Sumner, (an Attorney) Mr. Shabner, Mr. Hawkins, &c.

And in a Glass Coach following,

Bill Wood, Powers, and several Amateur Friends.

And, as they moved along in solemn procession, the numbers of people were so great in joining it, that, upon their arrival at the church-yard, which was already nearly filled, the mourners could scarcely reach the grave. *Bill Wood* and *Powers* staid to pay the last respects to their departed friend, and dropped a tear to his memory;

and a more general sympathy was never witnessed among spectators, in shedding a profusion of tears, as did most of his pugilistic brethren, at the loss of so great an hero!

In visiting the ground where his remains are deposited, we should think BOXIANA wanting in respect, if not incomplete, were we to omit the words upon his tombstone:—

In Memory of
JAMES BELCHER,
Late of St. Ann's Parish, Soho,
who died
The 30th of July, 1811,
AGED 30,
Universally regretted by all who knew him.

With patience to the last he did submit,
And murmur'd not, at what the Lord thought fit;
HE with a Christian courage did resign,
His soul to God at his appointed time!

On July 2, 1811, a benefit was given for him, at the Fives Court, St. Martin's Street. BELCHER was rather unfortunate in attracting the attention of the Police; on April 6, 1802, at a benefit, at the Pea-hen, Gray's-inn Lane, when he and his brethren were conveyed to the watch-house, but liberated the next morning; and at another period, when JEM intended to have given JOHN BULL a treat of sparring, at Sadler's Wells, with the con-

currence of the Manager; but the *Lord Chamberlain* prevented the amusement, and poor JEM was again deprived of making a benefit. Previous to this circumstance, in a *set-to* at the above Theatre, BELCHER's display of the art was universally admired, and his efforts to please were crowned with loud and reiterated plaudits. It was from this favourable reception, that his friends persuaded him to make the attempt; and it was agreed that JEM should have *half* the receipts of the night.

Lord CAMELFORD was a great patron of BELCHER; and, previous to his death, gave him his celebrated dog, TRUSTY, observing, that the two conquerors ought to reside together; and that he could not have a better servant than TRUSTY, who had proved victorious in upwards of fifty battles. TRUSTY, was in the possession of Captain *Barclay* when he died.

We feel much indebted to the politeness and liberality of Mrs. BELCHER, (his widow) of the Coach and Horses, Frith Street, Soho, in granting permission to copy the likeness of the late JAMES BELCHER, from the original picture in her possession. The great similarity of the above portrait to a most distinguished Hero on the Continent, is truly curious, and might be almost said to be a *fac simile* of that warlike character, excepting the difference of the eyes.

In taking leave of this late distinguished pugilist, we cannot do better than in concluding with the words of the poet:—

> "Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
> Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
> With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
> *Implores the passing tribute of a* SIGH!"

PEARCE.

MENDOZA.

HENRY PEARCE,

Scientifically denominated the GAME CHICKEN!

(THE BROUGHTON OF HIS TIME)

And one of the most heroic and humane CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND, *who not only added fresh laurels to the title, but never* lost *that distinguished appellation, till it was wrested from him, by that Conqueror of Conquerors—Death!*

"There is a kind of *character* in *thy* LIFE,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor NATURE never lends
The smallest sample of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor.
Both thanks and use."

NATURE—to some of her favourites has been peculiarly bountiful in the distribution of her favours, by uniting health, strength, and symmetry of form to grace the person of one individual, and in adding those fine requisites to render the system complete in all its parts, that have made her works so transcendently beautiful and towering, over all the attempts of ART—to HER,

Man is indebted for those sensibilities, which outvalue mines of wealth, that inspire *him* to those heroic actions which stamp him—GREAT.

NATURE too, sportive in her mood, has rendered the peasant, in obeying her dictates, content and happy upon his bed of straw—while the mighty and powerful monarch, allured by all the meretricious blandishments of ART, has been seen restless and uneasy upon his downy couch; and WHO, in giving feeling and understanding to the most obscure individuals that have not perverted her useful lessons, has rendered them prominent and interesting members of society—while, on the contrary, she exhibited those *soi-disant* refined critics, (the subservient creatures of a false imagination) by holding up to ridicule their prejudices and absurdities, in their vain attempts to oppose that first of laws—NATURE.

It might be said of the *Game Chicken*, that he was not only a favourite, but a pupil of the above Deity—and who, in giving him a fine athletic form, strength, wind, and agility, had finely tempered those rare requisites with the most manly courage and sublime feeling;—and, if ever greatness of soul raised the character of man, or humanity shone resplendent in the breast of a human being—a purer claim to those inestimable qualities were never witnessed, than in that of—HENRY PEARCE.

His pretensions as a PUGILIST stand upon a proud eminence, that few, indeed, can ever expect to attain. In possessing a thorough knowledge of the *science* he was equal, if not superior, to all his competitors; and supported with *strength*, almost Herculean, that enabled him either to receive the attacks of his adversary with the most steady composure, or put in his *hits* with giant-

like force; his *wind* so truly excellent, that in all his battles he was scarcely ever seen much distressed; and for *game* or *bottom* unquestionably unrivalled, that his noble and daring spirit never drooped to cry ENOUGH! He had fought with men who ranked high as pugilistic heroes—and whose superior strength, *gluttony*, and experience, had rendered them truly formidable in the boxing list of candidates for fame. BOURKE, whose *ferocity* and inordinate *gluttony* was not *satisfied* with FOUR desperate *millings* from the potent arm of the renowned JEM BELCHER, entered the lists with the *Chicken*, and in two dreadful combats, was completely *served-out* by the all-conquering PEARCE, and carried away almost lifeless from the scene of action. ELIAS SPRAY, the *Coppersmith*, whose reputation stood high as an experienced and *bottom* pugilist, and who was a most powerful man, and had gained several good battles; yet, when in competition with the *Chicken*, was rendered truly *insignificant*. CART, (of Birmingham, a second PERRINS,) who had vanquished several *prime milling coves*, was, in the hands of PEARCE, a mere plaything; and while the *Chicken* exhibited but the slightest traces of the conflict, CART miserably pourtrayed his want of judgment, and the victim of severe *punishment*. By the above victories PEARCE had arrived at the very *acme* of perfection as a pugilist—his *science* was generally acknowledged as pre-eminent, and he now took the elevated seat, surrounded with glory, as the brave and noble CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. But he had not yet done enough to *satisfy* the *sporting world* that his CLAIM to that proud title was *indisputable*—and he had again to

enter the ring to evince further greatness, and more *strongly* to consolidate his fame and honour.

It is true that PEARCE had completely disposed of BOURKE, SPRAY, and CART—but now, a Hero, of no common stamp, presented himself as a candidate for the dazzling prize—his townsman, and his friend, but in the thirst for glory all distinctions are banished; and in throwing down the gauntlet, his pretensions to pugilism were considered so excellent, that any eulogium here is perfectly unnecessary. In meeting, as might be expected, finer skill, greater courage, thorough bottom, and more general manliness, were never exhibited; and the Champion, in receiving an additional *brilliant* to grace his cap, did not overlook his brave, but fallen competitor, by generously acknowledging—"that he was the only man who had ever stood up to him, and that it was with some difficulty he now stood upon his legs."—GULLEY, although in defeat, had exalted his fame; and the Champion, in again ascended the chair, added additional dignity to the seat and lustre. But now, (not altogether unlike JULIUS CÆSAR, in receiving the unkind stab from his beloved BRUTUS,)—arriving at the very pinnacle of his greatness, flattering himself with peace and tranquillity, his mind was disturbed by his dearest friend, his patron, and his tutor, who had drawn him from obscurity, and had anxiously been endeavouring to promote and establish his greatness in public life, but unhappily growing jealous of his pupil's excellence and distinguished reputation, and not being content at enjoying his well, and hard-earned laurels in peace and retirement, but in an irritable moment, when envy triumphed over reason, dared his pupil to the combat—this

might be termed not only an unkind, but an *unnatural* challenge—two sworn, and almost inseparable friends—the CHICKEN received the invitation with serious concern, *fear* never entered his noble heart---and though as a professed pugilist---yet he was not insensible to the afflicting circumstance of *beating* the man to whom he stood indebted for his eminence, his reputation, and every thing he possessed in life---his manly nature grieved at being thus situated---reflection only made it worse, and the calls of honour now rose superior to every other consideration, and nothing, but to support his darling fame, could have induced him to commence this forced *set-to*.

" Oh heaven ! were man
But constant, he were perfect ; that one error
Fills him with faults."

The battle was truly desperate---and the display of *science* unprecedented in the annals of pugilism---and if there was a contest in which nobleness of soul, and generosity of disposition was exemplified, the *Game Chicken* manifested it before thousands, in the twelfth round, when PEARCE threw BELCHER upon the rope, and while his body was balancing in that unprotected, yet fair situation, the *Chicken* had an opportunity of ending the fight, by one of his tremendous blows, but his generous mind spurned the committal of a deed that would have grieved his soul, and putting himself in an attitude to convince the spectators of the obvious *chance* that presented itself, and looking round the ring, pathetically exclaimed---" *I'll take no advantage of thee* JEM ; *I'll not hit thee, no,* LEST I HURT THINE OTHER EYE !" and in the sixteenth round, to his memory be it recorded, he

pursued the same magnanimous line of conduct. The audience were lost in admiration---and my UNCLE TOBY never uttered a finer sentiment, or performed a nobler act more worthy of registering---and while the sensibilities of our nature are awakened by those delicate touches of the art with respect and veneration for an *imaginary personage*---never let it be said, by *that* mind who has strength enough to admire heroism and virtue wherever it comes across him, that REALITY shall be passed over with silent neglect; and that the deeds, even of a Pugilist, when they are praiseworthy and laudable of imitation, shall not have justice done to them---*Men of honour*, here is a circumstance worthy of your notice---*Sentimentalists*, improve upon it if ye can, and place it in a more conspicuous point of view---and *Pugilists*, never let it be forgotten, even when the fight rages desperate, and an advantage should present itself (like the above) recollect that the brightest gem in your character, is *humanity*,---THEN, will ye remember HENRY PEARCE.

The *Chicken* had now proved himself a *thorough-bred* GAME COCK—and the walk might fairly be said, *all his own!*—But a keeper of *game*, who had been dazzled with the superior qualities of this *Chicken*, felt a wish to become his master—but could not *af*-FORD to produce the ingredients to get him into his possession. It, perhaps, was a fortunate circumstance for him, that he could not post the *blunt*, as there is but little doubt, he would have soon proved *blind* to his own interest.

HARRY PEARCE, unhappily, like too many of his predecessors of pugilistic notoriety, foundered upon the same rock of destruction upon which they had splitten. Examples, advice, or lessons, should seem, all lose

their effect upon persons, when in the bloom of youth, health, and vigour, and who laugh at the idea of incurring any serious consequences from intemperance, till they *feelingly* find it out themselves, and then, it is generally too late to be remedied. The *Chicken*, it appears, during his residence in the Metropolis, had made rather too free with his constitution; yet we have authority for observing, that it originated more from circumstances and place, than sheer inclination—in company with *sporting men* frequently, he poured down copious libations at the shrine of Bacchus, added to the fond caresses of the softer sex, among whom he was a most distinguished favourite—that his health became impaired, and he retired to his native place, to enjoy peace and the comforts of domesticated life; and by the advice of his friends, immediately relinquished the profession of a pugilist for that of a victualler.

We are now arrived at that part of his life, where description must fall short, and the pen of the most brilliant writer fail in doing justice to the merits of the case, in which PEARCE proved himself almost more than mortal. In the month of November, 1807, a fire broke out at Mrs. DENZILL's, a Silk mercer, in Thomas Street, Bristol, and the flames had made such rapid progress, that the servant of the house, a poor girl, who had retired to rest in the attic story, was nearly enveloped in flames before she awoke to behold her dreadful situation —frantic with despair, she presents herself at the window imploring help—her screams pierce the hearts of the spectators, who appear rivetted with agony to the spot, expecting every moment her threatened destruction—but none move, all are petrified with fear and horror—

at length, PEARCE appears in the crowd, he saw the life of a human being in danger, and felt the necessity of an immediate rescue, or all must be lost—and, as if inspired with a god-like spirit, by the aid of the adjoining house, he reaches the parapet, and hanging over it, firmly grasps the wrists of the wretched girl—the multitude are lost in astonishment,—and never did a more, if *such* an interesting moment present itself, hope, fear, and all the finer sensations of the mind are upon the utmost stretch in beholding the intrepidity of a man, valuing no other consideration but that of delivering the object from its danger---the additional weight, added to the height from the parapet, is almost too much for the nearly exhausted exertions of PEARCE, his mind agitated with not being able to keep his equilibrium, but

> " Cowards die many times before their deaths,
> The valiant never taste of death but once !"

And so it proved---his brave heart leaped within him, and with a noble effort---(as if an instrument in the hands of Providence,) he draws his trembling charge from the window, places her safe upon the parapet, and in an instant she is out of all danger !---Universal joy prevailed, and the delighted and astonished multitude were lost in the ecstasy of the plaudits---and the almost lifeless sufferer clinging round the knees of her deliverer, invoking blessings on his name---this was the happiest moment of PEARCE's life---the shouts of victory, and the flattering praises that had so often attended him in the field of honour, were mere *shadows* to this feeling---compared with that of an approving conscience !---Yet, this was the act of a *Pugilist !*---(and one who had entered the field to obtain a purse of gold as a prize-fighter, but who,

in all those engagements, had a choice left in leaving that ring whenever danger pointed out the necessity of withdrawing from it)---*but here was no* GOLD to tempt him to risque his life, which was placed in the most imminent peril and scarcely a chance of success, that the smallest deviation of balance must have precipitated him headlong to destruction, and no opportunity of retreating from the consequences---the gallant soldier in mounting the *forlorn hope*, and the hardy tar in boarding the ships of the enemy, are stimulated by a thirst of glory and love of country---that prompts them to those deeds of heroism---but PEARCE was actuated from no other motive than that of *feeling*---and never did human nature appear with so much real grandeur and unaffected dignity---and that "*recording angel*" who dropped a tear and blotted out for ever an *intemperate* expression---we sincerely trust, may be affected by the same sympathy in obliterating the *past deeds of* A MAN, that when the book is opened---the name of PEARCE shall stand free from imputation.

To the honour of the *sporting world* be it spoken, an immediate subscription was entered into to reward so unparalleled a transaction; and soon afterwards the following effusion appeared in a Magazine peculiarly dedicated to that part of society :—

"In Bristol city, while a house in flames
Fills the beholders with amazement dire,
A damsel at an upper window claims
Their utmost pity, for th' approaching fire—
Which every moment seems to gather near,
Nor hope of rescue does there aught appear.

"At length upon the neighb'ring house-top seen,
A gallant youth now hastens to her aid,
And o'er the fearful parapet does lean,
With spirit dauntless to assist the maid;
Endow'd by Heaven with more than common might
He grasps her arms, and draws her to the height.

"Oh! glorious act! Oh! courage well applied!
Oh! strength exerted in its proper cause!
Thy NAME, O PEARCE! be sounded far and wide,
Live, ever honor'd, midst the world's applause;
Be this thy triumph! know ONE creature saved,
Is greater glory than the world enslav'd."

It was but a very short period after the above noble deed, that the *Game Chicken* again distinguished himself in rescuing one of the fair sex from insult and danger. In his way over Clifton Downs, near Bristol, PEARCE perceived a young woman, suffering much from the brutal attacks of three athletic men, game keepers. The *Chicken*, regardless of the consequences, immediately remonstrated with them upon their unmanly conduct, when they instantly all fell upon him with the utmost fury; but the courage and science of PEARCE soon made them severely repent of their temerity. The *Chicken* received the violence of his assailants with coolness and intrepidity, by rendering their attempts unavailing—but he so successfully planted his death-like *hits* upon their frames, that one of them, of the name of *Hood*, was so *satisfied*, that in seven minutes, he *bolted*, and left his two companions to the care of PEARCE, who, in the course of a quarter of an hour, so *served out* *Morris* and *Francis*, the other two, that he left them

prostrate on the earth, begging for mercy. Thus was the *Chicken* once more successful, in proving himself a Champion for the Fair Sex.—*Morris*, while PEARCE was defending himself against *Francis* and *Hood*, gave the *Chicken* a most violent blow on his head, that produced a severe contusion.

BOURKE, after the retirement of BELCHER, considered himself, or rather assumed the appellation of Champion: and, in justice to him, it might be observed, that however deficient in *science*, his *bottom* was of the most unquestionable, nature; and upon the whole he could be considered as no mean rival to contend with for victory. Upon the arrival of the *Chicken* in London, his pugilistic fame at Bristol, rendered him an object of envy to BOURKE; and after enjoying a day's sport, after the old English manner, in the vicinity of Shooter's Hill, where these two rivals first met, not under the most favorable impression towards each other. And the amateurs, upon *their* return to town in the evening, having expressed an anxious desire to have an immediate appeal to the fist between the above heroes---the *Chicken* was called up out of bed, (at his lodgings, in Wardour Street, Soho) and who, upon being made acquainted with the circumstance, agreed to it without the smallest hesitation! A room was selected for the occasion, well-lighted up, and notice sent round to the amateurs that a trial of skill was to take place, between the new Bristol Youth, and the celebrated *glutton*, BOURKE. Numbers soon assembled, and between the hours of eleven and twelve, the *set-to* commenced—BOURKE's inferiority was soon discovered—his slow and round method of fighting failed in doing any execution, when opposed to the rapid *hits* of his

adversary; and his *bottom* only served him to receive uncommon *punishment*. The *Chicken*, aware of the *gluttony* of his opponent, lost no time in displaying the graces of the *science*, but put in his blows so hard and fast, that BOURKE soon exhibited signs of weakness. During a desperate contest of twenty minutes, in which fifteen rounds of tremendous *milling* took place, BOURKE evinced great courage, and endeavoured to show some little *science*, by parrying off the blows of the *Chicken*, but the latter followed him up so straight forward, that it was impossible for BOURKE to resist the consequences; and he was *levelled* twice by the *Chicken*, from such tremendous hits, that he lay apparently dead; and two such blows, were allowed by all present, the most terrible that ever had been given. BOURKE was so dreadfully *milled*, that he could scarcely articulate, but yet had the candour to acknowledge, that he had never before experienced so *prime a taste* in all his life.

The amateurs were anxious for a second combat, and BOURKE flattering himself that a *chance* was still left, one hundred pounds was staked, and it was agreed that the winner should have ninety pounds and the loser ten pounds; and upon Wimbledon Common, Monday, January 23, 1804, a ring was formed, and the battle fought. BOURKE was seconded by *Owen*, and *Paddington Jones* was his bottle-holder—PEARCE had for his second BILL GIBBONS, and CALEB BALDWIN, as his bottle-holder.—On stripping, in point of appearance *Bourke* appeared the tallest. The odds were considerably in favo rof the *Chicken*,

First round.—Considerable caution displayed upon both sides, PEARCE fully aware of the impropriety of exposing himself too openly to superior strength—and BOURKE's recollection of his former *milling* had taught him not to be too pre-

cipitate—they closed before any blows were exchanged, and both fell—Two to *one* the *Chicken* wins.

Second.—Bourke upon his mettle, *game* to the back bone, —and showed he was not to be disposed of easily, and fought like a hero; but the *Chicken*, awake to his intent, put in a *stopper* upon his forehead, that made him reel again, when the *Chicken* caught him staggering and threw him.

Third.—Bourke, although bleeding profusely, stood up well to his man, and a good display of hits were seen upon both sides, when Bourke was thrown.

Sixth.—*Chicken* put in a blow, which Bourke returned so well, as to bring down Pearce on his knee.

Seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh.—Bourke exceedingly shy of his opponent, always waiting for the hit of his antagonist—and who suffered much from the repetition of his blows. From this to the

Fifteenth—The *Chicken* was so much the favorite, that the odds were four to one upon him. It was manifest that Bourke was not able for his man—his style of fighting was considerably inferior to that of his opponent's, and he began to appear much *distressed*. The severe blows he received from the *Chicken* made him unruly and intemperate, and he was becoming fast an easy conquest, to the

Twentieth.—Bourke's passion was now exhausting his strength—his nose bleeding considerably—and irritated in mind, that no chance offered of proving successful, he ran in furiously upon his opponent—his intemperance rendered him a complete object for *punishment*, and the *Chicken milled* him in every direction. Twenty to one the winner named—and even bets that Bourke don't come again.

Twenty-first.—Passion uppermost, and Bourke desperate in the extreme, and by running in headlong, missed putting in a hit, and fell: Pearce smiling at his want of prudence; and holding up both his hands in triumph.

Twenty-second.—A good rally, but Bourke received a most tremendous leveller.

Twenty-fourth and last.—Bourke still insensible to propriety, received a severe *milling*, when he gave IT IN.

Bourke, as usual, displayed uncommon resolution and, notwithstanding the persuasion of his friends, obstinately contested the battle for several rounds, where,

there was not the smallest degree of *chance*---and was compelled at last, after an hour and seventeen minutes, reluctantly to acknowledge that he was done. His aspect was truly woeful. The *Chicken* was as gay the last round, as when he entered the ring, and challenged PITTOON for two hundred guineas.

ELIAS SPRAY, the *Coppersmith*, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist in Bristol, now entered the lists with the *Chicken*. SPRAY had a good character, and a considerable display of *science* was expected by the amateurs. The day appointed for the meeting to take place, was on Monday, March 11, 1805, at Hampton-court, but fearing something like an interruption, they agreed to cross the water, and decide the contest upon Molesworth Meadow. Considerable confusion took place in finding vehicles to convey the numerous followers across the river, where several not only experienced a good ducking, but some narrowly escaped drowning, in their eagerness to reach the destined spot. At length every thing being completed, PEARCE, attended by MADDOX and HALL, as his second and bottle-holder, entered the ring 20 feet square, when he threw up his hat in defiance. SPRAY soon made his appearance, followed by WOOD as his second, and MOUNTAIN as bottle-holder.---The betters were on the alert, and offered seven to four, on PEARCE as the winner, and even bets were sported that the contest did not continue 25 minutes, and that the *Chicken* was not vanquished in thirty.

1st round.—Several feints took place, but SPRAY not minding his *distance*, hit short; when the *Chicken* taking advantage of the fault, put in a severe blow, and SPRAY was *levelled*.

Second.—Several good hits exchanged—SPRAY gave the *Chicken* a severe blow upon his breast; PEARCE rallied, and in

the event, SPRAY received a knock down blow. Nine to four upon the *Chicken*.

Third.—A good round, SPRAY full of courage, and stood up heroically.—Closed and both fell.

Fourth.—SPRAY too hastily, and out of *distance* again, his blows all thrown away. The *Chicken* gave SPRAY a cross buttock.

Fifth.—SPRAY distressed already—the *Chicken bang up*, flourishing with all the graces of the *science*, and showing himself off to *prime* advantage, went in and knocked the *Coppersmith* down, and smiled at his weakness.

Sixth.—Both well engaged, and several good blows passed—SPRAY put in a desperate hit upon the *Chicken's* stomach; the *Chicken* rallied, and threw his man very neatly.

Seventh.—The *Chicken* was considerably affected by SPRAY's stomacher, made a hit, but failing in the attempt. Odds fell some little.

Eleventh.—Nothing material occurred in the last four rounds but the *Chicken* had the advantage.

Twelfth.—SPRAY went in with spirit, and put in some severe blows, but his *distance* was incorrect, however, he brought the *Chicken* down by a terrible hit on the nose.

Thirteenth.—The *Chicken* covered with blood—SPRAY much distressed, and in making a hit fell.

Fourteenth.—PEARCE full of *game*, put in a most severe blow upon his antagonist's jaw, that fears were entertained he had broken it; SPRAY fell in consequence of its severity! Ten to one on PEARCE.

Fifteenth.—SPRAY stood up to his man boldly, and received a *leveller* from the *Chicken*.

Sixteenth.—Courage manifested well on both sides; and SPRAY put in some well-directed hits—in closing, PEARCE gave him a cross buttock.

Seventeenth.—SPRAY on the decline; attempted to rally; but received a most desperate blow upon his temple, that nearly deprived him of his recollection; which spoilt him for the remainder of the fight. The last five rounds upon the part of SPRAY were little better than stupidity.

Twenty-Third.—All in favour of the *Chicken*, twenty to one, but no takers.

Twenty-Fourth.—SPRAY again showed himself, but his

efforts were feeble indeed. The *Chicken* smiled at his weakness; yet, the *Coppersmith* shewed considerable skill: and continued it to the

Twenty-Seventh.—But no fighting—SPRAY *levelled* as soon as he appeared.

Twenty-Eighth.—SPRAY could scarcely stand, but wished to have another chance, and endeavoured to face his opponent. It was *all up* with the *Coppersmith*, the *Chicken* hit him in any part that he liked, then knocked him off his legs.

Twenty-Ninth and last.—SPRAY stood up, but only to be ridiculed. The *Chicken* pointed at him in derision, when PEARCE put in another leveller—when SPRAY gave *it in*.

The contest lasted 35 minutes, when the *Chicken* full of gaiety jumped over the ropes,---and accepted of a challenge from CART, a Birmingham pugilist, of some notoriety, for fifty guineas. The stakes were instantly made good, and they agreed to fight within six weeks. The *Chicken* laid upon the ground for a few minutes, then started for town full of spirits.

On Saturday, the 27th of April, 1805, the day appointed for CART to enter the lists with the *Chicken*, the parties met at Shepperton-common, near Chertsey, in Surrey. The superiority of the *Chicken* was so manifest, that CART had not the least chance whatever, although six feet three and a half inches in height; and it would only be a waste of time and paper to give the rounds in detail. Suffice it to observe, that after a contest of thirty-five minutes, in which twenty-five rounds took place, CART, from his ignorance of the art, received a most terrible *milling*; while, on the contrary, the *science* of the *Chicken* protected him so securely from the attacks of his adversary, that he scarcely had a mark visible.

The above pugilistic rivals were *mere* TYROS, compared with the one who now came forward to contend for the

laurels—and it appears, that GULLEY was so great a favourite with several of the amateurs, that it was agreed he should be immediately liberated from *durance vile*, and his debts discharged, that he might fight the *Chicken*; which was accordingly put into practice by Mr, Fletcher Reid, and GULLEY was sent into training at Virginia Water, about two miles beyond Egham. It appears that GULLEY was scarcely known in the Metropolis, having never appeared or distinguished himself as a pugilist; and that he was excited to a trial of skill from a casual friendly sparring match with the *Chicken*, in which he planted some severe *hits*—and from which circumstance, his ambition prompted him to think, that he could beat PEARCE. Notwithstanding the great reputation of the *Chicken*, who, for COURAGE, SCIENCE, and BOTTOM, stood unrivalled, he flattered himself with the thoughts of victory.

The friends of the *Chicken*, who had upon all occasions found him *game*, readily came forward, and backed him for six hundred guineas to four hundred, to fight on Saturday, the 20th of July, 1805. Various rumours were now afloat among the FANCY, and the *sporting world* were somewhat divided as to the issue of the contest—however, Virginia Water was the appointed rendezvous, and thither the company repaired; but it being understood, that the fight would take place at Chobham, about three miles further, the company was off in all directions, to obtain good places. A ring was made at Chobham, and nothing wanted but the combatants to enter it to gratify the longing eyes of the spectators. But JOHN BULL had more disappointments to contend against—some talked of *a cross*—others that it was a *mixed-up* concern

—and several of the *would-be* intelligent, prognosticated that no fight would take place that day—while this parley was going on, it was buzzed about that the magistrates had got scent, and it became necessary to *bŏom* towards Blackwater, a few miles beyond Bagshot; this step determined on, the whole cavalcade were *off* like a shot—but upon their arrival at Blackwater, the *gammon* was again *pitched* about *a cross*; and Mr. Fletcher Reid being assured, that most of the bets were off, determined there should be no *mill*. But to prove the fallacy of such assertions, Berkeley Craven and Mr. Mellish, publickly offered to support the *Chicken* to any amount, that they should feel no hesitation in permitting PEARCE to fight six hundred guineas to FIVE only, they felt so much impressed with his integrity and courage. This *baulk* increased the anxiety of the FANCY in general, and stories out of number were in circulation; but the bets kept in favour of the *Chicken*, and the odds given upon his side. At length the important day arrived, (Tuesday, October 8, 1805) which had kept the *sporting men* so much upon the alert for some time past —and all the admirers of the pugilistic art that could quit the Metropolis, set off for Hailsham, a small village, situate between Brighton and Lewes, in Sussex. The spectators were immense, and the Downs literally covered with equestrians and pedestrians, in eager pursuit from the above fashionable watering place, to witness the mighty conflict. On a green adjoining the above village, a twenty-four feet rope ring was made, and at one o'clock, GULLEY entered, with *Tom Jones* for his second, and *Dick Whale* as his bottle-holder; immediately followed by the *Game Chicken*, attended by

CLARKE as his second, and JOE WARD as his bottle-holder.

First round.—The *Fancy* were never more attentive, or anxiously interested, than upon the present occasion, and every look of the combatants were turned to account.—GULLEY had come well recommended, and he was gazed upon with a more than ordinary degree of concern; when, after some little manœuvering, he made a tremendous *hit* at the *Chicken*, but lost his *distance*—PEARCE, always prepared, knocked GULLEY down.—The *Chicken* three to one.

Second.—GULLEY upon the alert, gave the first *hit*, which the *Chicken* sharply returned, and GULLEY fell.

Third.—The *Chicken* aimed a blow at his opponent's head, but it fell short—GULLEY made a *hit* and dropped.

Fourth.—PEARCE stood up heroically, and a smile of confidence was seen upon his gallant brow—several good blows given and well stopped; but GULLEY fell.

Fifth.—The *Chicken* put in a tremendous blow in the neck, and *levelled* his opponent.

Sixth.—PEARCE made play right and left—planted good hits, and brought his man down again.—The *Chicken* ten to two.

Seventh.—PEARCE immediately on his opponent facing him, GULLEY was knocked down.

Eighth.—Considerable science displayed on both sides—the *Chicken* put in a blow, but GULLEY, in the most finished style, stopped it, when they closed, and fell.

Ninth.—The *Chicken* rather touched, went in and *levelled* GULLEY, and smiled at his success.

Tenth.—GULLEY rose in good spirits, and made a hit at his adversary; but PEARCE neatly warded off its effect, and with a tremendous thump upon the breast brought GULLEY down.

Eleventh.—GULLEY, full of gaiety, made an excellent hit—but the round finished in favour of the *Chicken*, who completely knocked GULLEY off his legs.

Twelfth.—Gulley put in a most tremendous blow on the mouth of the *Chicken*, which PEARCE sharply returned, and in closing, they fell.

Thirteenth.—Gulley distinguished himself in this round for most excellent courage and *science*; and put in some good blows, but fell from their force.

Fourteenth.—Gulley rose quickly, and met his man; but Pearce immediately *levelled* him.

Fifteenth.—The Chicken made a good *hit*, which Gulley returned in good style. Gulley made another blow, but fell.

Sixteenth.—Rather shyness upon the part of Gulley, who fell without a blow.

Seventeenth.—The amateurs were uncommonly interested by the reciprocal manliness displayed in this round—and it was the general opinion, that a better one was never contested by any pugilists, and was, most certainly, the best fought round in the battle. Pearce, full of gaiety and confidence, nobly opposed his adversary; while Gulley, with an equal degree of valour and firmness, rallied, and made several excellent *hits*, which were instantly returned by Pearce. Gulley put in two severe *hits* on the *Chicken's* left-eye. Gulley reduced the odds considerably—six to four on the *Chicken*.

Eighteenth.—Torrents of blood flowing from Pearce—no fighting—and Gulley slipped in making play.

Nineteenth.—Gulley, full of spirit, rallied; which the Chicken quickly returned—several good blows were exchanged, when they closed and fell.

Twentieth.—One of the *Chicken's* eyes so much swelled, that he could scarcely see out of it; and the blood flowing from him copiously—his appearance shy and retreating; which Gulley improving upon, followed the *Chicken* round the ring, several blows exchanged, when they closed, and fell.

Twenty-first.—The *Chicken* particularly cautious of his adversary; when Gulley, in making a *hit*, fell.

Twenty-second.—Several sharp blows upon both sides, when Gulley fell, and, while in the act of falling, the *Chicken* put in a desperate blow on the side of Gulley's head, which made him vomit considerably.

Twenty-fourth.—The *Chicken*, in making a *hit*, lost his *distance*, when Gulley returned a severe blow over Pearce's right-eye, and fell upon his knees—the *Chicken*, in giving the return quickly, struck Gulley in that situation. Trifling cries of "*foul!*" but not considered of consequence enough to impede the fight.

Twenty-fifth.—The *Chicken* not so confident as heretofore, when Gulley, with determined resolution, followed him over the ring—good blows given and returned—Gulley once more fell.

Twenty-ninth.—The *Chicken* improving every round.

Thirtieth.—Gulley made a tremendous *hit*, and fell. The *Chicken*, much irritated at this conduct, stood over him with an indignant countenance.

Thirty-first.—Several feints made, each trying for the advantage, when the *Chicken*, in putting in a blow, lost his *distance*. Gulley, with great agility, struck over his guard, and nearly closed his right-eye.

Thirty-third.—Pearce on the look-out, acting on the defensive; when Gulley, in the most manly manner, followed him round the ring; but in the event received a terrible blow in the throat, the severity of which brought Gulley down.

Thirth-sixth.—Gulley now betrayed symptoms of weakness, but endeavoured to put in a blow at the *Chicken's* head, which he parried, and returned a slight *hit*. Gulley, not dismayed, made a severe blow, which the *Chicken* caught with his left, and knocked down his adversary with his right hand.

Thirty-seventh to forty-third.—In the last six rounds the *Chicken* displayed a manifest superiority: their figures were bloody in the extreme; but Gulley was literally covered from the torrents which flowed down from his ear, and who now began to appear somewhat shy – his head was truly terrific, and had a giant-like appearance, from being so terribly swelled, and the effect was most singular, from scarcely any of his eyes to be seen.

Forty-fourth.—The *Chicken*, with considerable *science* and force, planted his favourite *hit* in Gulley's throat, when he fell like a log of wood. The fortitude which Gulley had displayed in this most trying conflict, had raised him considerably, not only in the estimation of his friends, but the *sporting men* in general. He had been so severely *punished*, that he was not able to face his man with his former resolution and propriety—his brave heart was reluctant to acknowledge superiority, and endeavoured now-and-then to put in a *hit*, and falling, until the

Fifty-ninth.—When his friends interfered, and positively insisted that he should fight no longer, as the *chance* was against him; and, at length, he complied with their request—by surrendering victory to the *Game Chicken*. The contest lasted ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES!

In conquering such a formidable antagonist as GULLEY—(a man, whose determined resolution and *science*,

had gained universal praise, and who bid fair to be a most distinguished pugilist)—the *Chicken*, if possible, by his fine display of judgment and bottom in the above battle, had raised himself higher in the estimation of his friends, and the *sporting world* in general.

PEARCE now received a challenge from his friend, BELCHER, for five hundred guineas, to fight within two months, play or pay; which was accepted of by the *Chicken*. The amateurs were considerably divided in their opinions respecting the event of this contest,---the combatants were men of such sound prowess, *science*, and *bottom*, that the most KNOWING, were somewhat puzzled, as to come to any thing decisive upon the subject. The *Chicken* had performed such prodigies of valour; and BELCHER had accomplished all that his most sanguine friends had wished, that it could not but unsettle the minds of the FANCY—and much better it might have proved, had they never have met—

"But who can rule the uncertain chance of war!"

Supporters were not wanting upon either side, and Mr. FLETCHER REID, firm to the cause, and true to the HAD BEEN, backed his old favourite, JEM BELCHER, for five hundred guineas; and Captain HALLIDAY, with great liberality, covered the above sum on the part of the *Chicken*; and promised, in the event proving successful, that PEARCE should receive two hundred and fifty pounds. That no disappointment should take place, by the interference of the police, it was determined, that the battle should be decided at least one hundred and fifty miles from the Metropolis; and the particular place to be settled by a toss up between the combatants, when BELCHER proving the winner, decided for a common,

within a short distance from Captain MELLISH's seat, named Blythe, situated three miles from Barnby-moor, nine from Doncaster, and one hundred and fifty from London, upon Friday, December 6, 1805. A roped ring was formed, twenty feet square, within another of forty feet; and every precaution taken to prevent any inconvenience being felt from the pressure of the spectators. The partizans of each of the heroes sported their favourite chief's colour---the *yellow-man*, which had so long been the boast and pride of the circle, and, in fact, which was known, nearly over the kingdom, after the name of BELCHER, were to be seen in great numbers; while the *blue silk bird's-eye* graced the appearance of the backers of the *Chicken*. *Bill Ward* and *Gibbons* were the attendants upon PEARCE; BELCHER had for his second *Joe Ward*, and for his bottle-holder, *Dick Whale*. BELCHER, upon stripping, did not appear so well as he had formerly done upon these occasions; but his spirits were good, and he seemed to feel his usual confidence. The *Chicken* looked evidently in better condition, and the strongest man. The combatants shook hands, and the battle commenced. *Five* to *four* upon PEARCE.

First round.—The *set-to* was masterly, and every manœuvre of the *science* was displayed upon both sides to obtain the advantage, when Belcher put in a severe *hit* over the *Chicken's* guard upon his eye, that made the blood flow in torrents; to which Pearce gave but a feeble return; they then closed, and Belcher was thrown.

Second.—Belcher, upon the alert, made some feints, which the *Chicken* guarded, and put in a *hit*, although he could scarcely see for blood. Jem, full of spirit, gave the *Chicken* two severe blows on his body, when they closed, but soon separated. Pearce endeavoured to put in a tremendous blow; but Belcher, with considerable neatness and agility, stopped it; a rally took place, in which the *Chicken* struck twice with some

effect, and Jem was thrown again. The *Chicken* wins *twenty* to *twelve*.

Third.—A well-contested round, in which considerable skill was displayed, but Pearce had the best of it. The *Chicken* rallied, and several good *hits* were exchanged. They closed, and Jem was thrown upon the ropes.

Fourth.—The *Chicken* lost his *distance*, and his blows were useless: when Belcher rallied, and obtained some advantage; but in the event was thrown.

Fifth.—Pearce, full of confidence, although bleeding very much, went in full of *pluck*, and rallied, but Jem threw him.

Sixth.—Belcher exhibited some of the finest specimens of the art; but did not appear to meet his adversary as *prime* as heretofore; yet, notwithstanding, he rallied, and some excellent *hits* were given and taken, during which they closed and fell, the *Chicken* uppermost.

Seventh.—Pearce made a blow, which Jem parried very neatly with his left-hand, and with his right gave the *Chicken* a desperate *facer*: a rally ensued, when the advantage appeared on the side of Belcher; but, in closing, Pearce got Jem's head under his left-arm, and *punished* him severely with his right, when in struggling, both went down.

Eighth.—Belcher, with the most determined courage, went in and rallied—and never did he display a finer knowledge of the art; his superiority in this round was manifest, by putting in several *hits* with his right, and warding the *Chicken's* blows off with his left-hand; and at length threw Pearce out of the ring. The bets became level.

Ninth.—Belcher gave the *Chicken* a severe *facer*, which marked him strongly. Both appeared in good spirits, and several sharp *hits* passed, when they closed and fell.

Tenth.—Jem exhibited symptoms of becoming rather exhausted; and the *Chicken* appeared to have the best of the round.

Eleventh.—Pearce, by endeavouring to put in a good *hit*, lost his *distance* considerably, when they closed—Jem neatly disengaged himself, and gave the *Chicken* a blow, but ultimately was thrown.

Twelfth.—The character of a pugilist was never seen to greater advantage than in this round—the *Chicken* rallied most furiously, and Belcher was losing his strength fast—they closed, and Pearce threw Jem upon the rope, (and might, most

undoubtedly, have put an end to the fight, had not the *Chicken's* HUMANITY rose superior to every other consideration) Belcher was balancing on his back, and in a most pitiable and defenceless state; but the *Chicken*, like a man, was above taking so cruel an advantage of his friend, and putting himself in an offensive posture, to show that Belcher was in his power, exclaimed most feelingly, "I'LL TAKE NO ADVANTAGE OF THEE, JEM—I'LL NOT HIT THEE, NO, LEST I HURT THINE OTHER EYE!" Such a circumstance ought never to be forgotten—the spectators felt it at the time, by their universal plaudits—and it will live long in Humanity's memory.

Thirteenth.—Belcher's *hits* were scarcely of any effect, and Pearce made a determined rally, when they closed; but, notwithstanding Belcher's weakness, he gave the *Chicken* a severe cross-buttock.

Fourteenth.—More sparring than necessary, Belcher wishing to gain time, who was bleeding most terribly from the effects of the last round, and somewhat shy of his man. Pearce followed him over the ring, and put in, through his guard, a severe blow under the eye that was dark, and threw Jem easy.

Fifteenth.—It now became as a *forlorn hope* to poor Jem, who, too late, experienced the loss of his eye, and who also found out, that his constitution was not so good as heretofore. This round decided the bets concerning the first *knock-down* blow.

Sixteenth.—The *Chicken* received a blow in the face; but Belcher was now too feeble to do much execution. Pearce rallied him, and, as in the twelfth round, got him again on the ropes, but was too honourable to take any advantage of his unfortunate position, and walked away. It was feared that one of Belcher's ribs were broken, by his being thrown upon one of the stakes to which the rope was fastened. The odds were ten to one, but no takers.

Seventeenth.—Jem, full of courage, was determined to make another stand, and endeavoured to put in a good *hit*—his mind was good, but his strength was gone—and the *Chicken* had it all his own way, by following him to the ropes, and throwing him.

Eighteenth.—Belcher stood up; but it was only to display his exhausted state, as his left-arm was entirely useless, and he could not move it from his side; and Jem now, for the *first time in his life*, declared he could fight no longer!—The

Chicken, elated with the sound of victory, and particularly from the hitherto invincible BELCHER, to shew his activity, leaped in and out of the ring, and by throwing a summerset.

PEARCE displayed throughout the above combat great *science* and courage; and, in point of strength, he was much superior to BELCHER, by the tremendous falls which JEM experienced whenever they closed. The advantages were all on the side of the *Chicken*, excepting the *science*, and BELCHER's defective sight, rendered even *that* of less importance every round; and it was the serious opinion of PEARCE, that twice in the fight he could have killed his adversary, he was so much exhausted and defenceless. The *Chicken* now *sported* the *blue spotted silk handkerchief*, as the CHAMPION's colour; and "that handkerchief," which had so long been the fashion *(a la Belcher)* in gracing the bosoms of some of our most elevated and beautiful countrywomen, and which had, likewise, so often formed a part of the dress of the successful partizans, in compliment to their favourite hero, was, at length, placed in a secondary point of view—but in losing its situation, let it never be forgotten, that in adhering to strict justice, we feel proud by declaring, that its colour remained unsullied.

It appears, that however PEARCE might deservedly have been crowned with honour, gratified by the enviable title of CHAMPION, and admired by his friends in general, and have retired from the busy scenes of life, to enjoy the comforts of domestic society, and rendered cheerful amidst the circle of his acquaintances and townsmen—yet still he was not happy—that source of true felicity and real consolation, upon almost every occasion, where a man flies to, either to unbosom his

griefs, or to participate in his hard-earned honours—his HOME:—

"The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence—"

was unhappily polluted, and *incontinence* had rendered him so miserable, that he left his native place, never more to return!

PEARCE now went to different country towns, exhibiting sparring, and teaching the art of self-defence; and, at most of the places, he was much patronised. The *Chicken* was in the neighbourhood of Oxford when JEM BELCHER and CRIB fought the last time, and felt so anxiously upon the issue of the combat, that he set off in a post-chaise to witness the fight. On CRIB's proving victorious, he exclaimed, with great earnestness, "*that he hoped he should get well, that he might* TEACH CRIB HOW *to fight!*"

The *Chicken*, unfortunately, was remarkably illiterate; but good-natured and generous to an excess—and had his mind experienced the good effects of cultivation, there is little doubt, from what has been witnessed of his actions, originating from the impulse of Nature, that, if united and embellished by art, he might have become equally as sensible as he had proved courageous and humane.

A benefit took place for PEARCE at the Fives Court, on February 9, 1809, and several good sparring matches were exhibited, and every interest exerted to render him support, who was now the miserable victim of a consumption, and in the last stage of that afflicting disease, and scarcely able to walk to the court to thank his

friends; but, notwithstanding all their efforts, he was considerably reduced, and must have experienced want, had it not been for the humane disposition and kindness of Mr. *Neale*, of the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, who administered those comforts and necessaries to him on his sick-bed, which, if otherwise, he must have received from a place of charity! and who never forsook him, till the *Chicken* was most respectably interred; and, it is said, at his own expence.

In point of form, the appearance of the *Chicken* was athletic, and in height, about five feet nine inches; and the roundness of his chest and limbs denoted considerable strength, and not altogether unlike the manly look of the late *Tom Johnson*. During the time that PEARCE enjoyed sound health, his superiority of excellence as a pugilist, was admitted by all parties; and he was considered to stand on a very lofty eminence above all his competitors—and that in uniting the courage of a lion with all the softer sensibilities of human nature, it has been observed, that the *Chicken* was unequalled. He was a most tremendous hard *hitter*, and in striking with his left hand under the ear, his favourite aim, his blow was so terrible in its effects, that his opponents have been seen in a complete state of stupor for several seconds, and have never recovered the proper use of their senses during the fight.

As a proof that he was not fond of vainly courting the popularity of the multitude, or in making a show of himself, by *cutting a swell* upon the box of some first-rate *Fancier's* barouché, in being brought to town in triumph, with all the honours attending conquest—immediately upon getting his clothes on, after his memorable fight

with *Bourke*, upon Wimbledon Common, in the bustle of the scene, he stole away unobserved; and, being missed, a general enquiry took place among his friends, to know what had become of him; when, after considerable time being lost in search of the *Chicken*, some person recollected that he saw a man like PEARCE run and jump up behind a coach; upon which information, his second, *Bill Gibbons*, endeavoured to trace him along the road, and, at length, observed the *Chicken* in a public house at Chelsea, cooking himself mutton-chops at the fire, with the most perfect indifference, as if he had never been fighting, and who immediately invited *Gibbons* to partake of them, without alluding to his singularity of leaving the ground.

Notwithstanding the superiority on the part of PEARCE, in his battle with *Elias Spray*, the coppersmith, the *Chicken* remarked, that he considered *Spray* one of the hardest hitters in the kingdom.

In becoming the panegyrist of any pugilist, we are fully aware of incurring the sneers of the *fastidious*, who are too frequently hurried along with a theoretic opinion, that Boxers in general are men devoid of sensibility, and that, in fact, they are little more than a degree above brutes—but in meeting the eyes of men who are conversant in the various walks of life, and who can appreciate the superiority of *practice* over that of THEORY, we feel confident, not only in a candid examination into such eulogiums, but an honourable acquittal from any thing like an attempt to mislead the senses, by the high-colouring of a sentence, or in that of substituting *sophistry* instead of NATURE—acting upon the

enlightened principles of one of our most distinguished poets:—that

> "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
> *The rest* is all but leather or prunella."

It was at the house of Mr. *Neale*, on Sunday, April 30, 1809, that the *Game Chicken* departed this life. His fortitude never forsook him, and, in the most afflicting moments, he displayed calmness and resignation—he experienced no terrors from his approaching end, but expressed a wish to die in friendship with all mankind;—his habits of life had rendered him unacquainted with the different systems of religion; but he was strongly impressed that there was "another and a better world!" and that in his probation to it, he trusted that, in the expression of the sincere Christian, "God would be merciful to him as a sinner!"

He expressed a strong desire that he might be buried by the side of *Bill Ward*, in St. Giles's Church-yard, and entertained an idea, that "ultimately they might be able to converse together in another place!" His wish was complied with respecting his interment.

PEARCE was nearly thirty-two years of age.

> "Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast,
> Of those that laugh loud at the village ring.
> A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
> With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
> That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
> ——————— How his great heart
> Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
> To give the lungs full play! What now avail
> The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders

JOHN GULLEY,

(After the secession of PEARCE, *was considered as the* CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.)

A Pugilist of distinguished reputation, and brought into notice by his *first* and memorable contest with the *Game Chicken*—and, unlike most other boxers, acquired renown, even in *defeat*. Gulley's ambition was of the highest order; second-rate pugilists, it should seem, were beneath his aim; and spurning the general mode of acquiring greatness, *step* by *step*, HIS daring spirit prompted him to the temerity of raising himself to the dignity of a Hero at one stride, by attacking the above justly renowned and mighty Chief of England—it is true that he *fell*, but it is equally true, that he rose a greater man by the attempt than ever, in proving that he was able to contend with honour, and even with a considerable chance of success, with that celebrated pugilistic character; whose generosity of disposition would not permit him to quit his vanquished adversary, without complimenting him upon his uncommon bravery and fortitude.

GULLEY, by the *science* and thorough *bottom* he had displayed in the above contest, ranked high as a pugilist, and became a distinguished favourite with the FANCY in general—his knowledge of the art of boxing was considered complete, and his courage proved an able second to his judgment. His supporters were numerous, and his fame stood so prominent, that upwards of two years had elapsed since his battle with the *Chicken*, before he

was called upon to defend his title to the Championship; when, at length, he had to enter the lists with a boxer, of the name of GREGSON, from Lancashire, a man whose size was considerably in his favour, being nearly six feet two inches high, of prodigious strength, and who had signalized himself in several pugilistic contests in that part of the country, with great success; but, notwithstanding such powerful requisites, his pretensions were considered more on the side of strength than that of *science*. His *bottom* was so unquestionable, and the amateurs, wishing to see GREGSON enter the lists with so distinguished a boxer as GULLEY, a subscription purse was immediately entered into for that purpose.

On the 14th of October, 1807, this contest, which had been most anxiously looked for, took place in a valley, denominated Six-mile-bottom, on the Newmarket-road, and for miles round this part of the country the bustle commenced at an early hour, with groups of people in all directions, eager to witness the battle. Between nine and ten, GULLEY and GREGSON entered the ring, both in excellent spirits and good condition. The former was seconded by *Crib*, and *Cropley* acted as bottle-holder. *Richmond* was second to GREGSON, and *Harry Lee* was his bottle-holder. On *setting-to* the odds were considerably in favour of GULLEY.

First round.—The spectators were much attracted by the Herculean appearance of Gregson, who looked formidable in the extreme, and considerable anxiety was felt from his prodigious strength. A good deal of sparring took place, when a favourable opportunity offering, Gulley put in a desperate *facer*, which Gregson immediately returned, by giving his adversary a severe blow on the side of the head, that made it sound again—they now closed, and fell.

Second.—Gregson's strength was manifest to his opponent,

who endeavoured to ward off its potent effects by his thorough knowledge of the *science*, and Gulley put in another dreadful *facer*, which made the *claret* fly in all directions, when Gregson fell. The odds rose twenty to one.

Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth.—In all these rounds a number of good blows were exchanged; but the advantage, at times, appeared to be reciprocal.

Seventh.—Gregson, with some dexterity, broke through his opponent's guard, and put in a desperate blow on Gulley's right eye, that drew blood, when he fell from its powerful effects, and lay quite senseless for nearly four seconds. His eye swelled up so instantaneously, that he could scarcely see out of it. The friends of Gulley were now under considerable alarm, in witnessing the superiority of strength manifested by Gregson; and the odds fell.

Eighth.—Gregson gained considerable confidence from the success of the last round, and displayed all his *science* and strength, and went in boldly to his man; Gulley rallied, and put in several good blows, and both the combatants stopped with great adroitness. Gregson, by dint of strength, suddenly caught Gulley up in his arms, and dashed him violently upon the ground—and with the greatest generosity declined falling upon him, as he might have done, from the advantage that he had obtained, and for which noble conduct he was unanimously applauded from all parts of the ring. It was the opinion of the *Fancy* in general, that a better round had never been contested, and Gulley's friends now rested their hopes upon his superior *science*, in being able to overcome so powerful a man as Gregson. The odds now changed upon Gregson.

Ninth.—Gulley stood up, and gave his antagonist a severe *facer*, who slipped upon his hands and knees. This, for the instant, produced rather an unfavourable sensation, from its being considered more from design than accident—but his manly conduct throughout every round, soon chased away any suspicions that might have been entertained of a contrary nature.

Eleventh.—Gulley put in a good *hit*; but Gregson closed, and Gulley went to the ground.

Twelfth.—Gregson in the best condition, and Gulley manifested considerable weakness. Gulley put in some blows; but they were too feeble to do any execution: when Gregson gave his adversary a dreadful blow upon the forehead that knocked him down. The odds upon Gregson.

Thirteenth.—Gulley, notwithstanding his weak state, was enabled by his knowledge of the *science*, to gain the superiority in this round; but his blows were still feeble.

Fourteenth.—Gregson, right and left, *punished* the face of his opponent; when a severe rally ensued, and Gregson, apparently through weakness, fell on his knees.

Fifteenth.—A few blows were exchanged, when Gregson gave Gulley a *knock-down* blow.

Sixteenth.—Gulley's face exhibited the desperate marks of his opponent's strength, and his right eye was completely closed—a rally took place, when Gregson was knocked off his legs.

Eighteenth.—A good *set-to*, and the advantage completely on the side of Gulley; but who, notwithstanding, received a desperate fall.

Twentieth.—Gregson, in endeavouring to plant his favourite straight forward blow, lost his *distance*, and while in the act of falling, Gulley caught him with a *hit*—a small altercation took place, as to the fairness of the blow, but as Gregson was not down, it was considered correct, according to the rules of the art.

Twenty-third.—A desperate rally between both the combatants—Gulley, full of spirit, but still his weakness was evident, and the strength of Gregson was leaving him very fast. Gulley's *bottom* was known to be of the first quality, that the odds were considerably in his favour.

Twenty-fifth.—The spectators were full of anxiety respecting the decision of the combat—and the backers upon each side, were puzzled to know which of the combatants were the most beaten and exhausted—their faces were shockingly disfigured, and they both severely felt the want of time to recruit their wind and strength, and were scarcely able to quit their seconds' knees.

Thirty-sixth and last.—For the last ten rounds it could scarcely be called fighting—Nature was completely exhausted in both their frames, and it were the desperate efforts of the mind, seen struggling for victory—their brave hearts endeavouring to protract the scene, reluctant to pronounce the word ENOUGH. In strict honour and justice it might now fairly be observed, that VICTORY hung upon mere *chance*, more than to any other cause—from the helpless state of the combatants, that the betting became even. *Knocking down* seemed out of the question for the last seven or eight rounds, and they fell

continually together, from their feebleness. It has been remarked, that it is impossible to witness any battle, however perfect strangers the combatants may be, but that the spectator naturally feels a sort of preference for one more than another of the pugilists—and here, in this state of the contest, putting interest out of the question, it would have been impossible to have made *choice* from any thing like superiority; but, if there was a favourite, Gulley, perhaps, had the balance. At meeting in this last round, no drunken men staggered more, or appeared incapable to stand steady, than both the combatants did; at length, Gulley rallied all his strength and spirits, and, though feeble the attempt, it was of sufficient consequence to knock down Gregson, and to prevent him rising to his time. It was a proud moment for Gulley, who, like a tired horse that is worn out from a long journey, on finding that he is near home, sets off in a trot—so it operated with Gulley, who endeavoured to make a jump of it, to show how much he valued the victory. Gregson suffered most terribly indeed, and lay on the ground for some minutes, totally incapable of moving or speaking.

It has been the expressed opinion, by all those persons who witnessed the above combat, to be one, if not positively the most dreadful, in its nature, that ever was contested—and it was scarcely possible to decide which of the combatants was the most beaten, their figures were so completely altered. The *bottom* displayed on both sides excited universal astonishment.—*Johnson* had been terrific in his time; and *Big Ben* tremendous; *George*, the Brewer, had shown a hardihood and firmness almost beyond human nature to sustain; and *Jackson* had sported game of the richest quality—but this was such a complete system of *milling*, that it might be said to "*out Herod Herod!*"

GULLEY exhibited considerable improvement in the SCIENCE since his fight with *Pearce;* but, notwithstanding, the *strength* of his opponent was often nearly too much for him to overcome, and he had to contend against

a considerable disadvantage in almost being compelled to wait for GREGSON's making a *hit*, as the latter's left arm is not only considerably stronger, but longer than GULLEY's, and in sparring always had it completely extended. GREGSON *hits* tremendously with his right hand, and so giant-like in its effects, that it is almost impossible to resist its powerful progress; and it was owing to this circumstance, that GULLEY displayed such a miserable spectacle, and got his left arm so materially injured at the commencement of the battle, and which, it appears, has never since been perfectly recovered.

GREGSON, although so severely beaten in the above contest, yet flattered himself, that in the event of another trial with GULLEY, he should prove victorious, and his friends coinciding with that opinion, he, without further hesitation, challenged GULLEY for two hundred pounds a side; which was immediately accepted by the latter, and the arrangements were made by Major *Morgan*, who supported GREGSON, and by Mr. *Jackson*, on the part of GULLEY; the principal article of which arrangement was, "neither to fall without a *knock-down* blow, subject to the decision of the umpires." The important day being appointed, it was soon blazoned abroad, that the scene of action would be contiguous to Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and the Marquis of Buckingham, who upon hearing of the circumstance, and having no great predilection for pugilism, issued the following formal notice in the County Chronicle:—

"*Buckingham-house, London, May* 8.

"Information having been transmitted to me, his Majesty's Custos Rotulorum in and for the County of Bucks, of an intended riotous assembly, aiding and assisting in a breach of the peace, by a boxing match within that part of the county of

Bucks which touches or joins on the counties of Bedford and Herts, near the town of Dunstable; and that the said illegal and riotous assembly will take place on Tuesday the 10th instant, notice is hereby given, that proper steps have been taken for the detection and punishment of all persons acting as aforesaid, in breach of the peace, by the attendance of the magistrates, high-constables, petty-constables, and other peace officers, entrusted with the execution of the law within the said county.

"NUGENT BUCKINGHAM,
Custos Rotulorum of Bucks."

The anxiety manifested by the *sporting men*, and the *Fancy* in general, was so great to witness this second combat, that numbers left London on the Monday, to prevent meeting with any disappointment, in order to be in readiness to follow the cavalcade, should any interruption take place. The magistracy, from the above formal notice, were all upon the alert, and the Dunstable volunteers were called out to secure the peace, and were under arms by seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, May 10, 1808. (The impositions practised upon this occasion by the landlords of the various inns in the country towns near the scene of action, were of the most gross nature, that *two guineas* was the price demanded for a bed, not only the night previous to the fight, but the same sum extorted in the evening when the battle was over.) After considerable bustle and confusion taking place, as to the propriety where the fight should take place, it was judged expedient, to prevent disappointment, that the contest should be decided in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Hertfordshire; and, notwithstanding it was several miles distance from the spot first intended for the *set-to*, thither the multitude repaired, without murmuring, in the quickest and best manner they were able. The

quantity of carriages, and persons upon horseback, travelling in haste to arrive at the destined spot, beggared all description, from the splendid barouche to the jolting taxed-cart, all were seen in rapid motion—at length, upon their arrival in the park belonging to the above Baronet, and a good piece of ground selected for the purpose, a forty feet ring was soon formed, and well secured by pedestrians and horsemen.

The weather was rather unpropitious for fighting, and, although the rain had poured down in torrents, the numerous spectators valued no other consideration but witnessing the fight, and the annoyance of *wet clothes* were completely out of the question. Every thing being ready for the contest, the combatants made their appearance in the ring, attended by a numerous assemblage of pugilistic heroes, and were greeted with reiterated plaudits from the anxious spectators.

GREGSON was seconded by *Harry Lee*; and *Joe Ward* acted as second to GULLEY, and *Bill Gibbons* was his bottle-holder. Captain *Barclay* undertook the important situation of umpire. Both the combatants fought in white breeches and silk stockings; and, owing, it is said, to GREGSON having spikes in his shoes, they contested the battle without them.

First round.—After the accustomed salutation, the combatants placed themselves in erect postures, and minutely observing each other's intent, they continued sparring for five minutes, during which time Gulley retreated round to the exact part of the ring where he first entered; the greatest anxiety now prevailed for his safety, and so much alarmed were his attendants, that *Bill Gibbons* and *Joe Ward* put their hands over the stakes of the ring, apprehensive, from the strength of Gregson, that Gulley might be drove upon one of them, which inevitably must have broken his ribs. Gregson having made a

feint with his left hand, Gulley *hit* out most tremendously upon the left temple of his antagonist, who was instantly *levelled* from its severity. An uncommon silence prevailed throughout this round; when the odds instantly rose upon GULLEY.

Second.—Gregson's powerful arm broke through Gulley's guard, and put in a most tremendous blow upon his breast, which sounded like a loud stroke upon a drum; upon which Gulley rallied, and *hit* Gregson down—a few cries of "*foul, foul!*"

Third.—Both the combatants cautious, and resorted to sparring for nearly five minutes, without any blows being exchanged; at length Gregson endeavoured to put in a most tremendous *hit*, which Gulley stopped with his left arm, and fell. It was from this blow, it is supposed, that Gulley's arm has never been properly well since.

Fourth.—A severe rally commenced on both sides—dreadful blows given and taken—when Gulley in stopping, fell.

Fifth.—In this round the combatants were *milling* away against the ropes, when Gulley, on going in, was knocked down.

Sixth.—Some severe blows passed, when Gregson rushed in and caught Gulley by his thighs, lifted him from the ground, threw him down, and fell upon him, nearly knocking the breath our of his body.

Seventh.—Both upon their mettle, and every exertion made upon both sides for the advantage, when Gulley, by several severe *hits*, beat Gregson out of the ring, and both fell.

Eighth.—Gulley's superiority began now to appear, not only respecting his knowledge of the *science*, but as to the termination of the fight; his antagonist's head displayed considerable punishment, and finally, Gregson was *levelled*.

Ninth.—Some blows were exchanged, when they closed and fell.

Tenth.—This was a truly bloody round—the *hits* were tremendous in the extreme—Gregson's head was frightful, literally covered with blood, and his left eye nearly useless; quite confused, and fighting rather after the Lancashire method, without any pretensions to *science*—and, notwithstanding Gulley went down, it was evidently in his favour.

Eleventh.—Gregson, not destitute of *bottom*, rallied, but without doing much execution; and ultimately was knocked down. Gregson appeared considerably on the decline.

Twelfth.—Gregson stood up, and put in a good blow on Gulley's chest, who immediately returned a tremendous *hit* that knocked him down, and planted another while Gregson was falling—a cry of "*foul!*"

Fourteenth.—Gregson nearly blind, appeared much confused, and was more an object of *punishment* now, than to act in an offensive manner—Gulley put in three terrible *hits* without receiving, and Gregson, as before, was *levelled*.

Fifteenth.—Gregson attempted to rally; but Gulley, aware of his attention, knocked him down.

Sixteenth.—Gregson, endeavouring to make use of what little strength remained, ran in; but it proved of no other advantage to him, than in closing they both fell.

Seventeenth.—Gregson, in this round, let his temper get the better of his judgment, and he was most miserably *punished* for his temerity. He ran in almost head-long upon Gulley, who, cool and collected, viewing the advantage which presented itself, *hit* Gregson where he pleased, and stopped his opponent's blows with the most apparent ease. Gregson, almost insensible from this repeated *punishment*, turned his back upon his adversary, and, as if panic struck, made for the ropes—Gulley following him, and who changed his situation, *fibbed* him, till Gregson was nearly exhausted, then let him fall.

Eighteenth.—Gulley completely master of the field—Gregson *punished* in all directions, and ultimately was knocked down.

Nineteenth.—A few blows were exchanged, when Gulley fell.

Twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second.—It was all up with Gregson—Gulley was every thing in all these rounds, and beat his opponent terribly; still Gregson closed with him in all of them, and they both fell. Twenty to one against Gregson.

Twenty-third and twenty-fourth.—Gregson's *bottom* made him stand up; but it was completely useless, and his debility was manifest to all the spectators—Gulley put in a tremendous *hit* under his opponent's ear, which put an end to the contest, by Gregson's being so *finished*, as not to be ready to his time.

The superiority in the above battle was evidently upon

the part of GULLEY; and, during the continuance of the fight for FIFTY-EIGHT MINUTES, there was no comparison whatever between the gaiety of the combatants. Several of the fighting men, and many good judges of pugilism, had great doubts as to the event of the battle, from the determined manner in which the former contest had been decided between these two heroes; and who entertained a strong opinion, under an idea that GREGSON, in being able to add considerable more *science* to his great strength, from the practice and improvement which he had evinced in *sparring*, that the *chance* was much increased in his favour. GULLEY possessed so much confidence in his own abilities, that, a few minutes before entering the ring, he offered to back himself for fifty pounds, (in addition to what he had already betted) that he was the winner.

GULLEY, it appeared, had signified an intention of quitting the profession of the pugilistic art, some time previous to this last contest with GREGSON; but conceiving himself bound in honour to accept the challenge of the latter, was the principal reason that he had now given him the opportunity of a second trial, and of his coming forward in a public manner.—GULLEY informed the *sporting world*, that it was his decided intention never to fight any more; and that, in the above battle, he had fought under considerable disadvantages, owing to his left-arm being injured. He now took his leave of them, to follow his profession as an inn-keeper, at the sign of the Plough, in Carey Street, Lincoln's-inn Fields; to which place he was conveyed, with all the honours accompanying victory, in the barouche belonging to a nobleman of sporting celebrity.

GULLEY, as a pugilist, will long be remembered by the amateurs of pugilism, as peculiarly entitled to their respect and consideration; and if his battles were not so numerous as many other celebrated professors have been, they were contested with a decision, *science*, and *bottom*, rarely equalled, and, perhaps, never excelled, and justly entitled to the most honourable mention in the records of boxing. His practice in the art, it was well known, had been very confined, and his theoretic knowledge of the *science* could not have been very extensive, from the short period he had entered the lists as a boxer; but his genius soared above these difficulties,—and, with a fortitude equal to any man, he entered the ring a most consummate pugilist. In point of appearance, if his frame could not boast of that elegance of shape from which an artist might model from to attain perfect symmetry—yet, nevertheless, it was athletic and prepossessing—and about six feet in height.

In concluding this trifling sketch of GULLEY, we should be wanting in truth and candour, if we omitted to state, that, with a knowledge of the world, he unites the manners of a well-bred man, unassuming and intelligent upon all occasions, which has gained him respect and attention in the circles which he now moves; and which, we are well assured, are by no means of an inferior class—proving, in himself, a lively instance, that ALL *pugilists* are not deprived from entering into polished society; and that, without disparagement, he is an object well worthy of imitation by the professors of the gymnastic science.

Mr. GULLEY, we are informed, was a master butcher of respectability, previous to his pugilistic encounters;

and is not more, it is said, at the present period, than about thirty years of age. In consequence of his declining the honours of the CHAMPIONSHIP, it descended to the honourable keeping of the renowned TOM CRIB.

BILL HOOPER, *the Tinman.*

Bristol, among all her pugilistic heroes, in point of courage, never turned out a more determined boxer than BILL HOOPER, and so completely *thorough-bred,* that FEAR, it should seem, never formed any part of his composition. In all his contests he appeared confident of victory—and respecting the size or strength of his opponents, his feelings never suffered any sort of depression, from a consideration of that nature. HOOPER was truly valiant, and his small stature, put in comparison with most of the other pugilists of his time, it was considered, that he stood unequalled. In possessing a most excellent acquaintance with the *science,* and supported by a *bottom* that even out-lived his nature, he distinguished himself in most of his fights as a first-rate boxer. The patronage of the late Earl of *Barrymore* unfortunately proved his complete destruction—that, by participating in the festivities of Wargrave, and in *supporting* the eccentricities of that volatile nobleman, in forming one of the appendages to his numerous suite of singular characters, he became so *self-important* from thus being noticed by his Lordship, and by a number of the *higher flights* of the FANCY, the companions of that sprig of nobility, as to render himself, in most companies, not only insolent and disgusting, but to stamp completely his

character as a pugilist with disgrace. His mind was not strong enough to sustain the sudden transition from obscurity to a more prominent situation in life—and ultimately poor HOOPER, from the dissipation and violent excesses he had committed in the sun-shine of his prosperity, became, some time before his melancholy end, the miserable victim of disease and wretchedness. In reference to which, see pages 5 and 6 of this work.

HOOPER's first *set-to* in the Metropolis was with *Bill Clarke*, the plasterer, in the fields, near Tottenham-court Road, (in which latter place HOOPER followed his business as a *tinman)*; the battle was well contested, and the conflict for some time doubtful; but the *science* and *bottom* of HOOPER, at length, developing itself in so superior a manner, that he obtained considerable applause from the spectators; and, in proving the conqueror, he very soon afterwards, rose rapidly into fame as a first-rate pugilistic hero.

HOOPER fought a number of good battles, and generally proved victorious. On September 5, 1789, he had a desperate contest on Barnet Common, with one CORTERELL, for ten guineas a side; which continued above half an hour, when HOOPER was declared the conqueror.

In a battle with WRIGHT, a *carpenter*, who was backed by Lord *Faulkland*, which contest took place at Wargrave, December 3, 1789, the seat of Lord *Barrymore*, who commenced his patron; upon this occasion HOOPER distinguished himself considerably as a pugilist.—WRIGHT, who was looked upon as a good boxer, was most severely *punished* in twenty minutes, and his head so terribly swelled, and his face so much disfigured,

from the severe blows of HOOPER, as scarcely to be known.

HOOPER was now called upon to enter the lists at Langley-close, near Salt-hill, February 17, 1790, with a pugilist of the name of WATSON, of good *pluck* and great activity, and nearly as equal a match as could be made. The contest proved extremely long, and the advantages, at different times in the fight, were various and doubtful—considerable altercations took place as to the propriety of blows, that the two chosen umpires were compelled to call in a third, to make a final decision. The odds, generally speaking, was in favour of HOOPER, who *levelled* his antagonist several times during the contest; but WATSON evinced considerable *game* throughout the battle, which continued for two hours and thirty minutes, and the numerous quantity of one hundred rounds; when it was decided in favour of HOOPER, from the unfair *hits* of his adversary.

HOOPER, after the above period, *attempted* to fight that tremendous pugilist BIG BEN—but it proved a complete *mockery* upon boxing, and was declared a drawn battle.

HOOPER was challenged by one BUNNER, for fifty guineas, which contest was decided upon a stage eighteen feet square, at Bentley, a few miles from Colchester, on September 4, 1792. BUNNER possessed considerable strength, and in the early part of the fight the odds were, upon that account, in his favour; but the *science* of the *Tinman* soon rendered it unavailing, and BUNNER proved an easy conquest, from having his arm broken by a fall in the sixth round.

GEORGE MADDOX, a boxer of great notoriety, now

entered the ring on Sydenham Common, Kent, on February 10, 1794, with the *Tinman*, for twenty-five pounds a side. GEORGE had proved himself, upon most occasions, a *game* man; and considerable expectations were raised from the well-known abilities of HOOPER, that numerous amateurs attended to witness the contest, anticipating a most excellent display of the art, and among whom was to be seen the late Duke of *Hamilton*. MADDOX was the favourite, and the odds upon *setting-to* were five to four, that *George* was the conqueror. *Joe Ward* was the second to MADDOX, and *Bill Gibbons* his bottle-holder; and *Tom Johnson* and *Jack Butcher* were the attendants upon HOOPER. MADDOX took the lead for some time, and showed himself to be well-acquainted with the principles of pugilism, and endeavoured to *convince* HOOPER that he must surrender all hopes of victory to his *game* and experience; but the *Tinman*, full of *pluck*, and confident of success, contested the battle most heroically for nearly an hour, when MADDOX, with considerable reluctance, acknowledged that HOOPER was the conqueror.

HOOPER, immediately after the above contest, rose so much into fame, that he was matched to fight MENDOZA, upon a twenty-four feet stage, for fifty guineas, within a month. It appeared that MENDOZA preferred forfeiting his deposit of twenty pounds, than having any thing to do in the pugilistic way with the renowned *Tinman*.

HOOPER had now to encounter that determined pugilist, WOOD, the *Coachman*, who had distinguished himself in several good fights. The scene of action was upon Hounslow-heath, on June 22, 1795; and it proved one of the most desperate conflicts in which HOOPER

had been as yet engaged. In a contest of near fifty minutes, various turns of success appeared, that the bets were continually changing. WOOD fought with his usual vehemence and resolution, and appeared almost certain of victory; but the *Tinman's* terrible hard *hits* at times completely stunned him, and in planting his favourite blow under the left-ear, reduced WOOD to a complete state of stupor; but notwithstanding, his *bottom* proved so *prime*, that he contended for the *chance* for several rounds afterwards; when finding that success was against him, and that he was little more than an object of *punishment*, he GAVE IN. The *Tinman*, in conquering WOOD, increased his reputation as a pugilist considerably. In no battle whatever did the odds vary more rapidly than in the above contest—that previous to the *set-to*, WOOD was the favourite; and, for the first part of the fight, his superiority was so prominent, that twenty to one was laid upon him, he would prove the winner; but the courageous spirit of HOOPER, and his knowledge of the *science*, not only reduced the bets to a level, but, before the fight was half over, they were twenty to one, that the *Tinman* was the conqueror.

HOOPER was at length doomed to experience the reverse of that good fortune which had so often cheered him with the sound of victory in his numerous conquests; and HE, who had beaten several distinguished professors of the *science*, was now defeated by a mere *tyro* of the fist, and one completely ignorant of the rules of the art. OWEN, a publican, who valued himself upon his superior *strength*, challenged HOOPER to fight him at a place near Harrow, and in this instance, which is not very common, *strength* triumphed over the advantages of *science*. Had not the *Tinman* dislocated

his shoulder, after fighting above an hour, and during which time fifty rounds had been contested in a very superior manner, the event might have still proved doubtful; but, after that accident, HOOPER *gave in*. HOOPER was scarcely ever able to beat down his antagonist's guard, and deprived of planting a *hit*, till OWEN had first made a blow.

HOOPER, in point of appearance, was by no means formidable, scarcely exceeding the middle stature of men. His height was about five feet seven inches and a half; and neatly made; but his courage was truly astonishing; and it is but justice to remark of him, that he was a first-rate boxer. It is said of HOOPER, that he fought more battles than any pugilist of his time; and, generally speaking, eminently successful in most of them. Previous to his obtaining the patronage of the late Lord *Barrymore*, and at the time of his entering the lists with *Clarke*, the plasterer, (the first battle that he fought in London) he followed his business as a tinman, in Tottenham-court Road, and possessed the character of a civil, well-behaved, smart young man; but, in being transplanted from making of *saucepans* to the elevated situation of a nobleman's country seat, and the advantage of mixing with some of the first characters of rank in the country, instead of appreciating the improvement that he might have derived from only a slight intercourse with such superior company; who, amid all their foibles and eccentricities, it should never be forgotten, that they manifest the behaviour of gentlemen, and who, upon any occasion derogatory to good manners, are the very first to resent improper conduct; but, unfortunately, poor HOOPER could not turn this singular alteration in his life to good account—with

no inconsiderable share of pride; much attached to dress; and rather illiterate, his vanity was too conspicuous, and, not bearing in mind the real character in which he stood as a *dependant*, he considered himself of equal importance with the *principal*—who, had caressed and noticed him *merely* from his intrepidity and knowledge as a scientific pugilist; this source, from whence all his notoriety sprang, entirely escaped his notice; and, in all probability, by not having any friendly monitor to warn him of his want of prudence and discernment; his patron, (notwithstanding his extreme levity and good-nature,) at length, became completely surfeited with his arrogance and presumption; and, in the middle ranks of society, in casually mixing with company, his actions were frequently outrageous, and he endeavoured to support them upon his pretensions as a pugilist.

In dwelling upon any circumstance like the above, we are only actuated by those motives which ought to characterise the labours of all biographers—an anxiety to promulgate the truth with accuracy and fidelity, as far as can be ascertained consistent with our researches—and that in throwing out a hint to those whom it may most concern, by operating as a line of conduct upon any future occasion that might occur, we have endeavoured to tread as light as possible on the ashes of the dead, that the living may be benefited by obtaining the best of knowledge, in valuing that admirable line of the poet's, so often quoted, but so little followed, that

"The proper study of mankind is man!"

Hooper, was a prominent feature in several of the mad freaks committed by the late Lord *Barrymore* at Brighton; and, unfortunately for his character, he was viewed in no better point of view by the inhabitants of

that fashionable watering place, than that of performing the part of a *bully* to his Lordship—completely reducing his noble pretensions as a valiant pugilist. The Earl, from his great propensity to *larking*, kicked up innumerable *rows*, (among which, the *coffin* scene will long be remembered) and, not unfrequently, left the *Tinman* to settle the difference; by which means HOOPER, poor fellow, rendered himself odious, in acting under a mistaken bias, imagining, that he could do no less than *support* his patron, *right* or *wrong!* In such instances as the above, he was to be pitied; and we can only exclaim—"Alas, poor Human Nature!"

BOB WATSON:

A most spirited and active pugilist, and who ranked as a *sparrer* of the first reputation; and a few years since, exhibited the outlines of the *science* in an attack of self-defence against the late *Bill Ward*, with considerable applause, in a pantomime at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden; and one evening the audience were nearly experiencing a real *set-to* between those celebrated pugilists—*Ward*, in the impetuosity of the attack, though undesignedly, knocked out one of WATSON'S teeth, which touched the feelings of the latter rather acutely, who forgetting, in the impulse of the moment, the actual situation in which he stood, (in that of being before an elegant audience) full of vigour and spirit, was for demanding instant satisfaction; but, on recollecting himself, it was passed over, upon his being assured it was accidental. WATSON is related by marriage to the family of the BELCHERS, of pugilistic notoriety and fame; but who has, for some years past, relinquished all pretensions of the

gymnastic profession, to follow in peace his occupation as a respectable master butcher at Bristol. WATSON in height does not exceed five feet five inches; but however deficient in point of size, it is well known, that respecting *bottom* and *science* he was not wanting. In the various battles in which he had been engaged, WATSON conducted himself with that spirit as to merit the appellation of a good pugilist. His activity and method of fighting resembled, in a great degree, the late *Bill Ward*.

WATSON entered the lists with ELISHA CRABB, a Jew, who had rendered himself somewhat conspicuous, in beating the celebrated OLIVER, (better known by the name of *Death!*) the above contest, was remarkably well contested, on June 9, 1788. WATSON had not long arrived from Bristol, and was seconded by *Bill Ward*; and *Stephen* was attended by *Ryan*. The fight lasted nearly forty-six minutes, during which time WATSON's activity and *science* soon brought him into notice as a skilful pugilist, and he was proclaimed the conqueror.

On the race-ground at Brighthelmstone, upon a stage erected for the purpose, WATSON fought with TOM JONES, August 6, 1788. The combatants both distinguished themselves for spirit and *science*; and, after a very manly contest for near twenty minutes, during which a number of sharp *hits* were exchanged, and JONES, perceiving that the *chance* was against him, surrendered the palm of victory to WATSON.

At Langley Broom, near Colnbrook, on April 25, 1789, WATSON entered the lists with a man of the name of ANDERSON, who was completely *satisfied* in a very short space of time; or else, was considered to have acted unfair.

A match was made between WATSON and a butcher from Bristol, of the name of DAVIES, which was decided at Coal-harbour, in Gloucestershire. Previous to the *set-to* WATSON was the favourite, and the odds were laid strongly that he would win. But after the first ten minutes the odds raised rapidly, owing to the superior strength of DAVIES, and who was by no means destitute of a good knowledge of the *science*. WATSON, notwithstanding the advantages were so much against him, continued to dispute every inch of ground with the most heroic firmness, for upwards of three quarters of an hour, and continued to fight, deaf to the remonstrances of his second, *(Bill Ward)* till he could no longer stand. The amateurs were much pleased with his staunch *bottom*; and his character, instead of being diminished, was considerably raised, although in *defeat*.

NICHOLLS,

(Rendered conspicuous by conquering TOM CRIB:)

A pugilist, who, in all probability, from the two specimens of excellence that he displayed in the Metropolis, had he have continued in the practice of pugilism, might have reached the very summit of glory—but who can now only be remembered as a meteor in the pugilistic hemisphere, whose dazzling qualities caused a momentary blaze, then disappeared, and all its brilliancy has been since lost in oblivion. However, we were glad to find, that the Temple of Fame is not so completely filled with heroes, but what a small niche has been preserved to do justice to the memory of NICHOLLS. In

proving the conqueror of such a hero as *Tom Crib*, that circumstance is sufficient to exalt his character, even admitting, that it was only during *Crib's* novitiate; but then he had beaten that truly renowned pugilistic veteran of the old school, *George Maddox*; also *Tom Blake*, a determined boxer; and *Ikey Pig*, a man of considerable strength; and all of them men of notoriety in the tribe of pugilists; the success of these contests had rendered *Crib* somewhat conspicuous, and who was rising fast into eminence and fame, when he entered the lists with NICHOLLS, for a subscription purse of twenty-five pounds, at Blackwater, thirty-two miles from London, on Saturday, July 20, 1805, made up by the amateurs, to compensate them for their loss of time, in their being deprived of witnessing the intended fight between the *Game Chicken* and *Gulley*. *Tom Jones* seconded NICHOLLS; and *Dick Hall* was the second to CRIB. The odds upon *setting-to* were greatly on the side of CRIB, who was the favourite; but NICHOLLS was aware of CRIB's method of fighting, and fought him after the style of *Big Ben*, in his contest with *Tom Johnson*. NICHOLLS, like a skilful general armed at all points, was not to be deluded by the feints of the enemy—the system of *milling on the retreat*, which CRIB had hitherto practised with so much success, in this instance, failed—the coolness and good temper of NICHOLLS appeared so predominant throughout the fight, that not only his fortitude was preserved, but added vigour to his judgment; which rendered him, either in the attack, or in defending his position, a steady and decisive fighter. CRIB became rather puzzled and perplexed from his tactics being thus foiled—the advantages that he had derived in former

contests, by drawing his opponents after him, and then *punishing* and irritating them in their pursuit, so as to have the effect of making their *distances* incorrect, (that consequently their blows were frequently thrown away, and generallytoo feeble to do any execution, from his ingenious mode of fighting,) but with NICHOLLS was rendered unavailing —who would not suffer CRIB to play round him whereby his operations might become confused, but with a guard like *Ben's*, firm in the extreme, his appearance was towering and impregnable, and which, NICHOLLS was never induced to quit, without putting in a most tremendous *hit*, waiting with the utmost skill for the temerity of his opponent, and then giving the *return* with a *severity* almost unparalleled; that scarcely ever failed in breaking through the defence of his adversary, and ultimately concluding the round with a *knock-down blow*. NICHOLLS was a tremendous hard hitter, and his ONE, TWO, rendered him truly formidable. The *science* and abilities displayed by NICHOLLS in this contest, completely astonished the *sporting world;* and too many of whom, in obtaining such knowledge, found out that they had not procured it at a very *trifling* expence.

The odds were considerably in favour upon CRIB at *setting-to*, from the *gluttony* he had displayed in the above-mentioned battles—and NICHOLLS, having fought but once before with *Paddington Jones*, which contest was considered nothing more than a *drawn battle*, and who did not stand so high in the opinion of the amateurs as his opponent; though notwithstanding his character was admitted *thoroughbred*. The first round was well contested, and good specimens of the art were manifested upon both sides; but NICHOLLS with a tremendous *hit*

knocked down CRIB. In the second and third the advantages might be termed reciprocal; but in the fourth round CRIB put in a terrible blow under NICHOLLS' right eye, that made it twinkle again; yet it by no means disturbed his method of fighting, and he kept his temper wonderfully. The following rounds to the eighteenth were well contested, and though one of CRIB's eyes was nearly closed up, the amateurs were not fickle in their opinions, and still looked upon him as an object that might be betted on with success. In the various rounds after this period till about the forty-second, the *science* and adroitness of CRIB were excellent, and his rallies most courageous and formidable. NICHOLLS now became the Hero of the scene, and showed himself off in good style, by exhibiting gaiety and confidence, and putting in his ONE, TWO with considerable effect: CRIB at this period of the fight became much distressed, and endeavoured to recover his wind and strength, with his usual ingenuity—fought very shy, and had recourse to shifting; but he was dead beaten, his *distances* became incorrect, and he fell, several times, from endeavouring to make his blows tell: but still his *game* was prime, and he protracted the fight while a single chance remained, and the amateurs still *fancied* him, and sported upon his head with firmness; but all the manœuvres of CRIB were unavailing, and in the fifty-second round he was compelled to utter the reluctant sound—ENOUGH!

However, let it be recollected that CRIB lost this battle during his novitiate—at a time when he was considered little more than a *bottom* man and a promising young fighter; and that even his most sanguine friends

at that period, had not a distant idea of his possessing that greatness of pugilistic talent, which has since been promulgated, and so eminently placed him as the proud and enviable Champion of England: but it is the opinion of the best informed pugilists, that if NICHOLLS were now to enter the lists with the Champion, the *chance* would be materially against him.

NICHOLLS, we understand, soon after the above fight, left London, to follow his business as a butcher, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where he at present resides.

In doing justice to the merits of the BRISTOL HEROES, whom, for the present, we must take leave of—till our materials are more digested and matured, that we may be enabled to resume the deeds of that brave class of men with spirit, accuracy, and impartiality—yet, at the same time, we feel it essential to state, that we cannot remain unmindful of those days, when A RACE OF PUGILISTS appeared—who for soundness of *bottom*, excellence of science, and superior *strength*, have not since been *equalled* in the aggregate; although, we have no hesitation in affirming, that a star has now and then, for a short period, appeared in the pugilistic hemisphere with uncommon brilliancy; but whose light unfortunately has soon faded, and all its resplendency sunk into a mere glimmering, and ultimately, totally eclipsed. It has been observed, that *Fortune* does much for some men, who by improving upon propitious events, and aided by high patronage have risen rapidly into notice, and become objects of considerable fame; while others, who have astonished, and have even claimed attention from their *greatness* in defeat, have obtained but little

more than admiration for their courage; and too many have been suffered almost to sink into oblivion, whose deeds of valour were once the general theme of that period, in which they severally exhibited their excellencies; but owing to that great love of novelty, so predominant a feature in the human mind, they now are nearly forgotten—but be it the task of BOXIANA to rescue them from unmerited obscurity, and place them in that point of view, where they may be recognised with pride, and their abilities acknowledged and judged of, according to their respective merits.

DISTINGUISHED HEROES,

Of the SECOND, *or intermediate* SCHOOLS,

Tracing those periods of pugilistic heroism, and the valorous achievements obtained by

GEORGE MADDOX,
(*Paddington*) TOM JONES,
ISAAC PERRINS,
CALEB STEVEN RAMSBOTTOM, (*otherwise Caleb Baldwin*)
MICHAEL RYAN,
DAN MENDOZA,
JOHN JACKSON,
TOM TRING,
DOYLE,
TOM TYNE,
GEORGE, (*the brewer*)
ELISHA CRABBE,
SYMONDS, (*the Ruffian*)
DUNN,
ANDREW GAMBLE,
BILL WOOD, &c. &c.

It has been the expressed opinion of several of the best informed of the FANCY, that at the present time, (Oct. 1, 1812) as a general observation, that ancient spirit and nobleness of pugilism which were wont to prevail, have much degenerated; and the combatants

do not appear to possess that fine stamina, which so conspicuously marked the days of the above-mentioned pugilists. We are well aware, that most minds labour under a kind of fascination in their respect towards antiquity, and the times previous to their existence—in too many instances we readily admit, that it obtains an undue preference, to the manifest injury, and even neglect of modern achievements—but, in appealing to those persons who have made the art of self-defence their study, and have traced its rise, progress, and the material changes which it has experienced at various times, that, in excepting two or three instances within the last four years, our opinions will be found tolerably correct, in observing, that PUGILISM, generally, *is rather in a degenerate state!*

GEORGE MADDOX:

(A Pugilist of the first quality, and a renowned Veteran in the Field of Glory.)

"Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear:—"

IF ever true valour was lodged in the human breast—and, if the *fastidious* can think it possible that a COSTERMONGER could have any pretensions to those feelings—(courage and humanity)—that enlighten and give importance to the character of a MAN, without being *conversant* with the CLASSICS—the veteran GEORGE MADDOX may be brought forward as a *striking* instance of the fact. He was one of NATURE's roughest gems—

his exterior (when divested of the *paraphernalia* of the apparel furnisher) was manly and imposing—but his *penetralia* contained those hidden keys, that when any sympathetic notes were touched upon, the instrument was in perfect tune, and produced most eloquent music. But then, GEORGE was illiterate—he was the creature of the moment, and wanton in those impulses, which so unaccountably operate upon the human frame, that his language was uttered without the ornaments of *study*, and his voluble effusions were not of the most elegant description; but, notwithstanding this deficiency of *scholastic* advantages, it is equally true, that a variety of phrases escaped from his lips, (whose point and brilliancy enlivened the *circles* in which they were uttered) would have completely puzzled the late erudite author of the "Diversions of Purley" to have obtained their immediate signification, independent of tracing their etymology; however elaborate the researches of that very learned man. The refined critic, in all probability, from his *perspective* view of GEORGE MADDOX, (the too general distance of many criticisms) might have pronounced the *veteran* a fighting blackguard—but the man of the world, upon a nearer approach to GEORGE, and who did not feel contaminated in the company of a *coster-monger*, in his endeavours to appreciate the advantages of life, and whose liberality of sentiment would acknowledge merit, even in rags, whenever it was pourtrayed, and was not blind to sensibility, although it emanated from a pugilist, experienced in MADDOX, that good nature and civil conduct, which proclaimed him A MAN. If, not a *wit* equal to *that* DUSTMAN, whose spontaneous brilliant compliment to one of the most lovely, enlight-

ened, and dignified females of this country; which *bon bouche* so fastened upon the feelings of that distinguished character, as completely to *distance* all pretenders ever afterwards, upon similar occasions—MADDOX was full of those pleasantries, and little characteristic touches, that rendered him pleasing and inoffensive. Without one drop of resentment in his whole composition, he fought more battles than any of his competitors, and contested them with a spirit and hardihood, that, in many instances, called forth considerable admiration; while, in others, his determined *bottom* and resolution excited universal terror for the safety of himself and his opponents; and, in particular, his memorable contest with *Symonds*, (the Ruffian) was so truly desperate, that the spectators were in one general state of alarm, and loud cries resounded from all parts of the ring—"*Part them---take them away, or else murder will be committed!*"—which circumstance of parting them, actually took place; but not till TWO HOURS of the most desperate *milling* had transpired, that was ever witnessed. It took the renowned *Hooper*, whose *hits* were tremendous indeed, ONE HOUR, before he could satisfy the *gluttony* of MADDOX! With *Bittoon*, his *game* astonished all the *sporting men*, that, after ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES, notwithstanding the superior strength of the *Jew*, whose arm is by no means impotent in the act of *punishing*, it ended in a *drawn* battle! In his *set-to* with *Seabrook*, he *served it out* in such fine style, in the short space of three rounds, that the *Dustman* was panic struck, and, to put an end to the contest, *gammoned* that his arm was broken!—and, on the same day, *Richmond*, the man of colour, had a *turn-up* with GEORGE MADDOX, who, likewise, received such a

table of the veteran's quality, as perfectly to convince him, that he stood no *chance*, and *gave in*, exclaiming, "*O, my eye!*" from a tremendous *hit* that was put in under one of his *sparklers*, after only contesting three rounds. And here, let it not be forgotten, that MADDOX, in the *fiftieth year* of his age, entered the lists with the valiant *Tom Crib*, who was in the prime of his youth, full of strength and wind, and had, as yet, scarcely been *pinked*—that, after fighting nearly one hour and a half, the odds were four to one in favour of MADDOX; and it was not until seventy-six rounds had been meritoriously contested upon both sides, protracting the period for TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES, before the veteran cried—ENOUGH! In his fight with *Coady*, he also distinguished himself in a most courageous manner, that, after half an hour's *milling*, *Coady* took advantage of the ring's being broken, and could not be induced to return, when a new one had been formed, to meet the determined rallies of MADDOX! In his *fifty-fifth* year he was called out to face once more *Richmond*; and, notwithstanding Nature was on the decline, the *bottom* he displayed truly astonished all the beholders of the fight, and he protracted the battle for nearly an hour, and, although defeated, was loudly cheered for his manly exertions, and rewarded by a purse to alleviate his bruises.

Though MADDOX never arrived at the towering eminence of CHAMPION, few men ever deserved that honour more, either considered as a pugilist, or as a man—contented with his *Neddy* and his *Bobby*, his mind was never disturbed by restless ambition—and in *peeling* to meet his man, there was a degree of cheerfulness about him, that reminded the observer, that GEORGE was only

contending for glory. He was a true veteran in the gymnastic art—*shifting* was not in his creed, and his peculiar *forte* was manliness—a better natured man could not exist, and, if we may be allowed the comparison, MADDOX was in the pugilistic world, what the late enlightened *Charles Fox* observed of the Austrian general, *Clairfayt*, an officer uncommonly brave, but seldom victorious, "that he was like a drum, never heard of but when he was beat!" MADDOX, it is true, was known as a good pugilist; but it is equally certain, that after any memorable achievement, he again sunk into his former obscurity—during the fight he was an object of attraction, but no longer; and, having no first-rate *Faneier* for a patron, he jogged on through life as an honest, industrious *coster-monger*, and although not holding the *belt*, or being in possession of the *cup*, no man ever reflected more nobleness upon pugilism, than did the veteran—GEORGE MADDOX.

BOXIANA, with all its anxiety and research to do even common justice to his merits as a pugilist, candour compels us to declare that we are incompetent to relate one half of his numerous battles—which were so nobly contested during the long period of upwards of thirty-five years.

In 1776, he was engaged in a most desperate conflict in Tothill-fields, and in the event MADDOX proved the conqueror. To render this battle of more notoriety with the sporting world, it is necessary to state, that GEORGE was seconded by his sister, *Grace Maddox*, and who, upon its conclusion, tossed up her hat in defiance, and offered to fight any man present. GEORGE has often declared since, that he never had a better SECOND—and

GRACE has been frequently heard to exclaim, whenever her brother had been defeated, "that she was *certain sure*, if she had had the handling of him, that it would not have happened so unfortunate!" and which gave rise to the following *crambonian* effusion, which was handed about at that period:—

"MADDOX, the pride of the *milling* race,—
Secur'd his conquests *with* a GRACE—
But once neglected, changed the case,
GEORGE ne'er had lost, had he said—GRACE!"

At Datchet, in Berkshire, on Saturday, December 1, 1792, a battle took place between MADDOX and *Symonds*, which, for desperation and determined resolution, stands unparalleled in the annals of pugilism. It should seem as if the courage of the combatants had increased from their disappointment, in consequence of the magistrates having received previous notice of the circumstance, and who interfered, and prevented the fight taking place at Langley-broom, the spot first intended. It was the opinion of the amateurs present, that such a battle, take it altogether, had never before been witnessed; and it had hitherto been thought physically impossible that the human frame could sustain so dreadful a conflict. *Symonds* (the Ruffian) forcibly pourtrayed what a man could perform, when the resolution is strong, and the *bottom* sound—his dauntless manhood was truly astonishing, and, for a long time, received the tremendous *hits* of his antagonist with the most perfect *sang froid*. MADDOX, a true bit of good stuff, determined not to be behind his opponent in appearance, and never suffered his noble spirit to droop, but *hit* away, and *rallied*, all through the

piece, with the greatest alacrity. It was impossible to decide which possessed the most fortitude—it was perfect heroism upon both sides.—Art was out of the question, and the combatants seemed above resorting to any scientific efforts—*milling* was the prominent feature, and if ever *punishment* was exhibited with all its terrible accompaniments, MADDOX and *Symonds* were truly entitled to be denominated complete professors. To attempt to recount the alternate advantages—the *knock-down* blows —the *rallies*—or the *gluttony* of these determined pugilists, would require pages to give any thing like a faithful portraiture of this tremendous fight. The *Ruffian* was nearly two stone heavier than his antagonist, and appeared to have been beaten the most, and both his eyes were completely closed-up, when he was carried off the stage. MADDOX was not quite in so desperate a condition as his opponent, he having in general the best of the rallies, and putting in nearly two to the *Ruffian's* one, throughout the fight. Had they not have been parted, it is supposed that death to one of the parties must have been the inevitable consequence.

GEORGE now entered the ring with *Hooper*, the *tinman*, with considerable success; and his *science* and *bottom* convinced the *Tinman*, that there was a great deal of up-hill work to be got over before his journey could be considered safe.

A match was made between *Bittoon* (the Jew) and MADDOX, for twenty guineas a side, and was decided on Monday, December 13, 1802. The magistrates being put in possession where the intended fight was to take place, sent out their officers to prevent the same; which sudden and unexpected intrusion occasioned consider-

able delay and confusion, before a proper spot could be selected for this trial of skill; at length, all difficulties being overcome, a ring was formed on Wimbledon-common, when MADDOX entered, followed by *Joe Ward*, who acted as his second; and the *Jew* was attended by *Lyons*. Upon the *set-to*, *Bittoon* endeavoured to convince his adversary of his superior strength, by *levelling* him in the first three rounds; but MADDOX, who was not so soon terrified, and no stranger to *knock-down* blows, rallied with his usual spirit, and putting in tremendous *hits*, changed the odds considerably in his favour. *Milling* was the order of the day, and the *science* was but little resorted to, as both the combatants seemed to prefer making use of their strength: *Bittoon*, in the latter respect, seemed to have the advantage, and MADDOX's body and face exhibited terrible specimens of *punishment*; but his appetite was not easily satiated, and his *gluttony* so great, upon most occasions of this kind, that very few were to be found, who would undertake to give him a *belly-full!* Both the combatants displayed good *bottom* through the long and trying conflict of seventy-four rounds; when, owing to either accident or design, the ring was broken, and it was considered a *drawn battle!*

On Monday, January 23, 1804, *Seabrook*, a dustman, (who flattered himself that he had some pretensions to pugilism) was prevailed upon to enter the ring with GEORGE MADDOX, after those brave heroes of the fist, *Bourke* and the *Game Chicken*, had left it. *Seabrook* had no existence before MADDOX, and was so completely frightened out of all his *conceit* in three rounds, that he almost *bolted* from the spot.

George Richmond, the man of colour, who had some little notion, at this period, of *serving it out*, wished to put his ideas into practice; and seeing how the *Dustman* had been disposed of, imagining that he could not appear worse than *Seabrook* did, consented to try his fortune with MADDOX, and a small trifle was made up for the victor. GEORGE, who at this period was completely *cleaned out*; and having no *Neddy* or *Bobby* to assist him in recruiting the deranged state of his finances, declared he should be the happiest man living, if he could realize seven pounds, to put him into business once more, and, having obtained two or three pounds by conquering the *Dustman*, *set-to*, with determined spirit, upon *Richmond*, laughing at his opponent, and, in terms not the most refined, telling him what he might expect. *Richmond*, like *Seabrook*, stood but three rounds, and received a blow under one of his eyes, which was so tremendous in its effects, as to stupify his senses, that he could no longer continue the fight.

GEORGE MADDOX, never afraid, and always ready, entered the lists with *Tom Crib*, vulgarly called the "*Black diamond*," on Wood Green, near Highgate, on Monday, January 7, 1805, for a subscription-purse of twenty-five guineas—twenty for the winner, and five for the loser. The disparity of years were considerable between the combatants; and *Crib*, besides possessing the advantages of youth, was two inches taller than MADDOX, and, consequently, rather the favourite. *Paddington Jones* was the second of MADDOX; and *Black Saw* attended *Crib* in the same capacity. GEORGE fought like a hero, and performed prodigies of valour; and it was with great reluctance that he consented to GIVE IN.

In the above contest it was *glutton* against *glutton*, and *bottom* against *bottom*: *Crib* contending with all the fire of youth, and a stamina pure and untouched, trying hard for the honour of victory; while MADDOX, with all the experience of a veteran pugilist, anxious to preserve his well-earned reputation in not being overcome by a *novice*, contested every inch of ground for two hours and ten minutes, with a perseverance and resolution almost beyond the power of human nature. MADDOX fell gloriously; and CRIB, by this conquest, soon acquired a pugilistic fame, hitherto obscured and unknown.

Coady, a boxer of some repute, was matched against MADDOX, and the battle took place on Monday, June 5, 1806, at Padnal-corner, on Epping-forest. At *setting-to* the odds was rather against GEORGE; but MADDOX, by his powerful rallies, and quick hitting, soon brought himself into favour with the amateurs; and, in all probability, would have proved the conqueror, had it not have been for the intrusion of the military, and a magistrate desiring them to desist from breaking the peace—the parties, in compliance with the laws, retired; and, upon a ring being formed in the course of an hour afterwards, *Coady* positively refused to meet again the intrepidity of his opponent; in consequence of which refusal, it was declared a *drawn battle!* *Coady* had been so severely *punished* about the *nob*, that his eyes were nearly closed.

Richmond, who now possessed some practical knowledge of the pugilistic art, and having entered the lists with some distinguished boxers during the five years which had elapsed since his *entrée* with GEORGE MADDOX, thought that he might recover his reputation in another *set-to* with the veteran; and, in consequence of which, he was

matched against GEORGE for one hundred guineas, to fight in a twenty-seven feet roped ring, on the coast between Margate and the Reculvers, on Friday, August 9, 1809. The *Veteran* had for his second *Gulley*, and *Bill Gibbons* attended as his bottle-holder; and *Bob Clarke* and *Jack Ward*, performed the above offices for *Richmond*. At the commencement of the fight, notwithstanding MADDOX was in the fifty-fourth year of his age, the odds were six to four in his favour.

First round.—Maddox, never deficient in *pluck*, went in with his accustomed resolution, and endeavoured to *punish* the man of colour for his temerity, in thus daring him again to the combat; but the *science* and improvement of Richmond was soon made manifest, by his stopping the blows of his adversary remarkably clean, and in giving the *return* with that sharpness and severity as to *level* the Veteran.

Second.—George, not in the least dismayed, rallied—and, in the event of the round, threw Richmond over the ropes.

Third.—Both in good spirits, and no shyness witnessed—a number of good blows exchanged; but Richmond had materially the advantage, and displayed some good specimens of the *science*; and, in throwing Maddox desperately, evinced a superior strength.

Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth.—Maddox never displayed finer courage than throughout these rounds; but Richmond's superiority was evident.

Fifteenth.—The spectators could not but admire the *bottom* and resolution of Maddox, in bravely contending against numerous disadvantages: and, in the forty-fourth round, his exertions completely astonished all present, with both his eyes quite closed up, and being upon his knees, by a sudden spring he darted up, and caught hold of Richmond, and continued *punishing* him, till he was so exhausted, that he fell from his own efforts: and so reluctant was he to acknowledge Richmond the conqueror, that he protracted the battle till the fifty-second round before he *gave in*.

In all the numerous contests in which MADDOX had been engaged, his courage was pre-eminent. As a pu-

gilist he was conspicuous for determined *rallying* and quick *hitting*; and, though extremely well acquainted with the *science*, he relied more on his true *game* than in strictly following the principles of the art. And it is but justice to his memory to state, that, according to the best information upon the subject, PUGILISM was never disgraced by any of his public attempts, nor his character ever stained in making a CROSS.

A short time previous to his death, a benefit was made for him at the Fives Court, which was tolerably well attended; and several of the first-rate pugilists exhibited some excellent specimens of self-defence; and among whom, several of his old opponents, out of respect to his services, were not backward in assisting him by their efforts, as *Crib, Bittoon, Richmond,* &c. &c.

The above brave *veteran* lost his life through an unfortunate accident—the pipes which convey the water through the streets were repairing, near the Borough Market, and the opening not being properly secured, MADDOX fell to the bottom, and broke his thigh in a most dangerous manner, that brought on a high fever, which ultimately closed his career. GEORGE was in height about five feet eight inches, and a pleasant, cheerful looking man—and, by "*the heart that can feel for another*" lived respected, and died pitied, although following the humble occupation of a *coster-monger*, and now and then, assuming the character of a pugilist.

BILL WOOD, *the Coachman,*

Was a pugilist of considerable celebrity, and truly entitled to most honourable mention in the annals of

boxing—and, although his battles were not so very numerous, it it but justice to state, that Wood contended with the bravest of the brave! In his contests with *Ward*, *George*, the brewer, *Hooper*, *Bartholomew*, and *Bittoon*, he proved himself entitled to the appellation of a *thorough-bred* boxer, by his display of considerable *science*, and evincing a *bottom* of the richest quality. He possessed an undaunted spirit; was in height about five feet eleven inches; and considered an impetuous fighter—he was a hard *hitter*, and could *punish* with both hands with equal facility.

In his first attempt with *Bill Ward*, at Knavestock, in Essex, and, though looked upon as a *novice* in the pugilistic art, it required all the skill of that scientific boxer to become the conqueror.

Wood next entered the lists with *George*, (the brewer) a proper stand-up fighter, at Hornchurch, in Essex, for one hundred guineas, upon a stage twenty-four feet square, on Thursday, February 13, 1793. Wood was seconded by *Joe Ward;* and *Mendoza* performed the above office for *George*. It was an uncommon desperate conflict; and the *set-to* commenced with unusual violence, as the combatants were well aware of each other's *bottom*. Wood put in a tremendous *hit*, that brought down his antagonist with considerable force; *George*, irritated to excess, rose in a great fury, and attacked Wood with the utmost impetuosity, and was completely *abroad* with passion, and became the victim to his intemperance, by Wood taking advantage of the opening, and putting in a dreadful blow on his jaw, which produced so loud a crash, that the spectators immediately perceived it was broken. The anxiety at this mome

was great in the extreme; and an opinion was entertained, that *George* would not be able to come again, from so alarming a fracture; but, to their entire astonishment, the *Brewer* renewed the attack with increased game, and dealt out such a terrible *thump* upon Wood's nob, which nearly deprived him of his senses, that the odds rose two to one against the *Coachman*. Several excellent rounds were contested after these changes of success—and if ever *milling* was witnessed in any battle, or first-rate *punishment* exhibited in style, *George* and Wood might be considered most accomplished artists. The head of the *Brewer* was truly terrific from its increased size; and his body displayed the severity of his antagonist's fist; and Wood's appearance was nearly as bad; but at this period possessed the most strength. The contest lasted twenty-five minutes; when *George* cried out—ENOUGH. The *Brewer* was not expected to survive, from the severe beating which he had received.

Bottom, most assuredly, is an important requisite to a pugilist---in fact, eminence cannot be obtained without so essential an article; but *impetuosity*, when occasioned by *irritation*, not only defeats its original intent, but ultimately, produces consequences so diametrically opposite, that any person viewing it attentively, must be convinced of its weakness and absurdity. *Coolness* should be the leading feature of every boxer---it is then that the manifest advantages of the *science* are to be witnessed over the impotent efforts of blind fury and headstrong passion---and it is also where FORTITUDE proves so admirable a *second* to judgment, in sustaining the heat of the conflict, without losing that equanimity of temper, which, in *nine* cases out of *ten*, produces VICTORY. The

above fight proved a strong instance of the disadvantages of an irritated state of mind.

WOOD, although beaten in his contest with *Hooper*, distinguished himself considerably.

A match was made between WOOD and *Jack Bartholomew*, a pugilist of some notoriety; and which was decided upon a stage, erected for that purpose, between Ealing and Harrow, on June 30, 1797. The amateurs were much disappointed upon this occasion, as a good battle was anticipated, from the celebrity of the combatants; but, owing to some foul blows being attributed to *Bartholomew*, the contest was decided in about sixteen minutes in favour of WOOD.

WOOD was now matched against *Bittoon*, the Jew, for a purse of fifty guineas, and which battle took place on Wilsden-green, on Monday, July 16, 1804. A considerable assemblage of amateurs were present, and a good ring being formed, the combatants entered in good spirits.

First round.—Wood soon began to manifest his strength, and with his impetuosity broke through his opponent's guard, and put in some *hits*—Bittoon returned sharply, and several good blows were exchanged; but Wood took the lead, and drove Bittoon against the ropes, the *Coachman* hitting away tremendously, when Bittoon fell.

Second.—Wood, full of gaiety, put in the first blow—when Bittoon rallied with good spirit, but fell.

Third.—Bittoon, had the best of the round, and Wood fell.

Fourth.—Wood rallied in good style—but Bittoon was on the look out, and planted some good blows; yet, notwithstanding, the *Coachman's* strength was too much for him, and drove him over the ring, when Bittoon fell.

Fifth.—Both resorted to the science, and showed they were not deficient in possessing a tolerably good knowledge of the art—some tremendous blows were given and taken; and Wood exhibited signs of severe *pinking*, yet rallied Bittoon with that severity as to get him against the ropes, where he threw him. Bittoon notwithstanding was rather the favorite.

Sixth.—The effects of the sun had a visible effect upon Bittoon's face, and in endeavouring to get the advantage of his opponent in this respect, when Wood with impetuosity ran in and threw Bittoon.

Seventh.—Wood knowing the value of the shade was not to be deluded from it; and Bittoon received some severe blows from his opponent without being able to stop them, whose exertions were so forcing as to drive the Jew once more to the ropes where he again fell. Wood rather betrayed symptoms of exhaustion.

Eighth.—Wood still tried on what his strength would do' and ran in with considerable violence, closed and threw Bittoon: and pointing at him, by way of triumph.

Ninth.—This sort of derision was too much for the temper of the Jew, and he rose in a great passion, and began to attack Wood with considerable fury, but completely lost his ground from his irritated state, that the *Coachman* gave him a tremendous left-handed hit, which proved a *leveller*. Wood was loudly cheered for the neatness with which he put in this blow.

Tenth.—Bittoon was brought to his recollection, and became somewhat temperate—he rallied with good judgment, and made his blows tell. Wood slipped, and Bittoon caught him with a severe blow on the body; when the *Coachman* fell from its severity. Odds six to four on Bittoon.

Eleventh.—Wood somewhat shy of Bittoon's fist; but pursued his old method of running in and throwing his antagonist.

Twelfth—thirteenth, and fourteenth.—Several good blows were given and taken in these rounds; and Bittoon displayed some excellent specimens of the science, particularly in stopping very clean, and returning very sharply.

Fifteenth.—Bittoon, in a rally, gained considerable advantage, by putting in a tremendous stomacher, which not only *levelled* Wood, but so nearly deprived him of all his wind—that he could not return *exactly* to his time, (half a minute) and from a supposition that the *Coachman* had got his dose, the ring became rather disordered, and some confusion ensued, during which *bux*, Wood perfectly recovered and commenced the

Sixteenth.—Which proved of no material consequence.

Seventeenth.—Bittoon full of gaiety; but Wood nearly exhausted; and it was thought he was almost done up.

Eighteenth.—But contrary to expectation, the *Coachman* revived, and went boldly to his man, and had the best of the ound.

Twenty-fifth.—Wood, in all the last rounds convinced the spectators that he possessed a most determined resolution, and a thorough *bottom*, although his blows did not appear to do much execution.

Twenty-sixth.—The ring was now broken; and considerable confusion ensued; and Bittoon's party declared it was done designedly, on purpose to deprive him of the fair advantages which he had obtained; and ultimately, with an intention that he should lose the battle; but after considerable difficulty another ring was formed, though extremely irregular and to the

Thirty-second.—It was all bustle and pushing each other about to keep proper room for the combatants, whose successes were alternate. Bittoon was here getting into a weak state and fell often; though now and then making a good hit. A little more regularity began to prevail till to the

Thirty-sixth.—When Wood showed his game to be truly excellent, and stood up like a hero—Bittoon, however, had the advantage of vigour, and just lasted long enough to hear his antagonist had *given in*.

Wood always maintained the reputation of a scientific, courageous pugilist; but has left the practice for some years, and now follows the occupation of a *Hackney* Coachman.

TOM TYNE—*the Tailor:*

Was a pugilist of considerable activity and *science*, and it is said, that he was equally as expert in using his fist in the ring, as he had been in throwing about the *steel bar* upon the shop-board, and was in practice rather a contradiction to the old sentiment that *nine tailors make a man*. Tyne was not destitute of *pluck*, but at times was considered somewhat too *scientific*, in showing that he knew how to shift, and was not as

entire stranger to *dropping* when it answered his purpose; yet notwithstanding he fought some good battles; and it is but candid to observe, that he was looked upon, by no means, as an inferior pugilist. TYNE was in height, about five feet seven inches, a left-handed hitter, but would use his right extremely well; and in several of his contests exhibited some very good specimens of the art.

TYNE was matched against *Paddington Jones*, for fifty guineas, which contest was decided at Croydon, on July 1, 1788, *Joe Ward* was second to the latter, and *Johnson* attended upon TYNE in the like capacity. It was remarked upon this occasion, that TYNE might show the most science; but *Jones* pourtrayed the most manhood. TYNE had recourse to all the worst parts of the ART—*i. e.* fighting *shy*, *shifting*, and *dropping*, trying to WIN the battle by manœuvring *instead* of fighting it!—while *Jones*, on the contrary, full of fire, seconded by science and *bottom*, displayed one of the first principles of pugilism—firmness; and would have *milled* his antagonist in good style, had he have given him any *chance*; but whenever *Jones* endeavoured to put in a good *hit*, TYNE fell, defeating his exertions, and ultimately was the occasion of his losing the battle. *Jones*, in the spirit of the moment, following up his antagonist put in a blow rather too low, which was declared foul, and TYNE proclaimed the victor: when he obtained the money, but lost the credit of the fight.

TYNE next entered the lists with *Earl*, upon a stage, erected near the stand on the Brighton race-ground, on August 6, 1788. Never were more fashionables assembled at a boxing match than the above, the town of

Brighthelmstone was literally drained of its company, and the race stand was crowded to excess with nobility and gentry; and among whom was his Royal Higness the Prince of Wales. *Earl*, was a tall and very strong man, and in point of appearance, was the favorite, and was actually becoming so from his exertions, when TYNE, unhappily, put in a blow upon his temple, that made him reel against the rail of the stage, and instantly dropped down dead: which unfortunate circumstance produced a most afflicting scene; and the Prince declared that he would never witness another battle. His Royal Highness with great humanity and consideration settled an annuity on Mrs. Earl and family. It appeared by the evidence given before the Coroner's Jury, that *Earl* had been for some time previous to the battle, engaged in an election contest—at Covent Garden, and had been nearly in one continued state of inebriety; and it was the opinion of the professional men, that the vessels being so overcharged with blood, that his instantaneous death, proceeded from the above cause.

Elisha Crabbe, the Jew, entered the field of glory, with TOM TYNE, contiguous to a place called Horton Moor, on Monday, March 24, 1790. *Tom Johnson* seconded Tyne, and *James*, was his bottle-holder; and *Lee* and *Joe Ward*, performed the above offices for *Crabbe*. Upon *setting-to* the odds were in favor of TYNE

First round.—Both cautious, and the spectators experienced a good display of the *science*, when Crabbe fetched an overflow of the *claret* from Tyne's nose, and, in closing, the Jew fell.

Eighth.—For the last six rounds no material advantage appeared on either side; but Crabbe now put in a tremendous blow, that *levelled* Tyne, and fell with all his weight upon his body.

Fourteenth.—The *Tailor* was again *levelled.*

Sixteenth.—Several good blows were exchanged; and Tyne put in right and left upon the Jew's *frontispiece* two such severe blows, that Crabbe's countenance underwent a trifling change; but the Jew returned the compliment with a *knock-down* blow.

Eighteenth.—Tyne not much admiring the Jew's dexterity in so often *levelling* him, *dropped* from his own inclination: which occasioned some murmurings, and cries of "foul!" but the battle went on till the

Twenty-second.—This was the most attractive, if not the best contested round in the fight—and the combatants endeavoured to sound each others *bottom*—The *Jew* showed off some neat specimens of the *Mendoza* school; and Tyne convinced him, that he was no mean adept in the science—giving and taking was the order of the round, and they were not sparing in marking the canvas: and the advantages were nearly reciprocal, till the

Thirty-second.—After several blows were exchanged, Tyne put in a tremendous blow on one of Crabbe's eyes, which knocked him down.

Thirty-third Tyne in manœuvring fell, and Crabbe by endeavouring to make one of his blows tell, so completely lost his equilibrium, that he went right over his antagonist, and fell with his face against the stage, which received considerable injury.

Thirty-ninth,—and last.—The five preceding rounds were more of show than effect, and the combatants seemed pretty well tired of the scene—Crabbe, at length put in a trifling blow, which caused Tyne to fall; but the *Jew* was so much exhausted, that he was compelled to *give in.*

Upon the whole, the above contest was tolerably well spoken of by the amateurs; and it was considered that very little trifling had taken place during the thirty-five minutes which it continued. The *Jew* proved the most showy fighter; but Tyne did the most execution.

Tyne was challenged by one *Fearby,*---a pugilist of more promise than practice; and the trial of skill was decided in the ring in Hyde Park, on Friday, December

31, 1793. The conflict was long and doubtful, and TYNE endeavoured to avail himself of every minutiæ of the art, but without effect; as, in the event, he was obliged to acknowledge himself—"*the Taylor done over!*"

GEORGE INGLESTON, *the Brewer*:

A truly manly pugilist, and a pupil of the late celebrated *Tom Johnson*. GEORGE was rather a heavy, but strong-made man, and upwards of six feet in height. He was brought into notice under the auspices of his distinguished tutor; and who, like him, was averse to all *shifting*. In the proper acceptation of the term, INGLESTON was a *stand-up* fighter, and never *bobbed* his head, or *shifted* his feet, to avoid a blow; but received the *hit* with heroic firmness, and his *return* was ponderous indeed. He could not boast of much agility—and, although slow in his movements, yet his aim, in general, was tolerably sure. INGLESTON had no pretensious as a scientific pugilist; but rested all his claims to attention, from his undaunted resolution and sound *bottom*.

His battles were not numerous—but they were, nevertheless, conspicuous; and his opponents were of the first order of pugilists. GEORGE, in conquering *Jackson* (if such an expression can be allowed) was entirely owing to accident; in fact, it would prove more correct, if it was observed, that the battle was *put off*, as will be seen in the detail of the fight; but, upon the day after the memorable contest of those heroes, *Johnson* and *Perrins*, GEORGE's *set-to* with *Pickard*, will long be re-

membered by the amateurs, and when spoken of, that, in point of manliness, fortitude, and *game*, displayed by him and his brave antagonist, it must be acknowledged, that it exceeded by far, the valiant achievements of *Big Ben* and *Tom Johnson*, which preceded them in the field of glory; and in his battle with *Wood*, the coachman, he was truly magnanimous.

At Ingatstone, in Essex, on March 12, 1789, for fifty guineas a side, was a match decided between GEORGE INGLESTON and *Jackson*; the former was seconded by *Tring*, and the latter by *Big Ben*. Upon *setting-to* the bets were exen; but the superior knowledge of the art was soon manifested by *Jackson*, and, in the event of the round, *Jackson levelled* the *Brewer*. In the second and third, several good blows were exchanged; but the *science* of *Jackson* made a strong impression upon the spectators, and the odds were fast moving in his favour. In the fourth round it was near two to one that the *Brewer* was defeated; but unfortunately for *Jackson*, owing to the slippery state of the stage, from the rain that had fallen upon it, he fell down, and not only dislocated his ancle, but the small bone of his leg was broken—in consequence of which accident, there was no alternative left for him, but to *give in;* it being impossible for a man to continue the fight that could not stand, as in other respects, *Jackson* was in full vigour to have carried on the battle; but, if our information is correct, the report of that day states, that, to prevent disappointment to the numerous spectators, *Jackson*, in order to show his true *game*, and not to be dismayed by the accident, offered to be *fastened down in a chair*, (somewhat similar to the sailors, who are nailed down to

their chests, in any pugilistic contest) if INGLESTON would adopt the like manner, and to fight it out—but, we understand the *Brewer* positively refused.

On the 23d of October, 1789, GEORGE fought with *Pickard*, upon a twenty-four feet stage, at Banbury, in Oxfordshire; when a most desperate *stand-up* fight took place, and the Birmingham hero, whose character for bravery could not be exceeded, acknowledged, after contending above half an hour, that he was perfectly *satisfied*, GEORGE was declared the conqueror.

In his contest with *Wood*, the coachman, his true courage will not easily be forgotten.

MICHAEL RYAN,

Was a native of that country, whose peculiar warmth of disposition has often subjected its inhabitants to numerous unpleasant situations and serious consequences; frequently defeating their best intentions, and, in too many instances, overpowering their lively discernment. RYAN was an Irishman, and he loved the place that gave him birth with marked sincerity, and the slightest reproach insinuated against *Paddy's* land, rendered him impetuous and untractable. He was communicative and good-natured; and if he could not enliven the table with those sallies of wit, which have so often distinguished numbers of his enlightened countrymen, his drollery and pleasantries in relating anecdotes belonging to the *sod*, never failed in producing considerable laughter among his companions.

RYAN ranked as a most accomplished pugilist—and,

after beating a number of heroes in his own country, he came to England in quest of more glory and conquests. His knowledge of the art was considerable, and in uniting a good theoretic enquiry with a tolerable extensive practice, he became not only one of the most scientific, but truly formidable boxers. The attitudes of RYAN were firm and elegant; and his neatness in *sparring* was equal to *Mendoza's*, (in the best attempts of that celebrated pugilist, when displaying the advantages of the *science*)—and that, in a *set-to* together, the amateur experienced a rich and explanatory treat of the offensive and defensive method of pugilism, conducted with as much regularity and precision, as the style of fencing. RYAN was a left-handed man, and considered one of the hardest hitters in the kingdom; and a peculiar trait in his character as a boxer was, in that of giving generally the first *knock-down* blow—and who was wanting in no other respect—but possessing a cool and steady temper; and in those battles in which he sustained the loss of victory, he was, in part, an accessary to his own defeat, from his being so soon irritated in the fight, which produced a premature exhaustion. He was partial in using the *chopper*, and many of his opponents suffered dreadfully from its operation. His courage kept pace with his *science*, however excellent; and he had all the requisites which constitute, (what he really was) a first-rate pugilist. RYAN was an object of considerable attraction among the amateurs; his appearance was manly and athletic; and in height about five feet eleven inches.

RYAN was well aware of his *failing*, respecting the irritation of his temper, and endeavoured to conquer it, but without effect. While his mind remained serene in

the fight, his guard was admirable, and he appeared as if armed at all points; and, in his second memorable contest with *Tom Johnson*, at Rickmansworth, during the short period that he was in possession of himself, his abilities as a pugilist were conspicuously prominent. In the opinion of those amateurs, who had witnessed the various displays of this boxer, little doubt remained, that could RYAN but have obtained the *mastery* of his passions, from the union of such rare qualities in one person, as *strength*, *science*, *activity*, and *bottom*, and all of them in a very eminent degree, that the title of CHAMPION must have graced his character—and few men could have been produced, who would have stood a *chance* with so celebrated a pugilist. He had paid great attention to the study of pugilism, and, in point of excellence, as a scientific artist, if RYAN was not so equally finished as *Mendoza*, yet, it was almost impossible to discover any thing like inferiority; and, we are informed, that he taught the *science* with considerable facility; and that several of his pupils reflected credit, from the rapid improvement they made, under the tuition of so distinguished an instructor.

In his contest with *Dunn*, he evinced great powers; and no man thought more highly, or expressed himself with greater liberality, in extolling his character as a *thorough-bred* pugilist, than the late *Tom Johnson*. Such pugilists as RYAN are but seldom seen; and his battles were more numerous in *Paddy's land*, than in England.

As a publican, he conducted himself with discretion and civility—and his house in St. Giles's, at one period, was much resorted to; and where the "lovers of life" have derived much information from the *passing scene!*

SYMONDS, *the old Ruffian.*

Of all the appellations that have been made use of to *designate* the various pugilists, there is no question, but that of RUFFIAN is the most uncouth and forbidding. The bare idea is terrific, and its common acceptation is understood, generally, to apply to the worst of characters, and more especially, as to appearance—but, in the above instance, SYMONDS was a good-looking man, remarkably well-made, and in height about five feet nine inches. Then, in understanding the phrase, in its proper signification, if we are not misinformed, it amounts simply to this, that SYMONDS was a *ruffian-like* fighter! who, disdaining to follow the systematic principles of the art, preferred desperate *rallies* and determined resolution, as the more sure methods to obtain victory, than by any scientific displays of judgment; not unlike the sportsman, who dauntless leaps over hedges and ditches, indifferent to the consequences, while the *game* is in view, so that he may be in at the death. This was the plan of SYMONDS—and in all his battles the utmost desperation prevailed, and his *gluttony* was of the most inordinate kind. In detailing his contests, one monotonous plan of *milling* was his *forte*, which was so evidently pourtrayed in his encounters with *Drake*, *Maddox*, &c. that render any further observations unnecessary, in the conclusion of his character, than merely to state, that SYMONDS was a truly *bottom* pugilist.

TOM (otherwise *Paddington*) JONES,

The first Competitor of the late JEM BELCHER, *in the Metropolis.*

" As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone."

In rescuing the brave from unmerited obscurity, is one of the most pleasing tasks of the impartial biographer—the great *Belisarius* begged for bread through the towns he once had conquered; and it has been the fate of a number of great men, who, at one period of their lives, have been much caressed, and, in fact, the very idol of popular opinion, have, in the course of a few fleeting years, completely lost all their ascendancy, and sunk into considerable obscurity, if not totally forgotten—such is the inconstancy of mankind!

It appears, that *Paddington* JONES has fought more battles than any other pugilist now in existence, excepting *Caleb Baldwin;* and, for seven years, VICTORY crowned all his attempts. The *Ring* in Hyde Park, was the principal spot where he generally contended for glory, and in which, we are informed that he sported his figure no less than NINETEEN times, independent of entering the lists, in various other parts of the country, with several distinguished pugilists.

PADDINGTON gave birth to this hero, (where he at

STEVENSON.

TOM (Otherwise Paddington) JONES.

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present resides) and from which place, in the pugilistic world, he derives his title. TOM commenced a boxer, when quite a youth, and, from the intuitive *science* which he displayed at that early period, attracted the notice of the veteran, *Tom Johnson*, who pronounced him to be a promising pugilist. The trifling *skirmishes* of this hero are too numerous to be noticed, and we shall commence with his efforts, when *stakes* were deposited for the victor.

TOM'S first regular contest was about the year 1785, with one *Ned Holmes*, in the fields of Paddington, for the important sum of *half-a-crown;* and, by those persons who witnessed the battle, it appears, that it was as well contested as if one hundred pounds had been the deposit—but JONES, being a mere novice, and quite a stripling, and *Holmes*, a full-grown man, the latter proved the conqueror.

TOM, endeavouring to recover the mortification of defeat, in the course of a few months afterwards, challenged *Holmes* out a second time, upon the regular principles of pugilism, (half-minute time) for a guinea and a half; when JONES obtained an easy conquest.

One of the Life-Guards, who had been vaunting of his great deeds of pugilistic note, at *Tom Johnson's* house, near Lincoln's-inn Fields, was told by *Joe Ward*, in answer to his boast, that he would produce a boy that should soon take the *conceit* out of him: accordingly a match was made for two guineas against a watch, and *Paddington* JONES was brought forward as the *neat article to serve out* the *Lobster*. It was to have been decided in the street, in the first instance, but was removed to Harley-fields. Upon stripping, the *Guardsman* smiled

ful appearance of JONES, who weighed but ten stone five pounds, and begged of him to desist, as the consequences might prove of the most serious nature; but TOM was not to be deterred, and soon pulled off his clothes. Upon SETTING-TO *Chalice* had the advantage, from his superior strength, and kept it for three rounds; but in the fourth, JONES put in a tremendous *hit* under *Chalice's* ear, that knocked him down, when *Tom Johnson* offered to back JONES for one hundred pounds. *Chalice*, on standing up, appeared much confused, and TOM *served* him out in the same style, and continued *punishing* away every round, till *Chalice* could scarcely move; and who acknowledged, that he had never received such a complete *milling* before. The farmers, and others, who witnessed the contest, were so pleased that this insolent fellow, who had rendered himself so disgusting about that neighbourhood, had received a good threshing, immediately made a subscription purse, which soon amounted to *thirty guineas*, and presented it to JONES for his bravery.

On the next day after the above contest, a countryman, well known in the neighbourhood of Bentley Green, under the name of "*Leather Jacket*," mounted the stage, and with considerable vaunting, publicly challenged any *Londoner* to enter the lists with him: the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when up jumps TOM, without any consideration for his hands, being dreadfully bruised and enfeebled, from the effects of the severe *punishment* he had so liberally bestowed upon the *nob* of *Abraham Chalice* the preceding day, and instantly began to prepare for action—the *Countryman* seemed almost thunder-struck with astonishment, and with faultering speech, exclaimed, "*Na! Na! yau be the man that beat*

Ah. Chalice yesterday—I mean any one but you!" and made a hasty retreat from the stage amid the laughter and sneers of the spectators at *Leather Jacket's* vain boasting; thus depriving, in all probability, TOM JONES of adding another laurel to his well-earned fame.

On May 14, 1792, immediately after the fight of *Mendoza* and *Ward*, in Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, upon the same stage, JONES fought *Caleb Baldwin*. The battle was contested for a purse of twenty pounds, when a dispute arising between the parties, although *Caleb* claimed the victory, it was, by the amateurs, viewed in no other light than that of a *drawn battle!*

In Paddington Fields, near the Cut, a good battle took place between one *Jack Aldridge* and TOM JONES, for six guineas a side; when *Aldridge* was severely beaten.

Soon after the above contest, JONES entered the Ring, in Hyde Park, with *Dick Horton*, a Baker, for twenty guineas, who was considered to have some pretensions to pugilism; but JONES dealt out his *hits* so hard and fast, that the *Baker* was glad to cry out ENOUGH!

JONES fought *Lyons*, the Jew, upon a stage at Hounslow, for twenty guineas. *Tom Johnson* was second to JONES; it was a well contested battle, in which much *science* and *bottom* were displayed on both sides; but, in the event, JONES proved the conqueror.

Lyons, in a second attempt upon Black-heath with JONES, and although severely beaten, was a thorough bottom pugilist; and who, as a boxer, was considerably above mediocrity.

Simpson, a pupil of the late *Tom Johnson*, and upon whom considerable expectations had been raised, was matched against JONES, for ten guineas a side, which

battle was decided on the Green, near Putney. It was termed a good fight; and Tom proved the conqueror.

Jones was matched in London, to fight *Nicholls*, (since the conqueror of *Crib*) and a man whom he had never seen. *Mendoza* and *Johnson* took Tom down to Lansdown, near Bath, for that purpose: but, upon the combatants stripping, and just as they were about commencing the *set-to*, the following singular circumstance occurred:—*Nicholls* cried out, "*stop!*" and observing that Jones was above his weight, declared he would not fight him, and, *sans ceremonie*, immediately left the ring, to the great astonishment and disappointment of the spectators. After some years had elapsed, upon *Nicholls* arriving in London, a match was made for twenty guineas, and they tried their skill at Norwood. Three rounds were well contested, and considerable *science* was displayed; but, in the fourth, *Nicholls* ran furiously in, and getting his head between Jones's legs, and catching fast hold of both his ancles, threw Tom with considerable violence—this was deemed an infringement upon the articles, and completely deviating from the rules of pugilism, by the friends of Jones—a considerable interruption was the consequence, and the fight was at an end. The stakes were demanded upon the part of Jones; but *Bill Ward*, who seconded *Nicholls*, would not suffer them to be given up. Respecting which was the best man, it was impossible to form any thing like a decision. Jones, in his road home, had a *turn-up* with a man of the name of *Carter*, who had insulted him about the battle with *Simpson*; when Tom, who was not much hurt from the above contest, *set-to* with good *pluck*, which soon convinced *Carter*, that he was in the wrong, and who *sheered off* accordingly.

Tom Jones fought *Yokel*, the Jew, at Hounslow, for ten guineas a side. This was one of the most desperate conflicts in which Tom had been engaged. *Yokel* was a most desperate *punisher*, and Jones suffered severely in the fight; but, notwithstanding, *Yokel gave in.*

George Stringer challenged Jones for five guineas a side; and which battle was decided in Paddington Fields. *Stringer* contended hard to obtain the victory; but he fell, like many others, beneath the potent arm of Jones.

A man, of the name of *Jem Smith*, a carpenter, and who was not unacquainted with the principles of pugilism, fought Jones for twelve guineas, at Lisson Green, Paddington. But poor *Chip* was so *milled*, that he was scarcely able to leave the ground: yet nevertheless *Smith* was a boxer, of no mean pretensions; and displayed not only good *science*, but sound *bottom.*

On the renowned *Jem Belcher's* appearance in the Metropolis as a pugilist, Tom Jones was the man selected to have the first *set-to* with him, which took place at Old Oak Common, Wormwood Scrubs, on April 12, 1799.

Belcher was seconded by *Bill Ward*, and *Bill Gibbons* acted as his bottle-holder; and Jones had for his attendants, *Joe Ward* and *Dick Hall*. *Belcher* was, at this period, only nineteen years of age. The odds were upon *setting-to*, six to four, upon *Jem*. The spectators were much interested upon the commencement of the battle, from the very high character which had been promulgated by *Bill Ward*, upon the astonishing abilities that his pupil possessed, and the feats which he had achieved at Bristol. The first round considerable *science* was dis-

played upon both sides—the experience and skill of JONES were well pourtrayed; and the dexterity and *new mode* of fighting, so exclusively *Belcher's* own, was soon exhibited; but on the termination of the round, *Belcher* was knocked down. The advantages in the second and third rounds were perfectly reciprocal; but in the fourth and fifth JONES was *levelled*. In the sixth and seventh rounds JONES showed off in most excellent style—and the amateurs experienced some of the finest displays of the art: he saw, what always should appear prominent in trials of skill, manliness and fortitude—no *shifting*, nothing *shy*, *hugging* out of the question, and *hauling* not resorted to—it was a clean fight throughout, *stopping* and *hitting* was the order of the day, and it might be deemed a *model* for pugilists in general to follow. *Belcher*, with all the gaiety and confidence of youth, pourtrayed a *new feature* as a boxer, and the spectators, as it were, seemed not to be aware of its consequences—that the odds were now five to four on JONES. The eighth and ninth were spiritedly contested; but in the tenth round, *Belcher* put in some tremendous *hits*, with the rapidity of lightning, that immediately altered the appearance of things, when *Jem* was looked upon as the favorite, and the odds laid upon him accordingly. Yet JONES nobly contested for victory for the space of *thirty-three* minutes, before he *gave in*; which by so doing, he by no means tarnished his character. *Jem* weighed twelve stone six pounds; and TOM JONES but ten stone five pounds weight. It should not escape the memory, that JONES stood up to *Belcher*, (before that distinguished pugilist lost his eye,) *considerably* LONGER TIME *than any other man ever did!*

Bittoon, the Jew, a pugilist of considerable celebrity,

entered the lists with Tom Jones, upon Wimbledon Common, for twenty guineas a side, on July 31, 1801. *Jem Belcher* seconded Tom. It proved a well-contested fight—and some very excellent displays of the *science* were exhibited—but Jones, not being able to come to his time, (half a minute) the battle was decided against him.

Notwithstanding the numerous lists of battles, which have been mentioned, it does not appear that *Paddington* Jones ever made pugilism his *peculiar* profession; but has always industriously followed through life his occupation, and much respected by his friends, for his civility and good nature. In point of appearance, Jones is a very good-looking man, and of prepossessing nature; and at the present period, (1812) has not reached his forty-first year, in full vigour, and seems little, if any the worse, for the various contests in which he has been engaged. In height about five feet seven inches, and in weight ten stone five pounds.

As a pugilist, Jones is entitled to the most honourable mention, in being perfectly master of the *science*, (and who has turned out several good pupils)—with a *bottom* that has always proved of the first quality. His guard is formidable and commanding, with his left arm firm and extended to protect his body from assault, while his right is on the alert to give the *return* instantaneously. Tom is a very hard hitter, and can use his hands with equal facility; stands well upon his legs, and meets his man with fortitude, and his positions are not only elegant, but calculated to do much execution in putting in his blows.

It was the opinion of the most scientific amateurs, who know the circumstances under which Jones entered

the lists with *Jem Belcher*, that TOM was ill-advised, and it was completely premature upon his part to have engaged in such a contest—who, at that period, was by no means in sound health, or in possession of that strength and firmness, which so characteristically had hitherto marked his combats—from labouring under a long confinement, the system had lost its tone, and sufficient time had not been allowed to recruit its power, much more restore it to that pristine excellence which he formerly had enjoyed—three weeks only had elapsed since his recovery, when JONES had to contend with a HERO, (who afterwards was truly distinguished among all the heroes of the pugilistic schools) who was then in all the full vigour of youth, health, strength, and every requisite to stamp his character as the first of pugilists. Notwithstanding the evident disadvantages that JONES had to contend against —the disparagement of having been severely beat in numerous battles, and the hurts from street skirmishes, contrasted with *Belcher*, who had scarcely been *pinked*, and blooming from the country, TOM's conduct was far above *mediocrity*, and ought not to be forgotten.

JONES has proved the conqueror in all his numerous battles, excepting only *two* instances: and no man has appeared oftener in the character of a *second* than TOM JONES; and few, it is said, understand that duty better than he does.

Numerous indeed have been the *skirmishes* in which TOM has been engaged; and the *long tails* that he has borne off as trophies of victory from the *guardsmen*, who have, in the neighbourhood of Paddington, at various times, endeavoured to *serve him out*, because JONES was considered as a scientific pugilist, would not prove far short in furnishing half a company. It is impossible that

we can take our leave of PADDINGTON JONES, without characterising him, as a BRAVE and *distinguished* PUGILIST: and who is well deserving to occupy a *niche* in the temple of fame.

ANDREW GAMBLE,

Was a celebrated hero of the fist, and who had not only distinguished himself with considerable success in Ireland, but had derived great reputation from his successful encounters in England, as a first-rate boxer, and was viewed rather in the light of a Champion. ANDREW was a native of the *sod*, and apprenticed to a stone-mason in Dublin, where his pretensions were first discovered as a pugilist; and his frequent skirmishes in the *Liberty*, and his exhibitions in the Phœnix Park, rendered him a bruiser of notoriety in Ireland. GAMBLE was about six feet in height, a very powerful man, but not well-made, being much *knock-kneed*; yet, notwithstanding this peculiarity for an Irishman, he stood remarkably firm, and faced his man with the most determined boldness. *Victory*, for a number of years, crowned all his endeavours; and, it is affirmed, that he proved the conqueror in eighteen battles, and that over men distinguished in both countries. He had a most tremendous fist, and dealt out *punishment* with uncommon severity. GAMBLE's knowledge of the *science* was considerable, and in *sparring* was truly excellent—his guard was correct and formidable, and his body so well protected from assault, that it required considerable talent to put in a *hit* with any degree of success. In all his battles, excepting that with *Belcher*, he displayed some heroism; but, in the fight with that celebrated pugilist,

his friends could scarcely be induced from believing, that he had played a *cross*, such a strange alteration appeared in his character. GAMBLE was a hard, but slow hitter; and lost his consequence, as a pugilist, soon after the above defeat; and is now fulfilling that character, we are informed, where the *bayonet* is made use of to *punish* instead of the *fist*.

GAMBLE fought with *Stanyard*, a Birmingham pugilist of considerable celebrity, on September 5, 1792, on a stage twenty-one feet square, at Bentley Green, a few miles from Colchester. GAMBLE had for his second and bottle-holder, *Williams* and *Ryan*; and *Stanyard* had for his attendants, *Joe Ward* and *Hooper*.

Upon their *setting-to*, GAMBLE was the favourite, and the odds were sported high that he proved the conqueror: but *Stanyard*, from his great strength and *bottom*, in the course of a few rounds, brought the betting level. The *science* of ANDREW began now to appear conspicuous, and the advantages were once more on his side, and the bets were five to four in his favour. *Stanyard* showed off his *game* in good style; and several rounds were manfully contested, and some desperate blows were exchanged; when the odds turned again upon the latter. In the eighteenth round, *Stanyard* struck a foul blow; but it did not terminate the battle; and GAMBLE continued the fight for one more, when *Stanyard* fell, and ANDREW, considering himself the conqueror, left the ring. Considerable dispute took place, concerning the propriety of the circumstance; when, at length, it was determined a *drawn battle!* It was a good contest, and lasted for twenty-five minutes.

GAMBLE was matched to fight *Noah James*, (who had

been one of the Horse-Guards) for one hundred guineas, and which battle was decided upon Wimbledon Common, July 1, 1800. Several thousands were betted upon the event. From the celebrity of the combatants, a great trial of skill was anticipated. *James* was a pugilist well known, and who had fought no less than seventeen pitched battles, and had shown himself not only a scientific boxer, but supported by a thorough *bottom*, rarely equalled, and never excelled. GAMBLE was seconded by *Stanyard*, and *Jack Bartholomew* performed the office of bottle-holder; *James* had for his attendants, *Joe Ward* and *Hall*.

On entering the ring, *James* was the favourite, six to four. Neither *science* nor *bottom* were wanting on either side, and they *set-to* in the most determined manner. For several rounds the success was alternate; and severer *punishment* had never been exhibited in any contest whatever. In the twelfth round, GAMBLE put in a tremendous *facer*, that split his opponent's nose, and the *claret* flew in all directions. The fight now raged truly desperate, and every round was contested with the most determined resolution and heroic firmness. In the twentieth, GAMBLE gave *James* so desperate a blow, the effects of which broke his collar-bone; and, in the next round, ANDREW, with a *hit* equally as terrible, shattered also his jaw-bone. The *bottom* of *James* had always been considered of the primest quality; but his extraordinary fortitude astonished all the beholders, by his continuing the contest for four rounds after, undismayed by the circumstances, till he fell nearly without any signs of life. The above battle was, in point of desperation, somewhat similar to the one between the *Ruffian* and *Maddox*.

James had suffered so severely in the conflict, that the surgeon who attended him, gave no hopes of his recovery: upon which information, he sent for his opponent, and every thing passed between them, that reflected honour on brave men. GAMBLE, it is said, touched with the pitiable situation of his brave, but unfortunate, adversary, generously made his wife a handsome present toward the support of her husband.

GAMBLE's next *set-to* was with *Jem Belcher*; in which contest he was so soon deprived of his laurels, as to create the most dreadful murmurings among his countrymen, many of whom were nearly ruined from GAMBLE being defeated. *St. Giles's* was in a complete uproar upon this occasion, and the *Paddies* had not been so neatly *cleaned out* since the days of the renowned hero, *Peter Corcoran!* It proved a most woeful day for the *Irish* indeed—the dealers in *wild ducks* had not a *feather left* to *fly with*; the Rabbit Merchants were so reduced as to be even without *poles*, and not a *copper* to go the next morning to market; never were men so completely *dished* and *done up!*—ANDREW's name had hitherto been a tower of strength, he was the *tight Irish boy*, and the *darling* of his country—but, alas! the scene was changed, he was now called *a cur*,—an overgrown *thing*—a mere *apology*; and was in danger of being tossed in a *blanket* by his enraged and disappointed backers. GAMBLE, from this defeat, lost the *warm hearts* of the *Paddies* ever afterwards. GAMBLE appeared truly contemptible in this fight, in comparison with even the worst of his former displays—and it was the opinion of the amateurs, that the evident superiority of *Belcher* completely frightened all GAMBLE's courage and *science* out of him.

ELISHA CRABBE, *the Jew,*

Was a professor of some notoriety in the gymnastic art, and, if not an immediate pupil of *Mendoza*, it is certain, that he derived a number of embellishments from that celebrated boxer. In those days, when *pugilism* was a distinguished feature of attraction, and when most of its professors were men of eminence—when *Humphries* claimed attention from his gentleman-like conduct, courage, and elegance as a pugilist—and *Mendoza*, for his superior knowledge of the *science*, by his communicative display of teaching the knowledge of self-defence—when *Johnson* became conspicuous from his fine stamina and intuitive excellence as a boxer—and *Ryan*, in uniting theoretic information with the best practical display of intrepidity and art, gained considerable notoriety—when *Jackson*, whose fine symmetry of form, manly fortitude, scientific attainments, and attractive heroism, made a lasting impression upon the spectators—and *Big Ben*, for his valour and tremendous qualifications, was looked upon as a phenomenon—yet, notwithstanding the well-merited reputation of the above pugilists, and however admired by their numerous admirers, CRABBE raised himself, even at this period, far above mediocrity, and entitled to honourable mention in the annals of pugilism.

ELISHA was possessed of so much *pluck*, that he had the fortitude to enter the lists with *Death, (Stephen Oliver)* upon Blackheath, on April 17, 1788. *Death* was a powerful competitor, and it required no small de-

gree of courage and *science* to overcome so formidable a rival, who had often been knocked down by many a brave fellow, and had contended in the field of glory with most of the distinguished pugilists, for a series of years, with unexampled resolution and various success. As a boxer, the experience of *Oliver* gave him the preference, and for the first part of the fight he appeared to have had the advantage; but, in closing, the superior strength of CRABBE was manifest, and the latter threw his antagonist with considerable ingenuity, generally falling upon *Death*, to the discomfiture of his wind. *Oliver* endeavoured to *punish* CRABBE severely; but the *science* of the *Jew* adroitly warded off his attacks, and returned some truly desperate *facers*, that changed *Oliver's death-like* appearance to a more *crimson* hue. After a contest of upwards of half an hour, when one of DEATH'S *peepers* was nearly closed-up, and, upon receiving a tremendous *hit* that *levelled* him with his mother earth, he declared the *Crabbe* was too *sour* for him, when the *Jew* was proclaimed the conqueror. Royalty witnessed the above trial of skill, surrounded by distinguished amateurs and first-rate boxers; and an innumerable concourse of spectators attended, to do honour to the combatants. CRABBE, in beating *Death*, obtained considerable fame as a pugilist; and was, soon afterwards, matched against *Watson*; but with whom he was not so successful, and, though he contested the ground manfully, CRABBE was compelled to *give in*.

CRABBE was also conquered by *Tom Tyne*.

ELISHA had been successful in several battles, and had paid great attention in acquiring the *science*; and was in height about five feet eight inches. For some

years before his death, (which took place suddenly, June 18, 1809, on his return to London from Gravesend, on board the packet) he resigned all pretensions to pugilism, to perform the duties of a city officer, which situation he filled with considerable credit; and, in his character as a publican, in Duke's Place, he was civil and obliging to all his customers; and had been an object of considerable attraction, as a pugilist, among the members of his own persuasion.

ISAAC PERRINS,

Was one, if not the most formidable pugilist of his time, and the distinguished opponent of the late *Tom Johnson*. In appearance, PERRINS was a perfect Hercules, well-formed, and of an imposing and pleasing nature; and the superior strength which he possessed over other men, resembled by comparison, that of a giant to the usual portion allotted mankind in general; but PERRINS was blessed with a mind that corrected this advantage, by evincing in his temper and manners, the placid-like behaviour of a lamb. In Birmingham, where he long followed his occupation, in superintending a large manufactory, he was respected by his employers, and beloved by those men, whom his situation gave him the power to command; and at Manchester, where he resided some years, he was an object of considerable regard and attention.

The most triumphant heroes of the adjoining counties, and who had acquired considerable fame as first-rate pugilists, were rendered perfectly *insignificant* in his

presence; and his prowess was so uncommonly great, that few, indeed, could be found possessing fortitude enough to meet him. PERRINS was above the ordinary size of pugilists, in standing upwards of six feet two inches high, and in weighing the unusual quantity of seventeen stone; but, notwithstanding his bulk, he was by no means inactive, neither did he entirely depend upon his *strength* for victory, having made himself tolerably well acquainted with the *science*. The superior conduct of PERRINS in his memorable contest with *Johnson*, gave rise to considerable animadversions at that time, respecting the merits of the two combatants—to *Tom Johnson*, as he richly deserved, every praise was granted to that distinguished veteran, in his being able to accomplish so complete a victory over such a hero as ISAAC PERRINS; and the prodigies of valour which *Johnson* performed can never be forgotten, while life remains, in the minds of those amateurs who witnessed that most tremendous battle. In speaking of PERRINS it was observed, that throughout the fight, his manner was above all praise—such an heroic intrepidity, admirable fortitude, and contempt of danger, had never been pourtrayed by any man, rivetting the spectators with astonishment and approbation; and it was asserted, that had *Johnson* have fought like himself, as he had hitherto done, in boldly facing his man, instead of resorting to those manœuvres, that pugilists are compelled to do, who feel themselves *over-matched*, impressed with a kind of fear of their antagonist's superiority in any particular respect, PERRINS must have beat *Johnson* off hand.

PERRINS was far from an illiterate character, and in his general conversation was intelligent, cheerful, and

communicative, and possessing a considerable share of discernment, which proved of great service to him in his character as a publican. His house at Manchester was well attended, and his customers were rather of a superior class. ISAAC had some pretensions to music, and, at one period of his life, was leader of a country choir. In company, PERRINS was facetious, full of anecdote, and never tardy in giving his song; and was a strong instance in his own person, among many others which might be cited, if necessary, that it does not follow as a matter of course, (as is the too general opinion of the uninformed,) that all PUGILISTS are *blackguards!*

In selecting the following anecdote, from a very popular and amusing work, entitled, "*The Itinerant,*" which not only places the good temper and amazing strength of PERRINS in a conspicuous point of view, but in its connection with the above pugilist, exhibits one of the peculiar traits of character of the most natural actor that has adorned the English stage for some years past, (when all restraints of behaviour is forgotten in the gay and thoughtless moments of dissipation) and, independent of the above circumstance, from the excellent specimen of spontaneous wit it contains, is truly worthy of promulgation:—"It happened that PERRINS, the noted Pugilist, made one of the company this evening, he was a remarkably strong man, and possessed of great modesty and good nature, the last scene took such an effect on his imagination, that he laughed immoderately.—Cooke's attention was attracted, and turning towards him with *his* most bitter look, 'What do you laugh at, Mr. Swabson, hey? Why, you great lubber-headed thief,

Johnson would have beat two of you! laugh at me! at *George Cooke!* come out, you scoundrel.'

"The coat was again pulled off, and putting himself in an attitude, 'this is the arm that shall sacrifice you.' PERRINS was of a mild disposition, and knowing Cooke's character, made every allowance, and answered him only by a smile, till aggravated by language and action the most gross, he very calmly took him in his arms, as though he had been a child, set him down in the street, and bolted the door. The evening was wet, and our hero without coat or hat, unprepared to cope with it; but intreaty for admission was vain, and his application at the window unattended to. At length, grown desperate, he broke several panes, and inserting his head through the fracture, bore down all opposition, by the following witticism:—'Gentlemen, I have taken some *panes* to gain admission, pray let me in, for *I see through my error.*' The door was opened, dry clothes procured, and about one o'clock in the morning we sent him home in a coach."

PERRINS died at Manchester, in the fiftieth year of his age, in December, 1800, sincerely regretted by all that knew him. His death was unfortunately occasioned by his laudable exertions in endeavouring to save the lives, and secure the property of persons who were in danger of destruction from the ravages of fire at that place. The character of PERRINS was never sullied from any acts of intemperance, and though fond of the gymnastic art as a *science*, it is but justice to observe, that he was too well acquainted with men and manners, either to offend the one, or to disgrace the other.

JACK DOYLE,

Was a bruiser of some celebrity—and who had distinguished himself in several desperate conflicts, and obtained the appellation of a good fighter. DOYLE was determined in his manner, and *set-to* with a resolution perfectly undaunted; and although not one of Fortune's favourites in receiving the smiles of victory often, yet DOYLE is most honourably entitled to respectful mention in the annals of pugilism. In height about five feet eight inches, and tolerably conversant in the *science*. His name is rendered conspicuous from his memorable contest with *Jack Drake*, upon Blackheath. According to the amateurs, a better battle was never witnessed; and, for *thirty minutes*, the time it lasted, it was impossible to declare which was the greatest hero. Every exertion was made by *Doyle* to hear his opponent cry out *enough!* and DRAKE, with equal intrepidity, endeavouring to improve every chance, till he had perfectly SATISFIED *Doyle* there was no alternative left but that of *giving in!* It is supposed that, for the time the above battle was contested, it was equal, if not more furious and determined, than the one between the *Ruffian* and *Maddox*.

DOYLE entered the lists upon Blackheath, with a man of the name of *Chitty*, a coal-heaver, for twenty guineas, on December 19, 1786. It was a terrible conflict, and contested with the most determined resolution, for a considerable time, on both sides; but, in the event, DOYLE was proclaimed the conqueror.

DOYLE, in contending with *Tom Tring*, (as might be

supposed, from the great disparagement between the combatants) on Kennington Common, August 19, 1787, stood no chance of success. *Tring* was in every way superior to his antagonist; in height, weight, strength, and, it was considered, even in *science*; and however DOYLE might exert himself to make a stand against so formidable an hero, it was perfectly unavailing, as *Tring* beat him with the most perfect indifference and ease.

DOYLE entered the lists with *Savage*, in Stepney Fields, on November 22, 1787. It was a most desperate conflict, and continued for near fifty minutes, with great impetuosity, and victory for a long time appeared doubtful; and not till DOYLE was terribly *milled*, did he observe that he had got *enough*. *Ryan* seconded DOYLE; and *Tom Johnson* performed the same office for *Savage*.

Bill Dean fought with DOYLE, in Harley Fields; and a most admirable specimen of valour was experienced in both the combatants, during a long and arduous contest. DOYLE strove hard to obtain the pleasing sound of victory; but *Dean* put in a superior claim, and had the satisfaction of hearing DOYLE observe—ENOUGH!

DOYLE was engaged in several other contests, and conducted himself with great spirit, and in no instance, have we learned that he ever disgraced his character—*a good pugilist.*

JACK BARTHOLOMEW:

Was a pugilist of considerable pretensions, and had contended in the field of glory with several first-rate boxers. BARTHOLOMEW was a native of Brentford, and

he had convinced many persons in, and contiguous to that neighbourhood, of the potent qualities of his arm. In height JACK was about five feet nine inches and an half, tolerably well versed in the *science*, and possessing most excellent *game*. BARTHOLOMEW was considered a very hard hitter, and extremely active and formidable in all his battles—and perfectly entitled to the appellation of a sound and complete boxer.

Fearby (denominated the *Young Ruffian)* entered the lists with JACK BARTHOLOMEW, on Hounslow Heath, on Monday, June 8, 1795, for a trifling sum of money; but, nevertheless, it proved a most severe and determined contest, and FAME seemed considerably more the object in view, than the deposit. The *junior Ruffian* displayed all those qualities, on which he valued his reputation, and endeavoured to persuade JACK, that he must surrender his laurels to *his* superior acquirements; but BARTHOLOMEW was not to be *ruffianised* out of his skill easily, and met his opponent's impetuosity with firm and manly intrepidity, that, after a severe *mill* of fifty minutes, the efforts of the *Ruffian* were so completely paralysed, that he acknowledged his *gluttony* was perfectly *satisfied!*

BARTHOLOMEW had a *set-to* with *Bill Wood*; but, in consequence of some foul blows upon the part of JACK, *which* was the best man was not decided; though *Wood* was declared the conqueror.

Owen, a publican, a man of prodigious strength, and who, in conquering *Hooper*, the tinman, began to value himself upon his pretensions to pugilism, challenged BARTHOLOMEW for twenty-five guineas, which was decided on Sunbury Common, on August 22, 1797. Previous to the *set-to*, the odds were considerably in favour

of *Bonniface*; and who, upon the commencement of the fight, endeavoured to shew, that his vast *strength* would soon render unavailing the *scientific* efforts of BARTHOLOMEW. *Owen* was a troublesome customer, and required such a prodigious deal of *serving out*, that JACK had not a minute to lose with him—it was a truly manly fight, and *Owen*, full of vigour and resolution, met his opponent like a hero; and BARTHOLOMEW, with all the experience of a veteran, received his attacks with fortitude, and returned them with a noble and daring spirit—*strength* at last gave way, and *science* proved the master. It was not till thirty minutes had expired, that the Publican's *score* was paid off, and he declared himself *satisfied* with the *reckoning!* The above battle was highly spoken of by the amateurs.

In tracing his two contests with *Jem Belcher*, BARTHOLOMEW is entitled to the most honourable mention; and, although defeated, his character as a pugilist was raised considerably, by the manliness of his behaviour throughout the above battles.

It was no great length of time after his contests with *Belcher*, that JACK began to decline considerably in health; he had fought several severe battles, and his constitution had suffered materially from their violent effects; and he received his final *knock-down* blow in July, 1803, in the Almonry, at Westminster. On opening his body, after his demise, at his own particular request, JACK's liver was found to be scirrhous. In briefly taking our leave of this hero—JACK BARTHOLOMEW ranked as a first-rate pugilist.

DAN MENDOZA.

" ——— I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature:
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; so, over that Art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an Art
That Nature makes. This is an Art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The Art itself is—NATURE!"

BOXING, the first principles of which are, most unquestionably, derived from NATURE—and its effects are so *early* and strongly implanted in the human frame, as to pourtray its original and impressive qualities in the most conspicuous point of view, as may be witnessed from the INFANT, who can scarcely walk alone, and who is seen to lift up its little arm indignantly against the object that attempts to deprive him of his play-things—the BOY of riper years, in order to protect his top or marbles from some lad of a superior size, evinces his native courage, by putting himself in a posture of defence, and daring his oppressor to the hostile combat—and, the more matured MAN, who, acting from the impulse of his feelings, anxiously endeavouring to avoid the imputation of being *a coward*, disincumbers himself without hesitation of his apparel, and soon promulgates his manhood, by a display in the *ring*. So far the *natural* appearances of PUGILISM; and in which original state, *strength* and *activity* have generally prevailed, to

the manifest injury of the innocent and unoffending; who, in not being able to contend against men of athletic powers, (to whose persons, perhaps, have been added furious and illiterate dispositions) and who have wantonly taken advantage of the above requisites, and committed those excesses of passion, which the *weak* have not been able to resist, and who have felt compelled, from a matter of prudence, to put up with gross indignities, from not being in the possession of the resources to resent it with any degree of chance, or possibility of success—and thus it was, which gave rise to ART, and, ultimately, produced the *Science* of SELF-DEFENCE; and thus it is, whereby NATURE is improved from a union with ART.

It might be asked, what is an Admiral without tactics? or, a General without scientific precision? and where it has appeared, that downright *force* has succeeded once—*skill*, it will be found, has produced victory a hundred times; courage would degenerate into mere ferocity, if not tempered with judgment; and brutality be the most prominent feature in all contests. The General who leads on his men to the attack with an intrepidity almost bordering upon enthusiasm, has never failed in obtaining praise for his gallantry of spirit—but *that* Commander, who has gained the victory from his consummate skill, in not losing the life of a man unavoidably, will not only insure the admiration of the discerning, but stamp his pretensions to the advantages of *science* over impetuosity, in producing those brilliant results which are never forgotten. LEARNING has its incalculable importance—and GENIUS its powerful claims—but when united, become truly irresistible.

MENDOZA was considered one of the most elegant and scientific Pugilists in the whole race of Boxers, and might be termed a complete artist. His theoretic acquirements were great, and his practice truly extensive. He rose up like a phenomenon in the pugilistic hemisphere, and was a star of the first brilliancy for a considerable period; but subject, like other mortals, to the influence of time, *another*, and ANOTHER, have appeared, whose feats of glory have rendered the heroic deeds of DAN rather dim, and almost to produce a total eclipse. Yet BOXIANA will endeavour to be grateful, and not hurried away by the almost irresistible charms of novelty; but hails the pleasing task of rescuing the deeds of the valiant from silent and unmerited oblivion.

The name of MENDOZA has been resounded from one part of the kingdom to the other; and the fame of this once-celebrated pugilist was the theme of universal panegyric—and, though not

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew—"

yet he was that *Jew*, the acknowledged pride of his own particular persuasion, and who, so far interested the *Christian*, that, in spite of his prejudices, he was compelled to exclaim—"MENDOZA *was a pugilist of no ordinary merit!*"

DAN was, most undoubtedly, a new and prominent feature in pugilism, and his style of fighting has given rise to considerable animadversions among the amateurs, as to the utility and excellence of its practicability—as far as it could be ascertained in his own person, it was substantial and complete; and, perhaps, it may be but

candid to allow, that whenever MENDOZA failed in the promulgation of its effects, it proceeded more from a physical cause, than from the insufficiency of his attainments—(not unlike a frigate well manned, a good commander, and a fast-sailing vessel, that could perform her manœuvres with more adroitness than a ship of superior metal, and which, ultimately, has been obliged to knock under from the overwhelming strength of a first-rate, affords no proof whatever of its not possessing a superiority of talent or courage—so with DAN, as far as *art* was necessary to ensure victory he possessed it, and even *bottom* was by no means wanting to second his efforts upon most of his trying occasions; yet still *Fortune* was not always propitious). In those conflicts where art could so far deprive his opponents of the advantage of their strength—MENDOZA was eminently conspicuous, in not only pourtraying the advantages of his peculiar skill, but in almost rendering victory certain. In tiring out a man's strength, who depended upon that particular circumstance to stamp him a formidable boxer, by acting on the defensive till the assault in turn could be practised with success, was one of MENDOZA's prominent traits; and then, from his own superior *science*, united with his physical powers, gave him the pre-eminence, in every way, over his adversary, that soon made the object in view, safe and practicable. Where *science* and strength were opposed to his dexterous efforts, he availed himself of his genius and *bottom*, and was not wanting either in intrepidity or bravery, and lost no time in combating the mighty prowess, with which he has so often been assailed.

MENDOZA has contended with heroes of the first

class, and success has crowned most of his daring attempts; and in all of them proved himself not *wanting*, although at times in defeat; his battles with *Humphries* were of the first order, and much as his skill was entitled to praise, his humanity had a brighter and more lasting claim to remembrance. In his contests with *Bill Ward*, his excellence was so superior, that it was like a *diamond* in contact with paste, contending for brilliancy or value; the scientific *Bill*, who knew *how* to WIN better than any other man in the kingdom, from his perfect acquaintance with the manœuvres of shifting and dropping from the prowess of his antagonist, when necessary—with MENDOZA was put to a stand-still—the perfections of the Master stared him so strongly in the face, that the impression proved too weighty upon his mind, particularly in the second contest, that he stood no *chance*, and his inferiority was glaring. DAN, in his trial of skill with *Jackson*, had to encounter serious difficulties—and it is but justice to state, that the attempt was a bold one; if MENDOZA valued himself upon his superior knowledge of the art, *Jackson's* pretensions to the *science* were impressive and commanding—but DAN's *game*, though good, was not capable of resisting the strength and activity of his opponent; and MENDOZA, in surrendering to such a distinguished hero as *Jackson*, was by no means disgraced; in fact, it was great temerity in entering the lists with so formidable a character.

In viewing MENDOZA as a teacher of the gymnastic art, it might almost be said, that he was without a competitor, and turned out some excellent pupils. It has been contended, there was more elegance about his positions than an indication of strength; and more

contended, that the blow was "*fair*," inasmuch that *Humphries* had stopped it before he fell. *Tom Johnson* was particularly positive as to the fact; but MENDOZA's umpire declared it to be foul: an appeal was then made to Mr. *Coombe*, who would not decide upon the case. The *row* was now beyond all description, *blows* had subsided, and *tongues* were in full and violent motion, and respect to persons seemed out of the question. A warm altercation took place between the seconds, each supporting their *interested* side, when Captain *Brown*, full of *pluck*, called the veteran, *Tom Johnson*, a blackguard, and that he would kick a certain place, if he gave him any more of his impertinence—these were words *Tom* was not in the habit of swallowing, (the seat of honour to be disgraced) and intimated to the *Captain*, that they would try as to the capability of his assertion, and put himself in a posture of defence—the quarrel had now grown important, and a battle was expected; but Captain *Brown talked* of fighting him at some more *convenient* period, for one thousand guineas; which operated only as the *flourish of the moment*, in never being mentioned afterwards! *Humphries* insisted on the fight being renewed, and taunted MENDOZA to *set-to* again; but the friends of the latter would not suffer him, being satisfied, in their own opinion, that he had won the battle. The spectators growing impatient for the decision, *Humphries* threw up his hat in defiance, and endeavoured to provoke the *Jew* to renew the combat—MENDOZA, considering that an unfavourable impression might go abroad against him in refusing, or in its being decided as a drawn battle, consented to finish the contest. Silence was once more restored, and the combatants again *set-to*. DAN

showed off in good style, and went in with the most determined spirit, and finished the round by knocking down his opponent. In the next, he repeated the dose, and continued, during the remainder of the fight, to have the advantage. After thirty minutes had elapsed, *Humphries*, either from accident or design, committed the same error, in falling without a blow—MENDOZA had put in some tremendous *hits*, and, in following them up, *Humphries* retreated and fell; when DAN, without the slightest murmur, was deemed the conqueror.

It was the opinion of the amateurs, that MENDOZA displayed the greatest *science* in the above battle; and that he was considerably improved since his last fight at Odiham; that hitherto determined spirit seemed now moderated by steady and decisive judgment, and the skill and fortitude he displayed, was truly entitled to respect and attention. *Humphries* had lost that commanding style which was so prominent in his last attack; and he seemed to labour under an impression that he had a *superior* to encounter with; he did not maintain his ground with his usual confidence, but suffered his opponent to drive him, and even, upon some occasions, there was a sort of shrinking from the blows of his adversary. MENDOZA looked upon victory as certain, and, in many instances, treated the guard of his opponent with much *sang-froid*; yet, notwithstanding, whether from prejudice, or *Humphries* being such a distinguished favourite, cannot be ascertained; but it is certain, the betting continued in his favour.

MENDOZA, from his superior style of *stopping*, received scarcely any blows of consequence, excepting a severe one on his cheek; and had not DAN displayed so

much adroitness in the above respect, in all probability, he might have lost his life, as HUMPHRIES endeavoured to put in some tremendous blows at the pit of the stomach.

The head of *Humphries* exhibited severe symptoms of punishment---his face was much disfigured, one of his eyes completely closed up, and his forehead and lip very much lacerated. Upon the whole there was a great falling off in his manner of fighting.

The *pugilistic world* were not exactly satisfied with the decision of the above contest; and it was deemed expedient to set the matter to rights, by a *third battle*, which would finally declare the merits of the respective combatants as to the appellation of conqueror. *Humphries* felt eager for the fray; and MENDOZA instantly acquiesced in the challenge, confident of success. September 29th, 1790, was the day fixed for the decision of this grand combat, at Doncaster. To prevent interruption from the populace, and to render the accommodation more secure and complete for the subscribers, who had purchased their admission at half a guinea each, a large yard, belonging to an inn at the above place, was selected for the scene of action, which was inclosed on one side by numerous houses, and upon the other by the river Don, secured by a strong paling. But perseverance and curiosity frequently overcome all impediments—and so it proved in this instance, as water proved no hindrance, nor thick boards any obstacle to the anxiety of JOHN BULL to witness this heroic contest. Hundreds were rowed over from the other side to the paling, who lost no time in removing the obstruction to their wishes. Independent of these intruders, upwards of five hundred tickets were sold and admitted;

and no confusion took place. Between the hours of ten and eleven the combatants mounted the stage, amid thunders of applause: *Humphries* displayed considerable agility in springing up; and MENDOZA was equally anxious to display his good spirits. The stage was twenty-four feet square, and raised four feet from the ground. *Tom Johnson*, who had in the last contest been so anxious in the cause of *Humphries*, now appeared as second to MENDOZA, accompanied by *Butcher* as his bottle-holder, *Sir Thomas Appreece* in the same capacity, as Umpire: *Humphries* was attended by *Ward* and *Jackson*; and Colonel Hamilton took upon himself the office of Umpire; but in case of any dispute arising between the chosen umpires, Mr. *Harvey Aston* was appointed as the third, whose decision, if appealed to, must be final.

The odds were five to four upon MENDOZA; and *Humphries'* friends, still sanguine of his success, took them with avidity. MENDOZA, respecting his superior pretensions to the *science* was readily admitted; but the fortitude and *bottom* of *Humphries*, and other excellent qualities as a pugilist, that he was known to possess, had made an impression upon his admirers not easily effaced, and who entertained a strong opinion, that he would ultimately gain the day.

The awful *set-to* at length commenced,—when every eye beamed with anxiety—the moment was interesting and attractive, and each party was lost in suspense. The combatants were heroes of no common stamp, and every feint was regarded with respect and attention; money was a secondary consideration in this case; towering *fame* was attached to the issue of the contest; and the

proud title of conqueror rested upon its termination—they both felt its consequences, and were determined to *gain* or *lose* it, honorably.—*Humphries*, full of confidence of his powers, went boldly in, and attacked his opponent with considerable impetuosity; but MENDOZA, prepared, met him with equal temerity—when they closed and fell. The second round was equally bold and determined upon both sides; and though *Humphries* appeared to put in the most blows, yet they did not seem of much effect. The combatants aware of each other's excellence, began to think a little of what they were about, and called judgment to their aid—it was *stop* for *stop*, and *blow* for *hit*, for some time, when an opportunity offering, MENDOZA concluded the third round by *knocking down Humphries*. The fourth was of no import; but in the fifth round, *Humphries* endeavoured to put in a tremendous *stomacher*—the *Jew* knowing this favorite attempt of his opponent, stopped it with uncommon neatness, and returned the compliment for his attention, with a *facer*—*Humphries* full of *game* in answering it, fell. It now began to appear that *Humphries* was on the decline---he had not lost his gaiety, but still there was a certain something that told the amateur he was *going!* The odds rapidly rose upon MENDOZA, in succession, till it arrived ten to one;---and *Humphries'* inferiority soon became manifest. MENDOZA scarcely ever failed in bringing down his opponent whenever he hit him; and who frequently fell down from even a feeble touch, and sometimes without any whatever: but the conquest appeared so secure and safe to MENDOZA that it was never noticed. If *Humphries* was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of his opponent's abilities respecting his improve-

ment in the *science* it must not be forgotten, that *Dick* never lost his greatness as a man---his fortitude was still the same, and the reluctance he manifested in giving up the contest, even when pressed so to do by his friends, who saw that no chance was left; yet he wished to fight longer, although he had scarcely any vision left, is an unequivocal proof of his excellent *game*.

MENDOZA in conquering so noble and distinguished a competitor, added considerable fame to his pugilistic achievements—but the greatest merit attached to the conquest was, the *manner* in which it was obtained. Prejudice so frequently distorts the mind, that, unfortunately, good actions are passed over without even common respect; more especially, when they appear in any person, who may chance to be of a *different* COUNTRY, *persuasion*, or *colour*: MENDOZA, in being a Jew, did not stand in so favourable a point of view, respecting the wishes of the multitude towards his success, as his brave opponent—the feelings are somewhat raised when we read:—

> You may as well go stand upon the beach,
> And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
> You may as well use questions with the wolf,
> Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
> You may as well bid the mountain pines
> To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
> When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
> You may as well do any thing most hard,
> As seek to soften than (than which what's harder)
> His Jewish heart!

But truth riseth superior to all things, and the humanity of MENDOZA was conspicuous throughout the above fight—often was it witnessed, that DAN threw up his arm

when he might have put in a most tremendous blow upon his exhausted adversary, who perceiving that the victory was certain, nobly disdained to hear it observed,

——————'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Both the combatants displayed severe marks of punishment:—HUMPHRIES' nose was much disfigured, and appeared as if cut with a sharp instrument: his right eye was completely closed, and his forehead was dreadfully lacerated over the left; he had also received some heavy body blows, and a few ugly touches were observed under his left arm; and his upper lip was split; in fact, he was so exhausted as to be carried by his friends to a carriage, which soon conveyed him away to obtain medical assistance. MENDOZA, who gained strength by the exhilarating sounds of victory, sported his figure upon the race ground for a short time after the combat, was not without symptoms of uneasiness—his head was much bruised, and his left eye and ear pourtrayed the vigour of his opponent's fist. His ribs were also in a tender state.

Bill Ward was matched against MENDOZA, to fight at Stoken Church, Oxfordshire, on June 22, 1791; but notice being given of an intended visit from the Magistrates, it was agreed by the friends of both parties that the contest should stand over till the ensuing September, and decided at Doncaster; when it was again put off, till May 14, 1792, at Smitham-bottom, near Croydon. The road from London to the above place beggared all description; in pedestrians out of number, and vehicles of every quality were seen in rapid motion eager to arrive at the destined spot.---Between one and two the combatants appeared upon the stage, and were greeted with shouts of

applause: MENDOZA, had for his second and bottle-holder, *Tom Johnson* and *Butcher*, and *Harvey Aston, Esq.* as his umpire: *Ward* was attended by *Joe Ward* and *Jackson;* and *Mr. Watson* as umpire.

At the commencement of the fight, the odds were considerably upon *Ward;* and much was expected from his well-known acquirements; and it is but fair to state, that *Bill* endeavoured to prove the conqueror, and used every exertion that he was master of to obtain so desirable an end; and, for the first eight rounds of the battle, was an object of attraction; and dealt out some tremendous blows; particularly in the fourteenth, he gave MENDOZA a dreadful *hit* upon the jaw, that knocked him off his legs like a shuttlecock, and DAN came down with uncommon violence. *Ward's* friends were now in high spirits, and the betting went forwards, as it was thought that DAN had received rather a *sickener;* but MENDOZA's *game* soon brought him about, and he went in with the most determined resolution, and gave *Ward* a *knock-down* blow. The superiority of MENDOZA now became manifest; *Ward* perceived he was in the hands of his master; and the spectators began to change their opinions. MENDOZA *levelled* his antagonist every round; though, notwithstanding, *Ward* put in some good *hits.* In the twenty-third round the combatants closed—*Ward* was completely exhausted, and, upon MENDOZA falling on him, reluctantly GAVE IN. The above contest established DAN's fame; and his scientific excellence was generally acknowledged.

Bill Ward thought that in another trial, he might regain his laurels, and accordingly a match was made, to take place in January, 1794, contiguous to Hounslow;

but the magistrates interfering, it was postponed till the November following, when, upon the 12th of the above month, it was decided upon Bexley Common. The *set-to* was good, and *Ward* seemed to feel that he should be able to accomplish his wish; and, as before, in the first rounds he was successful, and his opponent fell before him; whether MENDOZA permitted *Ward* to shew himself off in the above manner, that he might be enabled to exhibit his great superiority afterwards, or that DAN could not resist the efforts of his antagonist, has not been ascertained—but it was evident that MENDOZA treated all the attempts of *Ward* with the most perfect *sang-froid*; stopped the *hits* of his opponent with great neatness and ease; and DAN returned such tremendous blows so instantaneously, that *Ward* was disposed of in the short space of *fifteen minutes!* In the above contest, *Ward*, who had hitherto been looked upon as a hero, was rendered so insignificant, by comparison, that to appear little better than a mere *tyro!* MENDOZA's confidence completely over-awed him; and it was visible, that *Bill* laboured under its depressing effects throughout the fight.

But MENDOZA, amid all his glory, was doomed to experience the vicissitudes of fortune, in experiencing a mortifying defeat, in his contest with *Jackson*, at Hornchurch, on April 15th, 1795. It preyed so much upon the feelings of MENDOZA, that seven years had nearly elapsed since the above battle, when they burst forth with considerable fury, occasioned by the following circumstance: *Jem Belcher* after beating *Burke*, at Hurley Bottom, challenged Dan to fight, who immediately replied, that he had given up pugilism, and supported, by his industry,

as a publican, at the Lord Nelson, in Whitechapel, a wife and six children; and only wished to fight JACKSON, who had dealt unhandsomely by him as a pugilist; and he now publicly declared himself ready to enter the lists with him for one hundred guineas, provided that he would not take the unmanly and cowardly advantage of holding his hair. This oration of MENDOZA's was soon trumpetted abroad, and some busy persons inserted a sort of challenge to *Mr. Jackson*, in the *Oracle, or, Daily advertiser;* which was immediately answered by the latter, (supposing that it appeared in the Newspaper under the direction of MENDOZA) and which occasioned, in return, the following letter:

MR. EDITOR,

It was with inexpressible concern that, in your paper of Wednesday last, I observed a letter signed "John Jackson," purporting to be an answer to a supposed challenge from me, inserted in your detailed account of the recent pugilistic contest at Maidenhead. Mistake me not, Sir, I was not concerned at the contents of Mr. Jackson's elegant effusion, nor in the least affected or surprized at the opprobrious falsity, brazen impudence, or malignant calumny of his assertions, which I deny IN TOTO; but felt particularly hurt at the idea that I was compelled either to sit down tamely under injury, or incur the risk of offending my best friends, and particularly the respectable magistrates of this division, by resuming a profession which, both from principle and conviction, I had wholly relinquished.

In order satisfactorily to refute Mr. Jackson's allegations, it is only necessary to observe, that a month after our battle at Hounslow I waited on him, upbraided him with his unmanly conduct, by laying hold of my hair, and offered to fight him

for two hundred guineas—Jackson proposed to fight for one hundred guineas; and upon that sum being procured, declined fighting under five hundred guineas!! Here was courage! Here was consistency! Here was bottom! and yet Mr. Jackson is a man of honour, AND OF HIS WORD!!!

MR. EDITOR, after this I left London for five years, which may easily account to Mr. Jackson, for the interval of silence. I have fought thirty-two pitched battles—four with *Humphries* (three of which I won) and two with *Will Ward*, in both of which I was victorious: these two men were both game, and good fighters, and of course, having received so many blows, my only motive for wishing again to fight *Mr. Jackson*, must be that spirit of honour and retaliation ever inherent in the breast of man.

Mr. EDITOR, I again repeat, that I am delicately situated; that I wish to fight *Mr. Jackson*, and intend it; but that, from a dread of injuring my family, by offending the magistrates as a challenger in a newspaper (which would be indecorous in a publican), I can only observe, that I should be very happy to see, as soon as possible, either *Mr. Jackson* or his friends, at my house, where they shall receive every attention from me, as I wish most earnestly to convince the world, what a deep and just sense I entertain of all *Mr. Jackson's* favours, conferred upon

DANIEL MENDOZA.

Admiral Nelson, White Chapel.

P. S. Allow me to thank you for your liberal impartiality; and through the medium of your valuable paper, to return my acknowledgments to the public, for the many flattering marks I have experienced of their partiality.

MENDOZA, in the year 1806, again introduced himself to the notice of the public, by the following APOLOGY,

in stating his reasons for appearing once more in the character of a pugilist :---

MR. EDITOR,

After my frequent resolution never again to appear before the public in the character of a fighter on the stage, and which resolution I have for years carefully and rigidly persevered in; it may perhaps be incumbent upon me to state to that public, whose partiality I have so often experienced, the cause of my acceptance of a challenge from a person by no means entitled to the smallest lenity.

Some weeks ago, I unfortunately visited *Harry Lee*, then in temporary lodgings under the roof of a Sheriff's Officer; he was then in DURANCE VILE on two actions; he told me a long and piteous tale about his hardships, and the injustice and cruelty of his creditors; he assured me, that if I would become one of his bail, he would then be enabled to obtain his liberty, and that he should take special care that I should not suffer, as he would settle, or discharge, both actions as soon as he got out of his present confinement.

Notwithstanding I am not now very apt to act the part of a fool on such an occasion, having already sustained at various times considerable losses by former acts of credulity, and consequently become wiser by dear-bought experience, I listened to his statements, and gave an implicit belief to all his declarations. It being found that my bail alone would not give legal satisfaction, I persuaded my brother, and another friend, to join the bail bond, giving them, like gentlemen in a certain great house, a bill of indemnity. I was induced to go this length to serve him, because *Harry Lee* assured me, that he had no person to befriend him; that the officers would not take his word for a single copper; and that, unless I stood up to *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, through the medium of my two friends, he would be immediately committed to prison, whence, with detainers, &c. &c. it would be impossible for years, perhaps, for

him to obtain a release. All the ceremonies, which the law requires being gone through, *Harry Lee* marched out with all the honours usually attending such a war.

But mark, gentle readers! as soon as the said *Harry Lee* obtained his liberty, he refused to comply with his solemn engagements; he indeed settled one of the actions; but would neither surrender himself, nor settle the other. The consequence was obvious; having indemnified my brother and friend, we were obliged to pay, and with the exception of fourteen pounds, the whole sum as smart money, for having been duped by *Harry Lee*.

Now, *Mr. Editor*, I am of opinion, that if a man cannot satisfy his creditors, he ought, in honour, to release his bail, by the surrender of his person, which *Harry Lee* positively refused. He was, however, not contented with this abominable usage of me; he went up and down the town circulating calumnies and lies against me, and threatened to beat me as soon as he found an opportunity; in short, he gave me such a challenge that I could not consistent with honour or propriety refuse.

The black ingratitude of *Harry Lee* is now very conspicuous; after cheating, deceiving, and I may say, robbing his friend in need, he now wants to give him a kicking into the bargain; but I have no doubt but that I shall stop his career, and put in a blow of just indignation, and honourable resentment, against a man whose conduct is a disgrace to any rank of life. I am, much against my inclination, forced to the fight, not from any fear of *Harry Lee*, but from a sense of violating those rules and peaceable conduct, in which I had resolved to pass the remainder of my life; he who has been successful in upwards of thirty pitched battles; he who has disputed the palm of victory with the first and ablest men of his time, cannot surely be apprehensive of danger, either to his person or reputation, from *Harry Lee!!* I know that "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but that time and chance happeneth

to all men;" barring however all unforeseen accidents, I am fully persuaded that I shall make *Harry* sorely repent his unprovoked insolence; but I shall not gain by the contest the smallest sprig of laurel, because *Harry Lee* has none to lose; I am sorry thus to occupy the time of the public; and am,

Mr. Editor,

DANIEL MENDOZA.

No. 5, Webber Row, Black-friars road.

[We feel induced, from giving the epistolary effusions which transpired between those modern heroes of the fist, that they will not only form a contrast to those laconic specimens of more ancient days, but also serve to shew the great deference, manifested at all times, in an anxiety to preserve a good character, and stand well in the opinion of the public---*even* by Pugilists!]

MR. EDITOR,

I have to thank you for your candid and manly manner in which you announced your intention to afford me an opportunity of confuting the charges brought against me by *Daniel Mendoza*.

Among the extraordinary events that fate or folly produce, I believe insanity itself never dreamt of an epistolary correspondence between *Daniel Mendoza* and *Harry Lee*. What devil could have provoked him to exhibit his wonderful stock of honor, virtue, and benevolence in so public a manner, I am at a loss to divine; but clear and certain I am, that all the advantage he promised himself he has already enjoyed; it is the curse of fools to be the heralds of their own disgrace; mark, Mr. Editor, how a plain undisguised story, delivered by a plain unlettered matter of fact man shall be set down.

Mr. *Mendoza* has thought proper to pester the public with a long narrative of his extravagant acts of kindness towards me; that he rescued me from the hands of a bailiff, the confines of a prison, and other disastrous perils. However, not to retail all the haberdashery of complaints he has thought proper to extend to an unreasonable length, I shall content myself with briefly answering the essence of his charge against me, and, I trust, I shall have credit for doing it with truth and candour, without the aid of Mr. *Mendoza's* ingenuity.

It is true, I was arrested on two writs of ten pounds each; a circumstance that has frequently happened to honester men than either *Mendoza* or *Harry Lee*. It is also true, that I called upon him to assist in procuring me my enlargement, which, by the bye, was but a slender tribute to the gratitude he owed me; he certainly procured me bail, upon my promise of settling both actions. As Mr. *Mendoza* admits, I did pay one; but I am very sorry, for his own sake, he did not keep a little nearer truth, with respect to the state of the other, as that might have relieved him from the reprobation, that injustice, fallacy, and ingratitude merits.

The second action, upon which I am accused of having run from my bail, and left Mr. *Mendoza*, under all the piteous, lamentable, and ruinous, circumstances, to pay, stood exactly thus at the time of his letter:—the debt and costs came to sixteen pounds, the alternative was paying it, or going to prison; fourteen pounds I raised and paid, so that all *Mendoza* could possibly be liable to, was the vast sum of two pounds, which I have also paid. And here, Mr. Editor, you must give me leave to declare, that I think no man living abhors the idea of deserting his bail, or deceiving his friend, more than I do. How far I have done either, in the present case, I leave to the determination of any man, *Dan Mendoza* excepted. Admit it, for a moment, Mr. Editor, that I had left Mr. *Mendoza* to pay a few pounds for me, for, what he terms, fixing my security;

the offence, surely, could not be held in any very heinous light by him, if he will have the goodness to call to his recollection, the situation in which he left all his friends, who were security for his integrity, when he commenced Sheriff's Officer. And now, Mr. Editor, I crave your attention to a few words more, which, I trust, will quench the thirst of Mr. *Mendoza* for literary fame, and exhibit him as a paragon of ingratitude. I make great allowances for the passions of a man labouring to prove himself more conscientiously honest than myself; but I cannot help lamenting, that he chose the subject of ingratitude for his purpose, and the dæmon who whispered it in his ear, was, certainly, unacquainted with the account current between him and myself, upon the article of gratitude, which, in fairness, ought to have been stated. In fine, Sir, Mr. *Mendoza* has, upon some very urgent occasions, been driven to the solitary friendship of *Harry Lee*, who afforded it him in the most ample manner his capacity would permit. However, fortunately for *Mendoza*, it was sufficient for all his purposes. Upon two several occasions, have I solicited the pecuniary assistance of my friends, in aid of what my own abilities could afford, and this too, for the purpose of extricating him from the most irksome of all personal inconvenience, as well as to succour his almost famished family. Believe me, Mr. Editor, it is painful to me to upbraid a man with the services I have done him: nor should any consideration whatever have induced me to reveal them, had he not goaded and scourged me into the measure. Perhaps *Mendoza* has forgot the letters in my possession, expressive of the great obligation I had conferred on him, and which, I trust, will put both him and the Devil, who instructed him to turn author, to the blush, upon a perusal, whenever he finds it convenient to give me an opportunity to publish them.

With respect to the language that may have passed between us, I admit it may not have been the most chaste; but, considering all things, not very illy adapted to our professions and

habits of life. It is sufficient to say, that the public have learnt from *Mendoza's* statement, that it has brought about a challenge, which has been accepted, to determine the dispute by manual argument, and I will not envy the laurels he may gather on the occasion. I can only promise, that I will do my utmost to prevent his tearing a single sprig from the brows of

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

H. LEE.

Antigallican, Temple Bar.

As might be expected, a challenge was the result of the above correspondence; and the KNOWING ONES entertained an opinion, from a comparison between the combatants, that MENDOZA would win it all to nothing. *Lee* was well known as an excellent sparrer, but had never publicly entered the lists as a boxer; and although extremely well-made, and having the advantage of height and length of arm over his antagonist, yet his not having the experience of MENDOZA, or his *game* put to the test, he was considered, in every point of view, inferior. On March 21, 1806, at Grimstead Green, a short distance beyond Bromley, in Kent, the combatants met, and fifty guineas were the stakes deposited. It was a roped ring of twenty-five feet—MENDOZA had for his second, *Bill Ward*, and his bottle holder, *Bill Gibbons*; *Harry Lee* was attended by the *Game Chicken* and *Gulley*. The odds were three to one that DAN proved the conqueror:—

First round.—Mendoza looked at his opponent with great insignificance, and seemed to feel a more than usual degree of confidence upon this occasion. Lee, however, soon made it appear, that he was no novice in the art, and protected himself with his left-arm extended, and endeavoured to put in some

good *hits*; but Mendoza stopped them, and brought Harry down. The odds rose ten to one on Dan, and the bets were decided respecting the first *knock down* blow, and drawing of blood.

Second.—Lee rose in a furious state, and the blood pouring down copiously—Mendoza made a *hit*, which was neatly returned by Lee upon Dan's nose; when they closed and fell.

Third.—Lee, out of temper, went in to *mill* away; but Mendoza *punished* him right and left for his temerity, when he fell.

Fourth.—Lee now convinced the spectators, that he was something more than a *sparrer*, by showing some *game*, and put in a good *hit* over the left-eye of Mendoza; but in closing, Dan threw him. The opinions of the amateurs began rather to change, as it appeared not quite so easy a thing as they hitherto imagined; and two to one was sported that Mendoza did not conquer Lee in half an hour.

Fifth.—Lee, not destitute of *pluck*, attempted to rally; but Mendoza, aware of his intentions, put in so severe a blow, that sent Harry under the ropes. Three to one against Lee.

Sixth.—Mendoza, experienced in all the manœuvres of the art, from the many heroes he had contended with for glory, and with all the coolness of the veteran, judging that his opponent would attempt another rally, waited for him with the greatest composure, and put in a tremendous *hit* over Harry's nose, and threw him.

Seventh.—Of no account whatever.

Eighth.—Lee, trusting to impetuosity more than judgment, went in rapidly to his opponent; but the folly of such conduct was self-evident—Mendoza *hit* him away with the greatest ease, following him, and, in the event, gave him a cross-buttock. Lee's *frontispiece* had now a variegated appearance, from the celerity of Dan's fist.

Ninth.—Lee, full of gaiety, rallied—but Mendoza hit him sharply over the left-eye, which was already swelled terribly. Five to one on Mendoza.

Tenth.—Dan laughted at his opponent; who made a feeble hit, and fell upon his knees.

Eleventh.—It appeared from Lee's conduct, that he entertained an idea that his opponent was to be conquered by impetuosity, and rushed in most furiously upon Mendoza, when the

latter *hit* him, and Harry retreated, and took refuge upon the ground.

Twelfth.—Mendoza thought it was necessary to show a little fight, and, in a sharp rally, soon *punished* his opponent out of the ring.

Thirteenth.—Rallying was the order of the day with Lee, when Dan put in a severe *hit*, and, to avoid going down, Harry caught hold of his opponent.

Fourteenth.—Mendoza struck his adversary, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, went and laid himself down, as before. Some hisses and disapprobation occurred—and cries of "foul—take him away!"

Fifteenth.—Trifling away time; Lee went down without a *hit*, and Dan laughed at his pretensions. Six to one against Lee.

Sixteenth.—Mendoza, waiting for his opponent, *hit* him in the throat, which more than *tickled* him, and he fell from its effects, to all appearance extremely weak. The odds now were out of all comparison—and a guinea to half a crown was offered.

Seventeenth.—Lee went to the ground upon the first blow.

Eighteenth.—Mere flourishing—they closed and fell.

Nineteenth.—Harry, quite gay, tried what effect another rally might produce; but Mendoza's sagacity rendered the attempt futile, and gave Lee a desperate blow upon the chin, which not only cut it severely, but sent him under the ropes.

Twentieth.—Mendoza, laughing at the insufficiency of his opponent's attempts—who now appeared quite passionate, stopped Harry's blows with the greatest *sang-froid*; when, in closing, they both went to the ground.

Twenty-first.—Dan gave Lee so severe a *hit* upon the body, that it instantly *levelled* his opponent. All betters, but no takers.

Twenty-second.—Mendoza in offering to strike his opponent, Lee fell down—cries of "foul!"

Twenty-third.—Of no consequence—both closed, and fell.

Twenty-fourth.—Lee, still fond of rallying, tried it on—but Mendoza *hit* him away easily, when Lee slipped down.

Twenty-fifth.—Mendoza, as if expecting Lee would rally again, was perfectly prepared for the attempt, and *punished* him right and left, when Harry went to the ground, and appeared much exhausted.

Twenty-sixth.—Dan, full of spirits and vigour, as soon as Lee stood up, gave him a *leveller*.

Twenty-seventh.—Lee, in making a *hit*, lost his distance, and fell.

Twenty-eighth.—This was a most singular round, Harry went in to his opponent, and by main force pulled him down by the arm.

Twenty-ninth.—A rally on both sides—Lee, not dismayed, put in several *hits*, when, in closing, Mendoza fell uppermost.

Thirtieth.—The *science* of Dan was truly conspicuous, he stopped every blow; but happened to slip, when Lee put in some *facers* as Mendoza was going down.

Thirty-first.—Of no note whatever.

Thirty-second.—Dan rather appeared fatigued, and, in making a blow, went down upon his knees.

Thirty-third.—Lee now endeavoured to shew that his spirits were in good trim, and made the best use of his knowledge, which was by no means beneath mediocrity; but it was mere pretence to strength, his weakness was palpably visible. His face was much altered.

Thirty-fourth.—Both the combatants fought well; but the event was in Dan's favour.

Thirty-fifth.—Mendoza sent Lee under the ropes, from a well-directed blow.

Thirty-sixth.—Dan repeated the dose.

Thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth, and thirty-ninth.—In all these rounds the superiority of Mendoza was manifest—Dan stopped and *hit* as he pleased.

Fortieth.—Mendoza *punished* Lee's ribs severely, and from the effects of the blows, he fell.

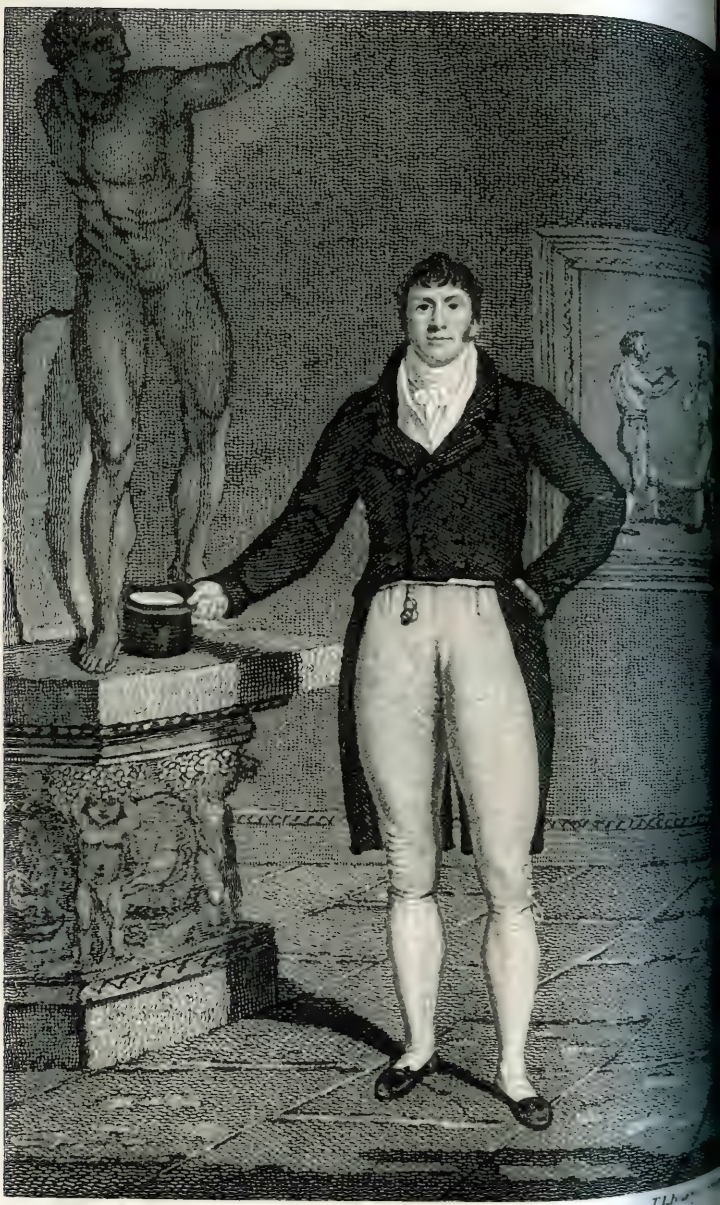
Forty-first.—Lee was now getting in a very exhausted state, and fell from a mere touch that Dan gave him.

Forty-second.—Lee began to perceive that the chance was against him, and his exertions were on the decline—Mendoza did as he pleased, and closed the round by throwing him.

Fifty-third.—For the last ten rounds Lee had not the smallest prospect of success; but still his *game* prompted him to continue the fight, in hopes that some lucky chance might offer; but having fell a second time without receiving a *hit*, Mendoza was declared the conqueror.

The amateurs were completely surprised at the protraction of the above fight, for one hour and ten minutes. It is certain that *Lee* was not equal to the task of encountering so experienced and finished a pugilist as MENDOZA; but it is equally true, that his conduct was entitled to honourable mention, and, considering it his *first appearance* in the ring, *Lee* acquitted himself rather in a superior manner. That he was not wanting either in courage or resolution, was evident; and his scientific efforts, in several instances, were entitled to much praise; and he completely eradicated the idea, (which had gained so much ground) that he was nothing more than—*a sparrer!*

It has been a tolerably general expressed opinion, that no pugilist whatever, since the days of *Broughton*, (or *even Broughton* himself) has ever so completely elucidated, or promulgated, the principles of boxing, as DANIEL MENDOZA; and, if his own public assertion proves the fact, which, we believe, has never been contradicted, we never heard of any boxer who could make use of any thing like the following declaration, wherein he says, "*he who has been* successful *in* upwards *of* THIRTY PITCHED BATTLES; he who has disputed with the first and ablest men of his time!" and it may be equally admitted, that he has also given more lessons upon the art, than any other professor in the kingdom. MENDOZA has for several years relinquished the profession of pugilism; and now follows the occupation of a publican, in the neighbourhood of Kennington, to support a wife and eleven children. He is an intelligent and communicative man.



Mr. JOHN JACKSON,

Engraved from the Original in the Poſſeſſion of

SIR HENRY SMYTH, BART.

JOHN JACKSON.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One *self-approving* HOUR, whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas!

It has been observed by the inimitable STERNE, that "you may travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry all is barren—and so it is!" and the *Critic* may, in his closet, with equal facility assert, that, there is not one *single feature* in the whole race of Pugilists, attractive enough, to save the practice of boxing from condemnation—which declaration, however fallacious, may be received as truth, if the MIND of the traveller, unfortunately, proves *barren!* and that throughout a long journey, he is only aroused from his apathy upon the appearance of a *finger post*; or, in enumerating the *mile-stones* which he has passed.

ZIMMERMAN boasted the advantages that *solitude* afforded to become virtuous and improve the understanding over an intercourse with society; and of the absolute necessity of contemplating in silence, (when abstracted from the circles of gaiety and dissipation,) the *materials* which are so essential to form a good character:—but, that great Master of the Passions, soaring above those

precise modes and systems which tend to infer, that mankind can only be correct in *private*, has evinced by his grand and instructive displays of human nature, (which have so often elicited the tear from the most obdurate,) in delineating the heart of man in all its extensive variety of feelings, could never have been obtained nor promulgated in solitude, nor that fine stamina acquired which pervades the works of the immortal SHAKESPEARE—(who, we are told, in the early part of his life, was a deer-stealer, and even the gayest of the thoughtless;) and it was from his intercourse with men and manners, this first of poets was enabled to treasure up those powerful observations which have so eminently marked his irresistible portraits, containing the very essence of all that is beautiful and impressive, enriched with those exquisite touches of colouring that never fade, in having for their basis—NATURE!

It has been the leading feature of BOXIANA to expose the sophisticated attempts of those writers who have endeavoured not only to traduce the Patrons of Pugilism, but to annihilate, if possible, the practice of the manly art of self-defence—one of the most noble, invigorating, and national traits in the English character. If, it should appear that the *mind* is debased from witnessing such public displays—if, the *customs* and *manners* of society were infringed upon by such exhibitions—and, if, the feelings of men were so blunted from these specimens of hardihood and valour, as to prevent them from fulfilling those public situations in life, which many are called upon to perform with fidelity, justice and reputation—then, would Pugilism be a disgrace to that country where it is permitted, and boxers rendered obnoxious to society!

However, in point of argument and fact, it has perhaps become necessary to enquire, how far that in patronizing pugilism, the effects of which manly art have operated upon those minds, so as to reduce their consequence in the estimation of their friends, or injure their public characters with society in general, have taken place?

It is an incontrovertable fact, that one of the most celebrated and exalted civic characters in the nation, whose patriotic attention toward the preservation and due administration of the laws; whose firmness in supporting, upon all occasions, the liberty of the subject; whose dignity and consistency of conduct in representing the first city in the world in parliament; and in fulfilling one of the most important official situations, (that few subjects can arrive at in the kingdom,) the Lord Mayor of London; and who, upon retiring from that most arduous and honorable situation—a situation rendered difficult and of imminent peril, from the badness of the times and scarcity of provisions, which he filled with so much humanity toward the consideration of the people, and so perfectly constitutional in its practice, adding stability to the civil power, and reflecting lustre upon the protection of the laws—that it is upon record, no individual ever received more public thanks; and whose patriotic conduct was not only admired throughout England, but on being presented at court to a great military character, in a foreign country, his fame had so far ran before him, that he was complimented upon that particular occasion—that while the *civil power* was strong enough, never to call in the aid of the military! It appears, then, that the name of HARVEY CHRISTIAN COOMBE has never suffered the slightest tarnish from his patronage

of the OLD ENGLISH *custom of* BOXING in the early part of his life, but through a long and distinguished career has pourtrayed that true fortitude of disposition, and proved his pretensions so clear to the character of a real Englishman, an honest citizen, and an independent senator, that at the present period, (Oct. 12, 1812) Alderman COMBE has been placed at the head of the poll, by the voices of 5125 independent liverymen, creating a majority of 548 votes over the highest ministerial candidate, and returned the fourth time as member for the City of London, for his past services, in viewing him as a conspicuous and interesting ornament to the nation.

If, the opinion of that senator, whose speeches have been so often loudly cheered in the House of Commons, whose enlightened mind, classic acquirements, and transcendant talents have so frequently delighted and refined the senses of his auditors by his brilliant wit—his figurative imagination, and irresistible eloquence—a mind stored with researches from ancient and modern literature, united with a conversant practice of the character and knowledge of mankind, in all its various gradations, from the *rusticity* of a cudgelling bout at a country fair —the humours of a *bull bait*—the *minutiæ* of a boxing match, down to the finished elegance of ROYALTY—who has thus publicly declared his opinion:—

"A smart contest, this, between Maddox and Richmond! Why are we to boast so much of the *native* valour of our troops, as shewn at TALAVERA, at VIMEIRA, and at MAIDA, yet to discourage all the practices and habits which tend to keep alive the same sentiments and feelings? The sentiments that filled the minds of the three thousand spectators who attended the two Pugilists, were just the same in kind as

those which inspired the higher combatants on the occasion before enumerated.—It is the circumstances only in which they are displayed that make the difference.

> "He that the world subdued, had been
> But the best wrestler on the green."

There is no sense in the answer always made to this, '*Are no men brave but boxers?*' Bravery is found in all habits, classes, circumstances and conditions. But have habits and institutions of one sort no tendency to form it more than of another?—Longevity is found in persons of habits the most opposite; but are not certain habits more favourable to it than others? The courage does not arise from mere boxing, from the mere beating or being beat: but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices. Will it make no difference in the mass of people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasurable and effeminate nature; or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of prowess and hardihood?"

Then, if such an enlightened senator as the late Right Hon. W. WINDHAM felt no hesitation in promulgating the above sentiments respecting the utility of PUGILISM as a *national trait*, there appears no necessity whatever, that any of its *professors* stand in need of an APOLOGY!

> Strange is it, that our bloods,
> Whose colour, weight, and heat pour'd out together,
> Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
> In difference mighty. But do not so—
> From lowest place, when virtuous things proceed,
> The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
> Where great addition swells, and virtue none.
> It is a dropsied honour; good alone
> Is good, without a name; vileness is so:

The property, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the *mere* word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed!

No task can prove more pleasing to the dictates of the biographer, in his developement of characters, than when the circumstances of the case perfectly permit him, in unison with truth, "nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice!" and whether called upon to pourtray the splendid achievements of the hero, or exhibit the unsophisticated traits of the pugilist, provided that society are gainers by the publicity of their efforts, the end, in view, is obtained. *Sophistry* has done so much to obscure and place in the back-ground a certain class of mankind; and *calumny*, assisting with all her venom, to produce, if possible, complete oblivion —that CANDOUR scarcely possesses fortitude enough to resist the torrent, but is carried placidly along with the stream; and notwithstanding *prejudice* too often may deform, as well as panegyric too highly adorn the picture; yet, while the original daily appears before the public eye, nothing can prove easier in ascertaining the fidelity, or of impeaching the integrity of the artist.

Marrying a woman for her beauty, it has been observed, is like eating a bird for its singing; and complimenting a man, *merely*, upon the symmetry of his form, would prove equally as absurd and ridiculous. It is most undoubtedly true, that JOHN JACKSON, in the early part of his life, was fond of the gymnastic science, and,

in the hey-day of youth, made three public displays of the art, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, and acquired the reputation of a scientific pugilist.

In the pugilistic hemisphire, JACKSON has long been viewed as a fixed *star*, and the other bodies may be compared to so many satellites revolving round the greater orb, deriving their principal vigour and influence from his dominion. To Nature he is indebted for an uncommon fine person—his symmetry of form is attractive in the extreme, and he is considered one of the best made men in the kingdom, standing five feet eleven inches and a half in height, and weighing about fourteen stone; with limbs elegantly proportioned, and an arm for athletic beauty that defies competition: such an exterior cannot but prove prepossessing, and such an exterior has had its weight in that peculiar respect.

It appears, that JACKSON has *lived* all his life—and to use the expression of the poet, he has "*caught the manners living as they rise*," and not content with having it observed alone, that he is one of the best made men in the kingdom, but wisely endeavoured to unite with the above expression, that of being one of the best behaved men also; in fact, JACKSON possesses a *mind* that penetrates farther than the surface, and being well assured from his intercourse with polished society, that gentlemen, however fond of PUGILISM they may be, cannot discourse upon *fighting* every minute in the day, begin again the next, and so go on to the end of the chapter, has prevented any such chasm from appearing in his composition: that the advantages of good company have therefore proved obvious to him, and by appreciating their consequences he has turned

them to a proper account, in foreseeing that the recommendations of being a first-rate Pugilist, were of too transitory a nature to rely upon those qualifications *alone;* and that although the term *thorough-bred* may have it importance in the *ring*, (and so essentially necessary in matters of a sporting description) yet there are two more little words requisite to render the man complete and pass him current through the world, denominated—GOOD BREEDING: and (if the pedigree cannot be traced with all that accuracy which herald painters require in delineating ancestry) few men, who are aware of the necessity of so important a feature in exalting their character, but will exert themselves to obtain the possession of such an invaluable and pleasing trait; and in adopting those celebrated maxims:

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act;
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with locks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment,
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

JACKSON has been far from an inattentive observer of the above requisites, and acquired considerable proficency in his manners and address; and has let no opportunity slip whereby he might obtain knowledge and improvement: and who we are informed, was born in the Metropolis, (but whose descendants were natives of

Worcestershire) and who was reared to the occupation of a builder; and had only attained his *nineteenth* year, when he entered the lists with that formidable boxer, *Fewterel*. At that period, JACKSON was an entire stranger to the sporting world; and if we are not misinformed, it was owing to the late unfortunate Colonel HARVEY ASTON, (one of the most steady and firm patrons of pugilism) that he was induced to try his skill in a public pugilistic encounter; and from that introduction was accordingly matched to fight the above boxer. The style and fortitude of manner displayed by JACKSON in the above contest, proved of so attractive a nature, as to be a recommendation in itself to the *Fancy* in general, and have since operated as a lasting acquaintance with the higher patrons of the pugilistic art. However in his *set-to* with *Fewterel*, his most sanguine friends entertained doubts of his success, from the disadvantages he had to contend against; but his *science* and intrepidity throughout the fight entitled him to general approbation and conquest.

JACKSON, from his care and attention soon became the proprietor of a most respectable inn in Surrey; and in that situation he is remembered with respect, from a general line of conduct which always manifested itself, in a desire to serve and please those persons, whom curiosity or business, led them to visit his house. Fortune has been propitious to his views, and he has not been unmindful of her favors—and, has in himself, proved most unquestionably, that "ALL *is not barren!*" and that however terrific and formidable the *pugilist* may appear in combat, yet the same individual

may be tempered with those sensibilities which make mankind valuable and interesting. The hitherto rude and massy piece of stone, obscured by the dirt, yet when removed and polished by the hands of the sculptor, ultimately becomes the finished and beautiful statue, attracting the gaze and admiration of all who witness so exquisite a production; and which, but for the *mind* of the artist, who saw the figure in the stone, it must have remained unmeaning and unnoticed. Human nature, however harsh the term may appear, without some degree of intellect, can only be viewed as little better than a mere piece of clay—the *General*, would never acquire greatness—the *Poet*, sublimity—the *Senator*, independence—the *Painter*, excellence—the *Architect*, grandeur—the *Warrior*, bravery—or the *Historian*, impartiality; if, they merely passed over objects as they first presented themselves, (either fascinately elegant, or most horridly deformed,) without the appreciation of a lively and *appropriating* MIND.

In relinquishing his pretensions to PUGILISM, and in giving up all the honors attending on conquest, it is but common justice to observe, that JACKSON has *practically* realized the character of a gentleman, equally respected by the rich and poor—and ever ready to perform a good action: and, were it necessary, numerous instances of which might be quoted, in verifying the excellence of his heart, and the sensibility of his disposition: and in him, the Pugilists experience a steady and warm friend.

JACKSON is personally known to some of the first characters in the kingdom; and the circles he now moves in, are of the greatest respectability, and whose

recommendations to whom have not occurred *merely* from the scientific acquirements of Pugilism, but upon pretensions which are of the most firm and durable nature —a pleasing address; an intelligent and communicative disposition; and which have rendered him in Society, a cheerful and agreeable companion; and JACKSON possesses sufficient property to render him an independant character, and to support that station with stability: and in offering advice to the Pugilists of the present day, it cannot be expressed in more concise or appropriate terms, than "*Go thou and do likewise.*"

JACKSON fought *Fewterel*, a Birmingham hero, whose fame ran before him, in having proved victorious in near twenty battles, and great expectations were formed upon the contest, that numerous bets were depending upon its issue. The battle took place on June 9, 1788, at Smitham Bottom near, Croydon, in Surrey; *Fewterel* was attended by *Ward* and *Dunn;* and JACKSON had for his second *Tom Johnson*, and *Humphries* officiated as his bottle-holder. It was apprehended that JACKSON would never be able to knock *Fewterel* down, as the latter was a man of great bulk and uncommon strength; but this opinion was soon rendered fallacious, by JACKSON levelling him frequently in the course of the fight. *Fewterel* with all his powers, was perfectly incompetent to enter the lists with JACKSON, either in point of *science* or *bottom*, and had recourse to shifting, and falling down often without a blow—trying every manœuvre to win, and even infringing on the time allowed between each round. The contest lasted a few minutes above an hour; and *Fewterel* notwithstanding was considerably *punished* before he *gave*

in. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was much pleased with the intrepidity displayed by JACKSON; and, it is said, acknowledged it by a small present.

JACKSON next fought *George Ingleston* the Brewer, at Ingatestone, in Essex, on March 12, 1798—where he met with the unfortunate accident of dislocating his ancle, and breaking the small bone of his leg: but notwithstanding which circumstance, his fortitude was truly conspicuous See page 223.

The amateurs were much interested in the contest between JACKSON and *Mendoza*, for 200 guineas a side, upon a twenty-four foot stage erected at Hornchurch in Essex, on April 15, 1795. *Mendoza* was seconded by *Harry Lee*, and *Symonds* officiated as bottle-holder; and JACKSON was attended by *Tom Johnson* and *Bill Wood*. Mr. Smith and Mr. James Naylor acted as umpires upon this occasion; and both the combatants were loudly cheered upon their appearance. The bets in favour of *Mendoza*.

1st round.—The spectators were more than commonly interested, from the celebrity of the combatants.—Judgement was not wanting on either side, and a fine display of the art was witnessed—the amateur experienced a rich treat in the developement of the science in all its characteristic minutiæ—a minute had expired, and both waiting for the advantage, when *Jackson* put in a tremendous hit, that laid *Dan* prostrate on the stage.

2d.—In this round Mendoza showed the advantage of the *science* to perfection, by stopping the blows of his antagonist with great neatness, and in returning several good hits.

3d.—Both on the alert, and *pelting* away without ceremony—Jackson put in several severe *hits*, and Mendoza was not behind in returning the compliment; but in the termination of the round Dan went down. Notwithstanding the odds rose two to one on Mendoza.

4th.—This was the heat of the battle—fear was out of the question, and the combatants lost to every thing but victory. Jackson, confident of his powers and knowledge, went in with great courage, treating the *science* of Mendoza with indifference and *punishing* him most terribly, when Dan fell from a severe blow upon the right eye, which bled profusely. The odds rose upon Jackson.

5th.—The scene was now considerably changed, and some murmurings were expressed by the friends of Mendoza, on witnessing Jackson take hold of his opponent by the hair, and *serving him out* in that defenceless state, till he fell to the ground. An appeal was made to the umpires upon the propriety of the action, when it was deemed perfectly consistent with the rules of fighting, and the battle proceeded. The odds were now changed two to one on Jackson.

6th.—7th.—8th.—Mendoza was getting rather exhausted, and endeavoured to recover his strength by acting on the defensive; but he could make no way against the superiority of Jackson.

9th.—Mendoza stood no chance—Jackson appeared in full vigour, and *hit* away his man with great ease. Dan suffered considerably, and after falling completely exhausted, acknowledged he had done.

The above contest for the time it continued, *(ten minutes and a half)* was never exceeded in point of severity; but JACKSON was little the worse for it, and jumped from the stage with great activity. It *was* quite otherwise with Mendoza, who was very much beaten. Numerous indeed were the patrons of pugilism present upon this occasion, among whom were the Duke of Hamilton, and several other noblemen and gentlemen amateurs.

A paragraph, near seven years after the above combat appearing in some of the newspapers, purporting, that a fight would take place between *Mendoza* and JACKSON; the latter, by way of FAREWELL EPILOGUE to the public, informing them of his determination, in-

serted the following letter in the *Oracle;* or, *Daily Advertiser* on Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1801.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I was somewhat astonished on my return to town on Saturday, to learn that a challenge was inserted in your paper of Thursday last, as if from Mr. Mendoza. Should I be right in my conclusion, by believing that it comes from that celebrated pugilist, I beg you will inform the public, through the medium of your paper, that for some years I have entirely withdrawn from a public life, and am more and more convinced of the propriety of my conduct, by the happiness which I enjoy in private, among many friends of great respectability, with whom it is my pride to be received on terms of familiarity and friendship; goaded, however, as I am to a petty conflict, I hope that it will not be considered as too much arrogance on my part, simply to observe, that, after waiting for more than three years to accept the challenge of any pugilist, however dexterous in the science, and however highly flattered by his friends, I think it rather extraordinary that Mr. Mendoza should add a silence of four years to those three, it being nearly seven years since I had the satisfaction of chastising him for his insolence; but Mr. Mendoza derived one great good from the issue of that contest —he was taught to be less hasty in forming his resolutions, and more slow in carrying them into effect.

This cautious and wise principle of action deserves much commendation; and having served an apprenticeship of seven years, to learn a certain portion of artificial courage, he now comes forward with a stock of impudence (the only capital which during that time, he seems to have acquired) to force

me to appear once more in that situation which I have for years cheerfully avoided.

Reluctant, however, as I am, to attract again, even for a moment, the public attention, I shall have no objection to vindicate my character, by a meeting with Mr. Mendoza, when and where he pleases, PROVIDED he'll promise to fight, and provided he'll also promise not to give previous information to the magistrates of Bow-street, or elsewhere.

Flattering myself, that your readers, and the public, will pardon this intrusion on their more precious time,

I am, Sir,

Your's and their's most respectfully,

Nov. 20, 1801. JOHN JACKSON.

Notwithstanding the appearance of the above letter, it produced no battle; neither has JACKSON been engaged in any contest whatever for upwards of seventeen years: and it has been observed of him, in reference to other men, that few pugilists have appeared, but what have been distinguished for some peculiar trait of excellence appertaining to the art of self-defence—some for superior *strength*—others for intuitive *science*—and many for extraordinary *bottom*; but JACKSON has the whole of them united in one person. His agility is truly astonishing, and there are few men, if any, that can jump farther than he can; and in point of strength he is equally gifted. A cast has been taken from the arm of JACKSON, on account of its fine proportion and anatomical beauty, and of its athletic and muscular appearance.*

* A drawing is made from the cast, which will be engraved in the first style, and appear in the course of the work.

We cannot pass over the following patriotic trait displayed by JACKSON in the year 1811, in procuring a benefit at the Five's Court, in St. Martin's-street, towards aiding the public subscription, tending to alleviate the sufferings of the Portuguese, whose towns had been destroyed by the French; and which produced the sum of *one hundred and fourteen pounds*, and was paid to the committee for conducting the same.

In thus paying attention to the wants of our suffering allies, JACKSON's humanity would not let him prove unmindful towards his unfortunate countrymen, the *British Prisoners in France;* and in consequence of which another benefit was produced in the beginning of the present year, when the respectable sum of *one hundred and thirty-two pounds six shillings* was the receipt thereof, which was immediately applied in aid of that laudable purpose. To the credit of all the Pugilists, be it remembered, that on the first intimation of such a plan, they all cheerfully volunteered their services upon this occasion, by seconding the efforts of so disinterested a proposition.

In taking our leave of the above person, we have only to observe, that BOXIANA would not have done its duty to the public, in omitting the pretensions of JACKSON to pugilism, notwithstanding his long retirement from the scene of action; and whether as a pugilist, or in any of the capacities he has filled, we feel no impropriety in concluding, that

> Take him for all in all,
> We shall not *(easily)* look upon his like again.

TOM TRING.

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

Such is the influence of Time: and, notwithstanding the above pugilistic hero has occupied the pencils of some of our first-rate English artists; and who also, at one time challenged all England, (excepting his most intimate friend, the late *Tom Johnson*) for *one thousand guineas*, he is, at the present period, almost totally forgotten!

No boxer, it appears, possessed such attractions to publicity as TOM TRING—as a pugilist, his qualities were of a most tremendous nature, and few men appeared that were capable of resisting his mighty prowess:—his figure was of that Herculean stamp, which rendered him truly conspicuous; and, in being clad with the rich paraphernalia of ROYALTY, (of which he was one of its *striking* appendages,) TOM obtained considerable notoriety.

TRING is a native of Leighton-Buzzard, Bedfordshire: his prize-fights were but few; but his *skirmishes* numerous indeed. His first *set-to* in London, was with one *Tom Pratt*, in Baker's Fields, Bayswater in 1787. *Pratt* was a very formidable man, being upwards of six feet in height, and stout in proportion; but TRING felt so confident in his own powers, that he fought him a guinea against five shillings. TRING proved perfectly correct in

his idea, and dealt out such tremendous *punishment* in the course of five minutes, that *Pratt* made the best use of his heels, and left TOM in possession of the ring!

Some difference of opinion having taken place between TRING and one *Harry Norfolk*, a bricklayer, a regular *set-to* immediately commenced in the streets. *Norfolk* was a thorough *game* man, full of activity, and not destitute of *science*; and, in an accidental *turn-up*, was what might be termed an *ugly customer:* and such a *street* fight had not been witnessed for many years. Notwithstanding the ponderous blows of TRING, *Norfolk* never flinched from his adversary, but returned *hit* for *hit* with uncommon severity; and possessed such an *appetite*, that it was nearly an hour before he was *satisfied!*—TRING felt the effects so severely of his opponent's fist, that he wore one of his arms in a sling for a considerable time afterwards.

But the most desperate conflict in which TRING was engaged, was with *Big Ben*, at Dartford, for ten guineas a side. TRING had for his second *Joe Ward*, and *Sibley* for his bottle-holder; and *Ben* was attended by *Martin*, the Bath Butcher, and *Fry*. No *flinching* was observed in this contest, and a more determined battle was never witnessed. *Ben*, always a hero, displayed courage of the finest quality; and the fortitude of TRING was equally attractive. The blows that passed between them were tremendous in the extreme; and they alternately *hit* each other away with the most remarkable facility. Both the combatants exhibited dreadful marks of *punishment*; and the contest was for a considerable time doubtful—*Ben* was nearly blind; and it was not till TRING had completely lost all vision, that he *give it in*. Two such hard *hitters* were scarcely ever matched; and,

during the nineteen minutes which the battle continued, the *punishment* might be said to be reciprocal.

As a pugilist, if TRING did not possess the scientific minutiæ of a *Mendoza*, his *game* was of the richest quality, and he was not without some pretensions to a knowledge of the art. TOM was one of the hardest *hitters* of his time; and *Big Ben* whose judgment in those matters could not be impeached, not only refused to enter the lists a second time with TRING, when he was challenged, but declared before his death, that his constitution had suffered most materially from the severe blows which he had encountered at Dartford.

In the early part of his life, TRING was, in the opinion of some of the most distinguished artists, the finest made man in the kingdom—in height, six feet one inch, and weighing fifteen stone; and whose symmetry of form was considered so completely athletic, and so much admired, that he was selected as a fine subject to stand for a painting of HERCULES, and which was afterwards publicly exhibited at the ROYAL ACADEMY:

> Dignity and grace
> Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
> With strength Herculean.

Nor was the figure of TRING confined to the picture of *Hercules*, as he stood several times, in various attitudes, at the above academy, to exhibit the beauties of the human frame, for the instruction of the numerous students, and improvement of the professors: and among the works of the late President Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, *Hopner*, *Beechey*, &c. the athletic form of TRING may be traced. A fine bust was also taken of him, by a celebrated artist.

TRING lived in the capacity of Chairman to his Royal highness the Prince of Wales, for fifteen years;

and, we understand, that had he not have been expressly prohibited, his pugilistic encounters, in all probability, would have been more numerous.

He is a civil, well-behaved man, and unfortunately reduced, in the decline of life, to procure a livelihood from the casual employment of carrying heavy loads, in the capacity of a Street Porter:

When men once reach their Autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot.

FEMALE PUGILISM.

To shew the *nationality* of BOXING, and that it was not merely confined to *heroes*, we have extracted the following copy of an advertisement, which appeared in a diurnal print, in June, 1722, upwards of *ninety years* since, when even HEROINES panted for the honours of pugilistic glory!

CHALLENGE.

I, ELIZABETH WILKINSON, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with HANNAH HYFIELD, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER.

I, HANNAH HYFIELD, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of ELIZABETH WILKINSON, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows, and from her, no favor: she may expect a good thumping!

CALEB BALDWIN.

WILLIAM WOOD.

CALEB BALDWIN:

(THE VETERAN CHAMPION OF WESTMINSTER.)

Of CALEB's deeds I'll now relate,
A fighting hero of the state—
Whose pugilistic feats I sing,
And great achievements in the *ring*:
Of FORTITUDE that never shrink'd,
Of many *milled*, and numbers *pink'd*;
CUSTOMERS *serv'd* both right and left:
And GLUTTONS *fed*, till they have *wept!*
A child of Nature—full of *game*—
Entitled to the smiles of Fame;
Of BALDWIN's prowess then be brief—
And chaunt the battles of this CHIEF!

It has been remarked by the incomparable GOLDSMITH, *that* ONE HALF *of the world are ignorant how the other* HALF *lives!* and, perhaps, the observation may not be a great way off the truth, in stating, that the *unacquainted* HALF never think it worth their while to *enquire.* In fact, the times are so accommodating in which we live, and so many opinions are offered to us, ready *cut* and *dried* for our acceptance, that we have scarcely time to peruse one-third of those crudities, much more to *think* upon, or digest, any of them!

It has been emphatically asserted by a great political *(unlearned)* writer, Mr. COBBETT, that the study of the learned, or dead languages are unnecessary; and although that classic *sprig* of literature, LEIGH HUNT, has with the *flourish* of his pen, completely condemned the manly and national practice of Boxing, as debasing the finer feelings of our compositions, and tending to de-

grade the character of Englishmen to that of mere brutes; yet, they are not decidedly facts, because thus boldly asserted by those public caterers: admitting that the strong *genius* and *industry* of the one, have so far carried *him* through all his difficulties, and placed him upon a towering eminence, without the *finish* of a University, his argument gains no strength whatever, by the solitary instance of *his* extraordinary success: and, granting that the *classical acquirements* of the other have raised him to an unexpected importance in promulgating sentiments tolerably approved of, it by no means decides, that PUGILISM is a barbarous trait, because it does not accord with his *imperative* notions! nor is the old intuitive English spirit of Boxing to be suppressed, or the nation suffered to become effeminate, because the *refined* pages of a newspaper (the *Examiner*) are not to be sullied with the details of a pugilistic contest—public opinion is not yet so completely shackled, as to take for *data* all their productions; but although we differ in opinion from those champions of the press, we do not detract from their merits, and feel strongly impressed, that the world is much indebted to their united exertions.

LEARNING will always ensure respect, and GENIUS claim admiration; but we are well convinced, acquiescing with the doctrine of the great BACON, that books *alone* will not inform us of the true state of things, without an intercourse with that book of books, REAL LIFE; from which we are taught to appreciate and become acquainted with ourselves.—It appears, then, our duty to observe well the passing scene, and not let it slip away without some remembrance of its importance, and it is not because we have had the good fortune to acquire a slight

acquaintance with Greek, a smattering of Latin, or picked up a few phrases of French, that we are to look down upon the rest of mankind with contempt, who have not the same opportunities of *exercising* their MINDS—and whether in our mixture with society we come in contact with the *erudite* index of a HORNE TOOKE, or the rough *nob* of *Caleb Baldwin*, the observer will not lose any thing, if it should not prove too much trouble to make a comparison—he will find, in the course of his investigation, that in the one, to what a pitch of excellence human nature can arrive at by study; and, he will also experience in the other, that even the wild flowers of Nature possess a certain indescribable something, which will arrest the traveller's attention, so as not to pass them by with indifference:—

> KNOW NATURE'S children shall divide her care,
> The fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a bear!

Paddington boasts its HERO, and *Westminster* her CHAMPION; and it is rather a *knotty* point, to decide which of those brave pugilists have fought the most battles.

CALEB STEPHEN RAMSBOTTOM, (otherwise BALDWIN) was born in Westminster, on the 22d of April, 1769, and is in height five feet six inches and a half, weighing nine stone eleven pounds; though in his regular battles he has never weighed that quantity by four pounds.

The renowned CALEB has been considered one of the best *bits of stuff* in the kingdom; and we believe, we are tolerably correct in inserting, that notwithstanding his numerous contests, he has proved the conqueror in all of them, excepting one *solitary* instance; and even *that*

we shall endeavour to prove, in its proper place, he was entitled to victory.

Whether GEORGE COLMAN, the Dramatist, had *Caleb* in his eye, when he penned the following lines, we cannot ascertain:—

> Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
> But meet like prize-fighters in a fair;
> Who first shake hands before they box,
> Then give each other mighty knocks,
> With all the loving kindness of a brother!

Yet, we are well assured, that he has *peeled* oftener than any other pugilist whatever, although possessing a disposition far from irritable, and not following pugilism as a profession, that it would require a small volume to detail his heroic achievements, and the various CUSTOMERS he has *disposed of*—the numerous GILLS he has *punished*—the LUSTY COVES he has *milled*—the RUFFIANS he has *doubled-up*—the SAUCY SWELLS he has *pinked*—the BOUNCES that he has *hit away*—and the FIGHTING MEN whom he has *conquered!*—we shall, therefore, endeavour to give the most prominent of his encounters:

CALEB's first *set-to* was about the year 1786, when a mere stripling, with one *Gregory*, on his native soil, Tothill Fields, for half-a-guinea; and, from the early specimen of the *science* exhibited by CALEB in *punishing* and conquering *Gregory*, who was every way his superior in point of manly proportion, he was considered as a promising pugilist.

CALEB had a sharp battle with *Jem Jones*, a Sweep, upon Wimbledon Common, for a guinea a side; but it appeared, that the *Sweep* would have been more profitably employed had he have continued follow-

ing his occupation in crying, "SWEEP, SOOT, HO!" than in encountering the potent fist of CALEB, to whom he *surrendered.*

The veteran *Tom Johnson*, who, valuing the qualities of CALEB, backed him for ten guineas, against *Arthur Smith*, a Gypsey, and the contest was decided near the Plough, Kelsey Green. It was a good battle; but the *Gypsey* had not only to return to his tribe with severe marks of *punishment*, but also defeated.

Jerry Matthews, a pugilist of some note, and who had acquired considerable fame in contending against *Mendoza* for two hours, challenged CALEB for ten guineas, and which contest was decided in Hyde Park. Poor *Jerry* was completely distanced and confounded: CALEB *punished* him so severely in the course of fifteen minutes, that *Jerry* was quite *panic-struck*, and *bolted* out of the ring with all convenient speed, to the no small astonishment of the spectators, who expected quite a different termination.

CALEB fought a Glass-blower, of the name of *Bill Burke*, on Beekley Heath, for ten guineas. It was a well contested battle; but in the event, the *Glass-blower* lost his wind, and acknowledged the superiority of CALEB's *bellows*.

A most desperate *turn-up* took place in Peter-street, Westminster, between one *Wadhams*, a Grenadier, six feet high, equally well proportioned, plenty of *pluck*, and gifted with prodigious strength, and CALEB BALDWIN. The *Grenadier* charged upon his enemy with uncommon fury, and it required no small fortitude to withstand the impetuosity of the shock; but CALEB, never afraid, notwithstanding the great difference of size and

weight between him and his opponent, relied upon his judgment to get rid of this *glutton*, who had a most inordinate appetite, and required almost more than could be given to *satisfy* his voracity. The *science* of CALEB at length prevailed, who so *punished* the *nob* of the *Grenadier*, that he could not put on his cap; and who was so determined upon beating his opponent, that he did not cry—ENOUGH, till he was totally blind.

CALEB entered the lists with *Bob Packer*, on Hounslow Heath, for twenty guineas. This was a well contested battle throughout; and it was not till after forty-five minutes had elapsed of most severe fighting, that *Packer* gave in.

A *Coal-whipper*, weighing fourteen stone, in Pye-street, Westminster, threatened, upon a trifling difference of opinion, to give CALEB a *hiding*; but the CHAMPION of that quarter was not thus to be frightened out of his title, and whose *bottom* was of too staunch a quality to put up with an affront pusillanimously, and, without farther hesitation, *peeled*, when a regular *set-to* commenced. It required all the *game* CALEB was master of, as well as *science*, to contend against the *Coal-whipper*, who displayed great courage and *gluttony*, and endeavoured to dispose of BALDWIN by sheer strength, and contended for *an hour* most heroically, although *punished* dreadfully, and hurt considerably from severe falls. It was one of the most dreadful street fights ever witnessed: and had it not been for the superior *science* manifested by CALEB, he must have been crushed, from the ponderous efforts of his opponent.

One *Jones* and BALDWIN had a *turn-up* also in Pye Street, which continued for three quarters of an hour.

The combatants were nearly upon an equality, *Jones* being five feet eight inches, not destitute of *bottom*, and some pretensions to the pugilistic art. It was a good fight, and some alternate turns of success were experienced; but the superiority of CALEB, for the last ten minutes, was evident, and *Jones* was not only terribly *milled*, but completely *satisfied* that he was conquered.

On December 22, 1800, one *Kelly*, an Irishman, fought CALEB at Wimbledon, for twenty guineas a side. The battle was decided in a quarter of an hour, during which short time, twelve rounds were most sharply contested, and CALEB showed himself off in a superior style, by *punishing* his opponent severely.

Upon the same stage on which *Belcher* and *Bourke* fought, at Hurley-bottom, on November 25, 1801, CALEB fought *Lee* a Butcher. The battle lasted for nearly half an hour, and was well contested by both the combatants—*skill* nor *bottom* was not wanting on either side; and it was not till about the seventeenth round, that it was decidedly in favour of BALDWIN, who proved the conqueror.

O'Donnel, a pugilist of considerable repute, was matched against CALEB, for a purse of fifty pounds, and which was decided upon Wimbledon Common, October 21, 1803. The odds were considerably in favour of BALDWIN.

First round.—Upon stripping, it was thought by some of the best informed of the *Fancy*, that, notwithstanding O'Donnel had proved successful in several battles, yet he appeared somewhat impressed with the superiority of his opponent's acquirements; however, after some little sparring, he put in the first hit, which was sharply returned by Caleb, and who, in closing shortly afterwards, threw O'Donnel.

Second.—The shyness of O'Donnel was immediately visible,

and Caleb, who is always *awake* to what is going on in these matters, endeavoured to convince O'Donnel that his fears were too well grounded, by sticking to him very close, and putting in some severe blows; but O'Donnel, from his knowledge of the *science*, warded off most of their serious effects, excepting a severe body-blow, which *levelled* him.

Third.—O'Donnel was up to his time; but he was in no condition to face his opponent, which Caleb, like a skilful general, endeavoured to improve upon so favourable an opportunity of making his conquest sure, and *punished* O'Donnel most severely, who could not get away from Caleb, and, in closing, O'Donnel went down. Four to one on Baldwin.

Fourth.—O'Donnel, rather recovered, began to exhibit a little gaiety, and his friends entertained hopes of a successful change, by the manly manner in which he contested this round. Caleb received several severe blows from him, one of which cut his right-eye, and, at the termination of the round, was thrown for the first time.

Fifth.—O'Donnel had the worst side, from the strong effects of the sun upon his face, and, with a deal of ingenuity, tried to manœuvre the Veteran out of his position; but Caleb was too good a judge. Several good blows were exchanged, and one of them *levelled* Baldwin. The *Paddies* were now all in high spirits, and they flattered themselves their champion would once more come through the piece, and began to bet a little.

Sixth.—O'Donnel now felt somewhat more confident, and went in to his man full of gaiety; but Caleb welcomed him with some prime salutes—O'Donnel, notwithstanding, put in such a tremendous *hit*, that made Caleb reel again; but who, on recovering the shock, with more temerity than judgment, dashed in, and knocked down O'Donnel.

Seventh.—O'Donnel, full of *pluck*, displayed some excellent *science;* and Caleb was not behind hand in showing his experience and abilities; and O'Donnel had so far gained upon his friends, that the betting was nearly even. Caleb, on the look out, perceived an opening, and put in a tremendous *hit* upon the kidnies of his opponent, that made him grin "a horrid ghastly smile!" and seemed nearly to deprive him of his faculties, and, in closing, Caleb threw O'Donnel with great ease.

Eighth and last.—O'Donnel came to his time; but evidently under symptoms of great pain, and could scarcely stand upright; while, on the contrary, Caleb, full of gaiety, showed off his powers in good style; and *punished* his opponent almost

as he pleased, and by way of a *finisher* to the contest, gave O'Donnel a severe cross-buttock: who immediately *gave in!*

In the above contest CALEB distinguished himself considerably; and in conquering O'Donnel raised his character as a pugilist.

CALEB now enterd the lists with *Dutch Sam*, at Woodford Green, near Hornsey, on August 7, 1804. It was a battle that had long excited considerable attention in the sporting world, from the great celebrity of the combatants. CALEB had for his second the veteran *George Maddox*, and *Paddington Jones* for his bottle-holder; and *Dutch* Sam was attended by *Bill Wood* and *Puss*. Upon stripping the odds were in favour of CALEB BALDWIN.

First round.—The spectators were extremely anxious to witness on which side the first advantage appeared—great expectations were placed upon Caleb, whose experience, well-known *bottom*, and scientific accomplishments, rendered him a finished Pugilist,—and Dutch Sam, was an object of considerable attraction among the *Fancy* in general; after some display of the art, Sam made a *hit*, which did not tell; but Caleb, eager for the fray, returned the compliment extremely sharp, and put in a desperate facer, that *levelled* his opponent. Three to one in favour of Caleb.

Second.—Sam felt impressed that he had a *trump* to deal against, and appeared rather shy of Caleb; when the latter full of spunk, and knowing there was no time to lose, when a favourable opportunity offered, *punished* away both right and left, treating Sam with a *prime taste* of his *milling* qualities, that *levelled* him once more with his mother earth.

Third.—Sam displayed a little more confidence, and put in some *hits;* but the superiority of CALEB was now manifest, who dealt out *punishment* so severely upon his opponent's frame, that upon the termination of this round, Sam positively declared to his second, he was beaten, and must GIVE IN: *but* Bill Wood *smothered the sound, and brought him forward again to face his man!*

The fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds were all in favour of

Caleb, and Sam was so perfectly convinced in his own mind, it was against him, and declared once more to his second that he could fight no longer; when Bill Wood *clapped a handkerchief upon his mouth, and would not let him speak, and assisted by* Puss, *they again brought him up to renew the contest!* which was continued with uncommon severity and both bleeding profusely, till the

Ninth.—When after the exchange of some good blows, Caleb put in a tremendous *hit* on Sam's temple, that brought him down instantly: and Sam appeared considerably depressed from its effects, and till the

Thirteenth.—The superiority of Caleb was manifest to all the spectators; and with the experience of a veteran pugilist, endeavoured to improve every favourable turn that presented itself. Caleb displayed good science, and Sam considerable talent; and the judgment and bottom exhibited on both sides were of the first quality—stopping dexterously, and returning sharply, were often discernible in both the combatants, till the

Twentieth.—When Caleb, for the first time, began to shew some slight symptoms of fatigue; and Sam seemed rather to be gaining ground till the

Twenty-third—When the Champion of Westminster was considered something on the decline, and although he put in several blows, they were not of any serious effect; while on the contrary, Sam appeared to increase in gaiety, and dealt out his hard blows, with considerable success, till the

Twenty-sixth.—When the decision of the battle was nearly left to the effect of chance, as both the combatants were so completely exhausted, *as not to be able to stand up at the appointed time*—and in this precarious state of things, if any proper criterion could have been established to form a judgment, which was the most likely of the two to prove the conqueror, it was Sam, whose exterior did not appear quite so much disfigured as his opponent; and it ought not to be passed over here without honorable mention, that Sam's conduct was highly praiseworthy, and his humanity conspicuous, in nobly disdaining to *hit* his brave adversary, who was already stunned from a severe blow of his left hand, and nearly in the act of falling, when Sam, instead of following up the advantage with his right, with a manly feeling made no use of it.

Thirty-seventh.—For the last ten rounds, Caleb was much distressed, and that true *game* which had been so truly distinguished in all his other battles, here, if possible, showed

itself greater than ever From his exhausted state, the blows of Caleb, although well meant, lost their effect. And it was with the greatest reluctance that his brave heart acknowledged that it was conquered, who had so long, and so often been *accustomed to the shouts of victory.*

Sam, in proving the victor, had not much to boast of, and who was so severely *punished*, that he could not have lasted much longer: and so strongly was he impressed with the valour and hardihood of CALEB; (who was by no means in good condition, from bad health at the time he fought,) that upon being matched to fight in the ensuing September, at the particular challenge of BALDWIN, for twenty guineas, he forfeited his deposit and declined.

CALEB entered the lists with BILL RYAN, on Blackheath, August 6. 1805, it was a long time in agitation. and a good fight expected. *Ryan*, was the son of the celebrated pugilist of that name, and who had acquired considerable reputation as a good boxer, and the amateurs in general, flattered themselves with a grand display of the *science*. CALEB had for his second the *Game Chicken*; and *Paddington Jones* performed that office for *Ryan*. The odds were rather in favour of CALEB.

First round.—Considerable *science* was displayed between the combatants, and every manœuvre was tried for the first advantage, when Caleb put in right and left, and closing, they both fell.

Second.—Caleb full of spirit put in a good blow, and during the act of closing, Ryan gave his opponent a severe facer, n they both went down.

Third.—Caleb showed himself well versed in the art, and put in some severe body blows with considerable neatness; when Ryan quite impetuous, rushed in and threw his opponent.

Fourth—Caleb full of gaiety, and taking the advantage of an opening, gave his adversary a severe blow over the eye, which soon puffed it up, and put it into *mourning*—some good blows

were exchanged between the combatants, but Caleb took the lead, and finished the round in style, by making Ryan perform a somerset against his will.

Fifth.—Pelting away on both sides, and firmness was the order of the day; but Caleb was the most prominent in the scene; and in closing, fell uppermost.

Tenth.—During the last four rounds, Caleb was the hero of the tale, and it was difficult which to admire the most, the *science* he displayed, or the courage he exhibited; and proved himself perfectly entitled to the term of a thoroughbred boxer.

Eleventh.—Caleb went in with great celerity, and treated the spectators with another pantomimical touch, by making his opponent display another somerset.

Twelfth.—Reflection manifested on both sides, and some good sparring witnessed: Ryan, having felt the severe effects of Caleb's powers, appeared rather shy, which Caleb observing, as if to increase his terrors, put in a dreadful *hit* upon his *nob*, that *levelled* him in a twinkling.

Thirteenth.—Caleb, elated with success, repeated the blow with increased advantage, and Ryan fell from its great severity. Five to one on Caleb.

Fourteenth.—Caleb still keeping the superiority.

Fifteenth.—Ryan did not much like his opponent, and was rather shy upon *setting-to;* but rising superior to any thing like despondency, he made a good rally, and brought the old adage to the mind of the spectator, that *a battle is never won, till it is lost!* and put in some good *hits*. It was thought that a little falling off, appeared about Caleb: he had been uncommonly active, and seemed to feel the effects of his efforts.

Sixteenth.—Ryan, a little renovated, became an object of attraction in turn, and endeavoured to show that he was *now* the strongest man: and gave convincing proofs of it, till the

Twenty-first.—When Ryan, although much exhausted, pourtrayed the most gaiety, and showed that he still possessed strength enough to throw his opponent.

Twenty-second—Caleb, like a Hero of the first stamp, who upon finding the citadel in danger, summoned all his courage to prevent demolition; but he had to contend against a more powerful opponent than his daring adversary.—Nature was on the decline, and he was compelled to substitute *spirit* for STAMINA—the *science* of CALEB was still the same, but the *strength* of BALDWIN was going, if not almost extinct; and who, nevertheless, put in some well meant blows, but they

were mere *hits*, of no effect; and *Ryan* not only *punished* but *levelled* the brave veteran.

Twenty-sixth—Caleb's *game* was not departed, and he came again, and while falling from exhaustation, his opponent struck him. "Foul, foul" was vociferated, and, *sans ceremonie*, the ring was instantly broken—and it is utterly impossible to detail any thing like the *arguments* that were made use of to convince each other of their opinions being grounded in error—*Babel* could not have been worse; and how it would have terminated, it is difficult to conjecture, had not the dragoons, at this precise juncture, interfered and closed the debates.

The battle was decided as *drawn*—and both the combatants, if they gained nothing else, retired with the receipt of plenty of hard blows, after half an hour's complete *milling*.

CALEB has long been an interesting and attractive object in the *Fancy;* and a public character in the Metropolis, as one of the most lively of the race of *costard-mongers:*—As a pugilist, CALEB stands high upon the roll of fame: and

His *pugilistic* deeds have ranked him with the great!

though not the proud and elevated Champion of England; yet let it be remembered that he retained for many, many years, the title of *unconquered champion* of his native soil, WESTMINSTER. His courage has never been doubted—his pretensions to the *science* never questioned, and throughout the whole of his very extensive practice universally admitted, a sound pugilist, possessing an integrity unimpeachable.

Either for a *turn-up*, in the ring, or upon the *stage*, CALEB is perfectly *at home!* and never shy in sporting his *canvass*, when the necessity of the case demands an *appeal* for decision; and for his weight, few *harder hitters* are to be found: and some of whose pupils, have turned out to be *milling coves* of first rate preten-

sions. Also in his dominions, considerable allegiance is paid by the *natives* to their avowed and admired CHAMPION; and whose *opinion* in matters of *sport* command great attention and deference: and whither all sorts of the *Fanciers* resort to witness the exhibition of some of the *primest* of the OLD ENGLISH SPORTS, and to partake of a *bit of life!*

Tothill downs has long been a favorite spot for variegated scenes, and where the game *donnok* is frequently baited with all its *rich* accompaniments—the badger drawed in the most finished style—*neddies* display their celerity *after* the manner of *Chilibi*, in leaving their unsophisticated riders behind them—*tykes*, sported by their *knowing* proprietors, for pedigree and bottom, equal to a race-horse, and *set-to* with all the regularity of a *milling-match*—and where many a *novice* has stripped to show fight, who has soon been matured into a good professor. The groups of characters, assembled here at times, are some of Nature's rarest moulds—from the *bit* of blood, down to the flash kid: and where those from the *monkey* soon loose their *greenness*, enlivening the flashes of the *shanty gatter!* and it only requires a *peep* into those dominions, to prove *that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives!*

CALEB, although perhaps not so conversant in *high Kent*, as the at celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew, or flash Parker; yet, he is *down as a hammer* to the *slum* of the modern Greeks—and has an undisputed claim to the title of an—ORIGINAL. In private life he is a civil well-behaved man, and remarkably inoffensive; and notwithstanding he possesses all the qualities of a distinguished pugilist, no man is more attentive or industrious to obtain a livelihood by his calling, than the veteran Champion of Westminster, CALEB BALDWIN.

CELEBRATED PUGILISTS

SINCE THE DAYS OF THE RENOWNED

CHAMPION JAMES BELCHER.

I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

JACK O'DONNEL;

Thumps follow thumps, and blows succeeding blows,
Swell the black eye, and crush the bleeding nose:
Beneath the pond'rous fist the jaw-bone cracks,
And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks!

G. B. K.

Was a native of Ireland, who left the *sod* at a very early period of his life, in quest of fame, and was not long in finding his way to the *long town*, (London) so called by his countrymen; entertaining a tolerable sound opinion, that if an individual is to obtain notoriety from possessing excellence, in any science whatever, that it is the Metropolis, where it will be quickly discerned, and his friends augment accordingly as he advances towards perfection. O'DONNEL was not deceived, and upon pourtraying some pretensions to the gymnastic art, several friends stepped forward, and placed him under the tuition of an eminent professor; where he improved so fast in the acquirements of the *science*, as not

only to stamp him a pugilist of considerable rank, but to raise him in the eyes of his countrymen as their future Champion, and to remind them of their proud days, when PETER CORCORAN flourished in all his greatness. At the age of eighteen, O'DONNEL was matched against *Pardo Wilson*, (related to the family of the BELCHERS) for twenty guineas a side, to fight at Wormwood Scrubbs, on October 26, 1812.

Pardo Wilson was a pugilist of some experience, and displayed considerable *science* throughout the fight; but, after ten rounds of hard fighting, during which O'DONNEL evinced great superiority of skill and strength, *Wilson* surrendered, completely exhausted. The *Paddies* were so elated, that they carried their hero off in triumph.

In about three weeks after the above contest, O'DONNEL entered the lists with one *Smith*, a Boot-closer, at Wormwood Scrubbs, on November 15, 1802, for twenty guineas. This was not only a sharp but scientific conflict, and O'DONNEL raised himself considerably in the estimation of the *sporting world*, by the talents and *bottom* he displayed throughout *forty eight* rounds, occupying one hour and twenty minutes, O'DONNEL was borne off amidst the smiles of victory, and the praises of his countrymen.

O'DONNEL was to have fought one *Henigan*, on January 18, 1803; but upon the night previous, they were both bound over to keep the peace.

O'DONNEL was matched against CALEB BALDWIN, (see page 307) but unfortunately being defeated—MARK THE DIFFERENCE!!!—*no smiles! no shouts! no shoulders offered to support the drooping hero!* but placed in a

hackney coach, to groan and reflect upon the reverse of fortune! Any comment is unnecessary!!!

O'DONNEL contended with *Tom Belcher* for a subscription purse of twenty guineas, at Shepperton Common, Surrey, on April 27, 1805; but was compelled to surrender to the superiority of that distinguished hero.

O'DONNEL, (who had been overcome by one *Emery*, a man much stronger, taller, and heavier by two stone, than himself, when in a bad state of health) now entered the lists with *Emery*, at Hodgsdon Green, near the Six Bridges on the Paddington Canal. O'DONNEL had for his second, *Tom Blake*, and for his bottle-holder, *Bill Ryan*; and *Emery* was attended by *Tom Jones* and *White*; it was for fifty guineas, and took place December 5, 1805. This was a contest of *strength* against *skill*, and, for the first part of the battle, *strength* prevailed; but when that quality lost its force, *science* appeared with double advantage in acting on the defensive, and, at the same time, putting in the most tremendous *punishment*. At the expiration of forty-nine minutes, *Emery* was so completely *served out*, that he could scarcely stand, paying dearly for his temerity.

O'DONNEL fought a novice, at Wilsdon Green, on June 3, 1806, of the name of *Wasdale*, a Spital Fields Weaver, for twenty guineas. *Wasdale*, it appears, had *milled* several of his neighbours, and, from his size and weight, had created considerable terror, and who flattered himself he had some pretensions to pugilism, and was weak enough to risk twenty guineas against so accomplished a pugilist as O'DONNEL. The *Weaver* was completely in the *basket*, and never was any attempt so wretched; O'DONNEL *milled* him in all directions, and

perfectly convinced *Wasdale* how much he had deceived himself when he imagined he could fight. The odds were twenty to one on O'DONNEL, after three rounds.

O'DONNEL had been engaged in several other contests, and who was looked upon as an elegant fighter, ranked as a pugilist of considerable pretensions, and who had received great encouragement, and might have ensured many friends, had not his laurels been blighted, by the despicableness of his conduct, in taking possession *of what was not his own!* but, however painful it is to state, it becomes our duty not to withhold the truth, when it might operate as an example, tending to benefit and deter others from falling into the same error:—

> The purest treasure mortal times afford,
> Is spotless reputation: that away,
> Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

JOE BERKS, otherwise BOURKE,

Was rendered an object of considerable notoriety in the *sporting world*, from his daring conflicts with *Jem Belcher*, and his tremendous battles with the *Game Chicken*. Although victory stood aloof from his brave endeavours, yet it must be allowed, that BERKS was a boxer of extraordinary fortitude, and displayed *game* upon the above trying occasions, almost unequalled. It is difficult to ascertain, (in the pugilistic phrase) whether he was the greater *ruffian* or *glutton*; but such a union of those powerful qualities, was scarcely ever observed in one man:—IMPETUOSITY was his forte, and *science* he smiled at, although he fell so often from its decisive effects, that, throughout all his battles, he was DESPERA-

TION *itself!* and was, most undoubtedly, one of the most tremendous boxers in the whole race of modern pugilists, and who required no trifling *punisher* to make him cry out—*enough!* Notwithstanding the dreadful *millings* that he received from *Belcher*, the *Chicken*, and *Gregson*, the quickness of his recovery was truly astonishing, pourtraying the hardihood of his nature, and the excellence of his constitution—in short, to sum up his pretensions to pugilism, it is but common justice to state, that BERKS, though he could not claim eminence as a *scientific* boxer, stood as high as any of them upon the list, in point of bravery.

BERKS was a native of Shropshire, born at a place called Wem, of Irish descent, extremely well made, and of muscular appearance, not far off six feet in height, and in weight about thirteen stone. The severe cut across his nose (which is observed in the likeness given of him in No. 10, and the only one that was ever taken) he received in one of his battles with *Belcher*. BERKS, whether from his numerous *defeats*, or conceiving himself *neglected*, we cannot ascertain; but, unfortunately for himself and character, he deviated from that path of rectitude, which no man ought to lose sight of in every station of life, or even labouring under the greatest extremity, but should endeavour to make INTEGRITY conquer *difficulties!*

'Tis GOLD
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man; what
Can it not DO, *and* UNDO?

Through the great exertions and humanity of Mr. *Jackson*, to alleviate the sufferings of a fellow-creature in distress, we understand, BERKS was liberated from his unhappy state, and obtained the situation of a non-commissioned officer in one of his Majesty's regiments on foreign service.

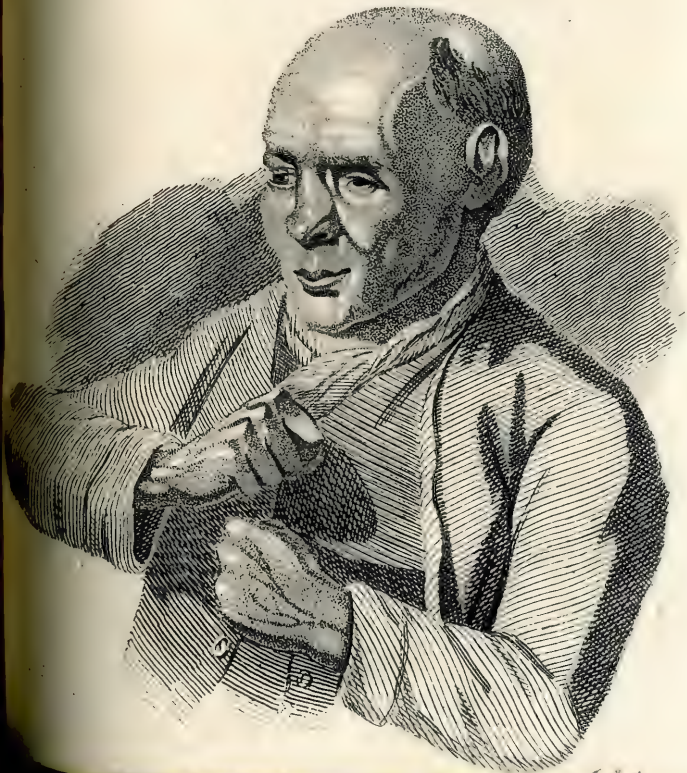
DUTCH SAM.

The *primest* BOXER on the list
And *hardest hitter* with the fist;
The knowingest COVE for a *mill!*
Stor'd with *flash*, and stock'd with *skill*,
For *stopping*, *hitting*, down to *fib*—
Not inferior to mighty CRIB!
Bold and humane throughout the fight,
Judging his *distances* ever right;
A pugilist that's firm and tough,
Who ne'er cried out, *Hold!*—ENOUGH!

His want of height and weight preclude him from obtaining the elevated title of CHAMPION—but his pretensions to pugilism, in every other point of view, render him, by comparison, one of (if not) the best fighting men in the kingdom. In the pugilistic world he is viewed as a phenomenon, and it is the opinion of the *Fancy*, that, since the days of *Jem Belcher*, few men have put in such strong claims to excellence in boxing as DUTCH SAM, whose knowledge of the *science* is generally admitted complete, and his style of fighting, in many instances, perfectly original.

It appears that SAM was first noticed by *Harry Lee*,

DUTCH SAM.



BLACK SMITH, Generally called BUCKHORSE.

and under his auspices, from the following circumstance, was introduced into the circle of Boxers:—*Lee*, on his return home from Enfield, on the day that *Belcher* and *Bourke* were to have fought, (October 12, 1801) witnessed SAM fighting with a man by the roadside, very much his superior as to size and weight, and, from the excellence which he displayed in that contest, *Lee* distinguished those peculiar traits in the youthful *tyro*, which have since proved his judgment correct, and, matured by time and practice, placed SAM as a first-rate boxer, and stamped him a complete pugilistic HERO.

SAM is in height about five feet six inches and a half, weighing only nine stone four pounds, (never exceeding eight) and rather of a robust make; and who has, notwithstanding, vanquished some of the best *ten* and *twelve* stone bruisers in the country.

Possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, he watches the movements of his opponents with considerable accuracy, and his potent arm ever ready to second so invaluable a director, that, in general, his *distances* are excellently well judged, rendering his blows powerful and effective; and it is thought that few boxers throw less *hits* away than DUTCH SAM; and though manifesting great ingenuity in avoiding the blows of his adversary, his facility in giving most severe *punishment*, in the return, is truly prominent. Ever on the wing, he assumes, as the necessity of the moment requires, either an offensive or defensive position, with much adroitness.

As a *hard hitter*, we except no pugilist whatever—*Cudley* never struck with more force, or *Crib* with greater ponderosity, than SAM, whose blows are truly dreadful to encounter; and it has been the publicly expressed

opinion of one of the most experienced and scientific pugilists in England, that he would be a complete match for the mighty *Crib*, provided they were only to strike blow for blow; and *Cropley*, who has entered the lists with *Tom Belcher* and DUTCH SAM, has since declared, that he would sooner receive HALF AN HOUR'S *milling* from the former, than FIVE MINUTES *punishment* from the latter.

Among his own persuasion (the Jews) he is an object of great notoriety; and no money is ever wanting to back him upon any pugilistic occasion—his INTEGRITY having been proved of the first quality:—

> Good name in man and woman,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
> Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed!

and we are credibly informed, that SAM was once *tampered* with by the offer of A THOUSAND POUNDS to *lose* a battle, on which great sums had been betted; but he spurned such a base attempt to degrade his character, with becoming spirit and indignation; and thereby preserved an unsullied reputation.

No pugilist appears to *time* his fights with so much solid judgment as SAM; in fact, he almost reduces his conquests to a certainty, by weighing them well in his mind, that if the pending battle in which he may be engaged, does not appear quite clear to him, he is off, and forfeits his deposit.

NATURE has done wonders for him respecting a most

excellent constitution; but to such a fine requisite he pays no attention whatever towards its preservation—*training* to SAM is but of little use, as his existence might be endangered from indigestion, if the coats of his stomach were not well diluted with *copious libations* of DEADY'S *brilliant fluid*; and which must be procured for him at all events, either directly, or under the *rose!* Those who know him best, would feel no hesitation whatever in (if not give a preference to) matching him at a day's notice, instead of a month's *training!*

Regarding his mental acquirements, SAM is *flash* to the very ECHO; and, it is thought, that no individual could pourtray, in richer colours the *adventures* of a CABBEROOSE, than the character in question, and who, in the *slang chronicles*, would be denominated, a GAMMONER of the first brilliancy, *down* to all the tricks of life, and not to be *had* upon any *suit* whatever!

SAM'S first regular *set-to* was with the veteran *Caleb Baldwin*, see page 309.

SAM entered the lists with *Britton*, a Bristol hero, (a pugilist of no mean pretensions, and who had fought *Jem Belcher* for half an hour, when *Jem* was in his prime) on April 27, 1805, at Shepperton Common, Surrey. It was a well contested battle—and, after considerable *game* and *science* being displayed on both sides, during thirty rounds, SAM was declared the conqueror.

SAM was, at length, matched to fight with *Tom Belcher*, for one hundred guineas, on February 8, 1806, at Moulsey Hurst, in a roped ring. *Gulley* seconded *Tom Belcher*, and *Dick Whale* was his bottle-holder; the attendants upon DUTCH SAM were *Mendoza*

and *Tom Blake*. Bets were extremely *flush*, but no odds offered.

First round.—Great expectations were formed of a complete display of the *science*, and the eyes of every spectator were on the alert, in viewing the attempts of his favourite hero—Sam throwed out a lure; but Tom was not to be *had*, and made a good *hit*, which was quickly returned by the Jew; and Belcher, in endeavouring not to be behind hand, lost his equilibrium in putting in a blow, and fell.

Second.—Belcher, extremely active, and with good effect, hit his opponent right and left—Sam slightly returned, when they closed and fell.

Third.—Sam tried to *punish* Tom's ribs, but Belcher's guard was too secure, and gave him a good *hit* for his intention; they closed and fell. Five to four on Belcher.

Fourth.—In this round Tom proved himself to be a first-rate pugilist, his *science* was truly eminent, and he appeared the most prominent hero of the two; notwithstanding Sam's rallying, he warded off his strength with great dexterity, and *punished* away with his right hand; but Sam, by dint of stamina, threw his opponent.

Fifth.—Of no importance.

Sixth.—Both the combatants intent upon losing no time, and several severe blows were exchanged; but in favour of Tom, who stopped the desperate *hits* of his antagonist with singular adroitness.

Seventh.—Tom, in a rally, made his opponent's head rattle again; but Sam received the shock undaunted, and hit Belcher on the eye; in closing they both went down.

Eighth.—Both pelting away, when Belcher threw Sam. Two to one on Tom.

Ninth.—Belcher some little the worse for his exertions, which Sam perceiving, ran in, and knocked him down.

Tenth.—Belcher tried to *punish* his opponent's *nob*; but without effect, and fell through exhaustion, after Sam had rallied. The odds now shifted, and seven to four were offered upon Sam.

Eleventh.—Hitting and stopping, on both sides dexterously managed; and in closing, Sam fell uppermost.

Twelfth.—Belcher made the best of himself, and showed off

rather gay; but his blows were without effect, and he fell, to all appearance much enfeebled. Two to one on Sam.

Thirteenth.—Tom, somewhat recovered, made his opponent's head feel the effects of it, which rendered him so shy, that Belcher went in, and without difficulty threw him.

Fourteenth and fifteenth.—Belcher was again looked up to, and Sam still shy. Even betting.

Sixteenth.—Sam, impetuous, endeavoured to *serve* Tom out, and followed him round the ring; but Belcher paid him for his temerity.

Seventeenth.—The *science* displayed by Tom in this round was truly excellent—his *distances* well judged, and his blows told. Odds six to five on Belcher.

Twenty-fourth.—In the last six rounds, Belcher took the lead—but both the combatants were on the decline, and though several *hits* were exchanged, they were not effective.

Twenty-fifth.—Belcher, although weak, appeared so formidable in the eyes of his opponent, that Sam did not like to meet him.

Twenty-sixth.—Belcher, without hesitation, put in a good *facer*, and concluded the round by throwing Sam. Tom the favourite, and the odds laid upon him.

Twenty-ninth.—In the last two rounds, Belcher continued to exert himself in the best manner; but still he betrayed great weakness.

As far as *science* could protract, and *bottom* render it assistance, they were manifested by *Tom Belcher* in the above contest, who continued fighting till the FIFTY-SEVENTH round, when Nature so completely forsook him, that he was compelled, though reluctantly, to *give in.*

The friends of *Belcher* were not satisfied as to the result of the above battle, and *Tom* was backed for two hundred guineas to fight DUTCH SAM, on July 28, 1807, at Moulsey Hurst, in a twenty-eight feet roped ring. SAM had for his second, *Mendoza*, and *Britton* for his bottle-holder; and *Belcher* was attended by *Bill Ward* and *Watson.*

First round.—Eager to commence offensive operations, Sam attempted to plant a severe blow on his opponent's ribs; but failed, when Tom *nobbed* him with two terrible *hits*, and got away—*science* now made its appearance for a short period, when Sam rallied, and, in closing, he fell uppermost.

Second.—Sam incorrect in his *distance*, but, notwithstanding, put in a severe right-handed blow on Tom's loins, which Belcher returned by a tremendous *facer*—some sparring now took place, when Sam put in so severe a blow upon his adversary's neck, that brought him down.

Third.—Sam firm and confident, and Belcher equally *game*, both pelting away, and good judgment displayed on both sides; in closing, Belcher was thrown.

Fourth.—Both the faces of the combatants betrayed visible alteration—Belcher's nose bled copiously; and Sam's eye was much swelled. Belcher put in a hard *facer*, and Sam, in closing, threw his adversary with great violence.

Fifth.—A better round was never witnessed in any fight whatever—*science*, activity, and *bottom*, were all upon the alert—Sam made a rally, and many good *hits* were exchanged, when they closed; but, on disengaging themselves, Tom rallied, who, nevertheless, had the worst of it, and went down from a slight blow from his opponent. Five to four on Sam.

Sixth.—Both on their mettle, and good *hits* exchanged.—Belcher stopped some severe blows; but fell rather weak. Six to four on Sam.

Seventh.—Rather an irregular round; but, in closing, Sam threw Belcher on his head.

Eighth.—Of no note.

Ninth.—Belcher planted two severe *hits*, right and left, in his antagonist's face, and threw Sam most desperately.

Tenth.—Sam, in return, after putting a heavy blow in the body, threw Tom.

Eleventh.—Belcher stopped his antagonist's *hits* with great *science*; and, in closing, Sam went down.

Twelfth.—Belcher on the look-out, anxiously endeavouring to save himself; but Sam followed him, and brought him down.

Thirteenth.—Tom stopped two blows with great neatness, and returned a most desperate *hit*; the effects of which Sam felt severely, and soon after fell, much exhausted.

Fourteenth.—Sam's eyes were now in *mourning*, and Tom's left side showed the marks of his antagonist's fist, upon which place Sam put in a severe blow, when they closed, and Sam went to the ground.

Fifteenth.—Extremely irregular—retreating, hugging, &c. Tom fell, from weakness. Seven to four on Sam.

Sixteenth.—Rallying on both sides, and several severe *hits* were exchanged; in closing, Belcher threw his opponent.

Nineteenth.—Hard fighting, and both of the combatants, trying for superiority at arm's length, fell from each other's blows.

Twentieth.—Sam put in a blow on his opponent's nose; but, in closing, Sam went down.

Twenty-first.—The conflict was now desperate; hitting and stopping without delay; but rather in favour of Sam.

Twenty-sixth.—Belcher, full of courage, showed himself master of the *science*, by his dexterity in stopping, and returning with severity.

Twenty-seventh.—Belcher on the decline; and his friends not sanguine; Sam hit him three desperate blows on his already *punished* side; but Tom notwithstanding, threw his opponent.

Twenty-eighth.—Belcher fell from the severe *hits* he received upon his head. Three to one upon Sam.

Twenty-ninth.—The *science* of Belcher was still prominent; but he wanted strength to render it effective, and was thrown.

Thirtieth.—Sam's eyes were nearly darkened; but he was still gay, and, in rallying, knocked Tom down. Four to one upon Sam.

Thirty-first.—Tom now convinced the spectators that he was not only entitled to the character of a scientific, but a *game* pugilist—his courage was truly admirable; but the chance was positively against him, and Sam was no stranger to the circumstance.

Thirty-second.—Belcher, in rallying, fell from weakness.

Thirty-third.—Tom's exhausted appearance was visible; but his brave heart, still anxious to contend, although Nature refused to second his efforts—his blows were of no effect, and he fell from complete inability to proceed.

Thirty-fourth and last round.—Which terminated in a man-

ner quite unexpected—Tom, in making a *hit* at his opponent, fell upon his knees; and Sam, in returning, struck him—upon which, the cries of "foul!" were immediately heard. It was a sort of straw to catch hold of, and the advantage was taken of the circumstance—the umpires, in giving their opinions, were in opposition to each other, and it was some difficulty to get that *point* settled to the satisfaction of all parties; it was then decided in favour of Sam; subject to future consideration.—After considerable arguments at various meetings, and PRECEDENTS resorted to, upon similar occasions, it was finally decided as a *drawn battle*, and that a THIRD appeal should be made, which took place

On Friday, August 21, 1807, on Lowfield Common, near Crawley, in Sussex, in a thirty-feet roped ring, and that the following article of *Broughton's* rules was to be decisive:—

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

DUTCH SAM was seconded by *Mendoza*, and *Bitton* was his bottle-holder; and *Tom Belcher* was attended by *Gulley* and *Ward*.

First round.—Considerable anxiety was manifested upon the combatants *setting-to*, and the *interested* spectators were much agitated with hopes and fears, upon the decision of this THIRD contest between two such distinguished pugilists:—Sam made a feint with his left hand, and endeavoured with his right to *hit* Tom's ribs; but they were stopped, and Belcher returned feebly with his left hand, and, in closing, Sam was underneath.

Second.—Sam going in to rally, Tom *hit* him right and left, and likewise stopped two blows. In closing, Belcher was thrown. Betting now commenced—Five to two on Sam.

Third.—Sam extremely cautious till he had got his proper *distance*, when, after making a left-handed feint, he put in a terrible blow under Belcher's left eye, that brought the *claret* out in abundance, and its effects were so severe, that Tom was confused, and who, upon exchanging a *hit*, was thrown. Three to one on Sam.

Fourth.—Both rallying, and exchanging *hits* at arm's-length—no advantage on either side; but the strength of Sam was prominent in closing, who threw his opponent.

Fifth.—A most excellent round; but rather in favour of Belcher. Sam rallied; but without effect, as Belcher *hit* him off: notwithstanding, Sam closed, disengaged, and commenced another rally; when Tom put in a most tremendous blow upon the left eye of his opponent, and also threw him a heavy fall.

Sixth.—Desperate fighting—both exhausted, and fell together.

Seventh.—Belcher put in two slight *hits*; when they closed irregularly, and fell.

Eighth.—Rallying and good *science* prominent on both sides—hitting and stopping in good style, till they both fell. Belcher manifested first weakness.

Ninth.—Sam incorrect in his *distances*, his blows did not tell; and Belcher gave him a severe fall. Four to one on Sam.

Tenth.—Belcher *hit* his opponent slightly; when Sam threw him.

Eleventh.—Sam, full of strength, rallied desperately, which was followed up by Tom; but in favour of the Jew. Sam's blows were dreadful, and Belcher's face and body suffered materially, when he fell from weakness.

Twelfth.—No blows were given. Tom ran himself down. All betters, but no one sanguine enough to take them.

Thirteenth.—Sam followed the steps of his opponent, and ran himself down.

Fourteenth.—Belcher somewhat shy from the severe beating which he had received, and fell from two of Sam's right-handed body blows.

Fifteenth.—Belcher made every effort to put in some good *hits*; but they were too feeble to do any execution, and fell from weakness, while rallying.

Sixteenth.—Of no importance, except both the combatants, after closing, appeared to fall from exhaustion.

Seventeenth.—Belcher, in attempting to *hit* his opponent, was stopped, and, in closing, Tom fell between his adversary's arms on his knees: but Sam, who was too strongly impressed with the articles, held up his hands, to show that no foul blows should put an end to this contest.

Eighteenth.—Sam, in closing, got his opponent's head under his arm, and *fibbed* Belcher so severely, that he dropped.

Nineteenth.—Tom fell on his knees; but Sam was on his guard, and only smiled.

Twentieth.—Sam beat his opponent to the ropes with considerable ease.

Twenty-first.—Belcher still suffering under Sam's superior strength.

Twenty-second.—Belcher, rather recovered, obtained some little advantage.

Twenty-third.—Belcher, still livelier, contended spiritedly, till they both fell, and lay all along on the ground.

Twenty-fourth.—Belcher completely astonished his friends by his fine *game* and resolution, and obtained considerable advantage in a desperate rally, when they both fell, quite exhausted.

Twenty-fifth.—Tom's superiority in the *science* of boxing was truly conspicuous in this round, his blows were well directed, but not effective.

Twenty-sixth.—Belcher still the best; and Sam, to avoid Tom's favourite right-handed body blow, threw himself on his face.

Twenty-seventh.—Sam received a heavy fall, after some irregular fighting.

Twenty-eighth.—Belcher claimed considerable respect and attention, from the fine style in which he gained the superiority over his opponent; and also in giving Sam a very severe fall.

Twenty-ninth and thirtieth.—Good rallies took place in both these rounds; but rather in favour of Belcher.

From the thirty-first to the thirty-sixth round, it was evident to the spectators that Belcher could not win. The ferocity of Sam was tremendous in the extreme; he followed his opponent to all parts of the ring, putting in dreadful *facers* and body-blows, dealing out death-like *punishment,* till his brave opponent fell, quite exhausted; when his brother Jem took him out of the ring in the most feeble state, and placed him in a gentleman's chariot. It was on the left side, from the kidneys to the crown of the head, where Tom was so severely beaten. Sam's principal injury was a blow under the left eye, and some trifling marks; who dressed himself with perfect indifference before he left the ring.

Sam entered the lists with *Bill Cropley*, on May 10, 1808, in Sir *John Sebright's* Park, Hertfordshire. *Cropley* is a fine well-made young man, and possessing stamina of the first quality, that an opinion was entertained by several of the amateurs, that Sam would never be able to overcome such an invaluable requisite. It was a well-contested battle for twenty-five minutes; but Sam was the favourite after the first three rounds, and not declared the conqueror till *Cropley* was quite exhausted.

A match was made between SAM and a respectable tradesman for two hundred guineas, of the name of *Medley*, and which took place at Moulsey Hurst, on May 31, 1810. Whether it was owing to a quarrel between the parties, or merely respecting the honours of pugilism, we have not ascertained; but considerable interest was excited in the *sporting world*, as to its issue, *Medley* being a heavier man than SAM, and felt so confident as to his powers, that he put down his own stake: as a *sparrer* he had given convincing proofs of his knowledge of the *science*; but his manhood had never been practically put to the test; yet SAM did not view him with indifference—and in the first instance forfeited his deposit. SAM was seconded by *Harry Lee*, and *Puss* was his bottle-holder; and *Medley* was attended by his brother and *Crib*. The odds were greatly in favour of SAM. Throughout a long fight of *forty-nine* rounds, SAM maintained the superiority—his *punishment* was dreadful in the extreme, and it was owing to this gift, that he obtained the victory. *Medley's science* was by no means superficial, and his *game* would have done honour to the first-rate boxer; but his blows, however well directed, were not effective—they were showy, instead of telling; his appearance was truly ghastly, and he bled in every direction. SAM's humanity was nobly exemplified in the above contest, and much as his abilities were to be admired, his feeling claimed a greater attention.

That respect we owe to *impartiality* forbids us to pass over the following *turn-up* without some comment, in which the laurels of DUTCH SAM were in danger of being wrested from his brow. In passing over Wimbledon Common, in 1805, near to which he was in *training*,

he met with a Butcher, of the name of *Jem Brown*, of Wandsworth, and, after a few words having passed between them, an immediate appeal was made to the *fist*.

The *Butcher*, most certainly, had the best of it, and *levelled* his opponent two or three times—when SAM *declined proceeding any further at* THAT *time*; and whether from INABILITY, or from feeling the impropriety of risking the issue of a private *row*, which might have prevented him from fulfilling his public engagement, and in the event of it, perhaps, made him lose *that* battle, can only be decided by himself—but a tolerably general opinion has been entertained, that *Brown*, in a regular contest with SAM, would soon be disposed of.

In the vicinity of St. George's Fields, a man of the name of *Jones*, a Limner, and a neighbour of DUTCH SAM's, who valued himself upon his *milling* qualities, publicly declared, that he was the Champion of that quarter, and had frequently importuned SAM to have a *set-to*; but who always declined. It happened that one evening, shortly after the above declaration, SAM was regaling himself at a public house, near the *Limner's* dwelling, till glass succeeding glass of DEADY's *brilliant fluid*, had nearly obliterated all the things of this world from SAM's pericranium, when *Jones*, learning the circumstance, soon entered the premises, and endeavoured to provoke SAM, in this debilitated state, to a combat, but in vain; upon which *Jones* immediately struck him. This was too much; and SAM, reeling to and fro, returned it, and, scarcely intelligible, inquired "whether he was doing right or wrong to defend himself," and who immediately went into the street to decide it. SAM, notwithstanding his intoxicated state, appeared to have

the advantage, when *Jones* seized him by the hair of his head, threw him down, and beat him violently upon the stones; this act of cruelty operated contrary in its effects to what was expected by its perpetrator, by awakening SAM to a better recollection of what he was about, who started up, exclaiming,—"Take care, take care, for now I'm coming!" and put in such a *stomacher* as nearly deprived *Jones* of his breath, and following it up by a tremendous *hit* over his eye, *levelled* this brute with the mud; who was so completely *satisfied*, that he would not encounter SAM's fist any more. *Jones* weighed thirteen stone six pounds; and, though destitute of propriety, was not without considerable pretensions to the *science*; but who was severely taught the folly of vain boasting!

BOXING is not only a *national*, but a noble propensity, and, in its proper application, has raised the valour and manly intrepidity of the English nation, eminently conspicuous over all others, from its practice; but when, unfortunately, perverted—and when any of its professors turn it into an engine against that public, from whom they have been supported and cherished, it degenerates into brutality, and renders its name despicable. PUGILISM, we are sorry to observe, never lost its importance so much in the esteem of the nation, as in the late O. P. disturbance at Covent-Garden Theatre, when some of its first-rate professors *suffered themselves to be* HIRED *to* intimidate *and* impede *the people from obtaining their rights and liberties!* Names might be mentioned, as we are in possession of them; but we trust, that a friendly hint will prove more than sufficient to point out the impropriety of such proceedings; and that, in future, good

sense will reign predominant, by preventing the repetition of such disgraceful conduct.

'Tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that?
Those (PUGILISTS) that have free souls, it touches us not,
Let the gall'd wince, our withers are unwrung!

TOM BELCHER:

From SLACK descended—mighty name!
Great Hero of the Fist—
Conquering BROUGHTON, rais'd *his* fame,
Then first upon the list.

His grandson, JEM—a Champion rare!
Did honour to the cause—
And TOM and NED, with anxious care,
Increasing the applause.

Their deeds of valour long will grace
The pugilistic page,
These heroes of the *milling* race—
In a succeeding age.

However celebrated the heroic achievements of his great pugilistic ancestor have been; and however the distinguished conquests of his brother JEM may have been extolled—it is but fair to state, that TOM BELCHER does not derive his present celebrity from their actions; but has been the architect of his own fame; and, in emulating the noble deeds of his brave grandsire and brother, he has not only showed his own passport to excellence as a pugilist, but added fresh laurels to the already proud name of BELCHER.

TOM has been engaged in TWELVE prize combats, out of which number he has proved the conqueror EIGHT

TIMES; and out of the other four, *one* has been decided as a drawn battle.

His first *set-to* was with *Jack Warr*, (son of the noted pugilist of that name) for a subscription purse of fifty guineas, in Tothill Fields, in a roped forty-feet ring, on June 26, 1804.—*Warr* was the stoutest, but BELCHER the tallest man; and upon whom the odds seemed rather to incline. From such sound pedigree as the two combatants could boast of, great expectations were formed in the *sporting world* as to their scientific abilities, and in the display of the art, gave such ample proofs of their acquirements, as to promise future excellence. It was a most excellent fight throughout; and every round was not only manfully, but scientifically, contested; the blows of *Warr* were truly desperate, and in general directed at the body of his opponent; while BELCHER, on the contrary, fought at the head. The successes were alternate, and the betting varied accordingly; and it was not till after thirty-three minutes had elapsed, and nineteen rounds had taken place, that *Warr* gave in, and who was carried off the ground almost lifeless. BELCHER obtained considerable fame by this contest.

TOM was now matched with *Bill Ryan*, (son of the celebrated *Michael Ryan*) on November 30, 1804, for a subscription purse, on Wilsden Green. BELCHER had for his second, *George Maddox*, and his bottle-holder, *Joe Norton*; and *Ryan* was attended by *Paddington Jones* and *Dick Whale*. The odds were six to four upon BELCHER, who felt so confident of his success, that he threw up his hat in the air, in token of defiance; but *Ryan* only smiled at this little piece of gaiety.

First round.—Anxious to commence offensive operations, sparring was out of the question, hitting and stopping prominent upon both sides, when they closed, and fell.

Third and fourth.—Several good blows exchanged during these rounds, but terminated in favour of Ryan.

Sixth.—A better round was never witnessed, nor finer courage ever displayed; when, at length, Belcher hit his opponent so severely on the temple, as to knock him down: who appeared a little exhausted. Seven to four on Belcher.

Eighteenth.—For the last eleven rounds no visible difference was experienced—both combatants displaying those traits of courage and science, which entitled them to the characters of *first-rate boxers*. Tom put in a desperate blow over the mouth of his opponent, when Ryan, in return, knocked him down; and took the lead, in point of superiority of strength, till the

Thirtieth.—Belcher was now much exhausted, and he appeared to be contending against nature, but his display of the science was elegant and attractive.

Thirty-first.—A few hits were exchanged, when Ryan put in a knock-down blow.

Thirty-second.—Ryan repeated his hit.

Thirty-third and thirty-fourth.—Belcher felt the severe effects of his opponent's powers; and was *levelled* in both these rounds.

Thirty-seventh.—Tom, full of heroism, nobly contended for glory; but it was against him, and he fell from inability.

Thirty-eighth.—Belcher put in an appearance, but it was only to be knocked down: upon which some little commotion took place, by the ring being broken, and the friends of Belcher declaring the last blow to be foul; but the Umpire decided to the contrary, and RYAN was declared the victor.

O'Donnel, the celebrated Irish hero, fought TOM BELCHER for a subscription purse of twenty guineas, at Shepperton Common, Surrey. Considerable *science* was displayed by BELCHER upon this occasion; and *O'Donnel* showed himself entitled to respectable attention; but who was completely *satisfied* in fifteen rounds, when BELCHER was proclaimed the conqueror.

TOM BELCHER, anxious to recover the lost laurel, entered the lists once more with his late opponent, *Bill Ryan*, on June 4, 1806, at Leleham Burway, Surrey, for

T. Belcher.

R. Gregson.

twenty-five guineas a side. BELCHER had for his second, *Tom Blake*; and *Ryan* was attended by *George Maddox*. The odds were considerably in favour of *Ryan*. The battle lasted fifty minutes, during which time twenty-nine rounds were well contested, when BELCHER was declared the conqueror.

On February 8, 1806, he fought *Dutch Sam*; see page 323.

TOM BELCHER fought with a man, denominated *Jack of the Green*, a pugilist of no note, and who was soon disposed of in the hands of such an able professor, for his daring temerity.

BELCHER'S second contest with *Dutch Sam*, was on July 28, 1807, which was decided a *drawn battle*; see page 326.

TOM'S third and last contest with his brave opponent, *Sam*, was on August 21, 1807; see page 328.

On April 14, 1808, BELCHER fought with *Dogherty*, in a twenty-one feet roped ring, upon Epsom Downs, near the Rubbing House. *Dogherty* was seconded by *Cropley*, and had for his bottle-holder, *Dick Hall*; and BELCHER was attended by *Mendoza* and *Clarke*. Odds six to four on BELCHER.

First round.—Above a minute transpired before any blows were exchanged, both sparring to obtain the advantage. Belcher stopped his opponent's hits with considerable neatness—a rally took place, when they closed, and disengaged. Some trifling hits took place, when they again closed, and Dogherty threw Belcher.

Second.—Belcher stopped a terrible left-handed *hit* which Dogherty aimed at his head; when the latter rallied, but Belcher *hit* him off his legs.

Third.—Skill and courage were pre-eminent on both sides: Dogherty rallied, but Belcher rendered his hits unavailing, and put in some severe blows on Dogherty's face, who in terminating the round threw Tom.

Fourth.—The talents of both the combatants were extremely conspicuous in this round;—but Belcher had the best of it. Dogherty received a tremendous *facer* in endeavouring to plant a hit; and *Belcher* rallied in fine style, when Dogherty convinced him that he was no novice, by his dexterity in stopping —yet Tom, in following his opponent round the ring, *punished* his head most terribly; and brought him down by a blow under the jaw. Three to one upon Belcher.

Fifth.—Belcher with uncommon dexterity broke through Dogherty's guard, and with his left hand planted a most dreadful blow in his throat; which so completely confused him, that he repeated the hit three times before Dogherty could recover himself, when they closed, and fell.

Sixth.—Belcher upon *setting-to* dropped his opponent from the two first blows.

Seventh.—Dogherty's efforts were completely scientific, and he stopped Belcher's blows with great neatness; but notwithstanding Belcher *levelled* him.

Eighth.—Belcher had enough to do in warding off the well aimed hits of his adversary—who now went in full of impetuosity, yet not without science: in closing, Tom was thrown upon the ropes, by Dogherty, and to all appearance, without any difficulty.

Ninth.—Several good blows were exchanged—but Belcher was not seen to so much advantage in this round; and in closing, Belcher fell underneath.

Tenth.—Belcher, rather careful, retreated; when Dogherty, conceiving something might be gained, by following him, put in two good hits; but on closing the round, Dogherty was thrown.

Eleventh.—Belcher put in two *facers*, when both the combatants fell out of the ring.

Twelfth.—Dogherty was again thrown; previously to which, Belcher planted two good hits.

Thirteenth.—Dogherty full of pluck rallied, but Tom threw him with considerable force.

Fourteenth.—Tom, evidently superior in this round, rendered the rallying of Dogherty unavailing, and threw him again violently.

Fifteenth.—The *game* of Dogherty claimed admiration, and his appearance commiseration—his head was terrific, and his strength was nearly exhausted, yet notwithstanding he rallied; but his blows were of no effect, and he fell beneath the superiority of his opponent.

Sixteenth and seventeenth.—In both these rounds the feeble-

ness of Dogherty was visible to all the spectators; and to the honour of Belcher be it recorded, he disdained taking any more advantage than was necessary to ensure his contest. Such traits of humanity ought not to be forgotten.

Eighteenth and nineteenth.—Dogherty's spirits were good, but his stamina was departed—his blows did not tell, although he stopped with considerable science; yet Belcher kept the lead in fine style; in closing, they both fell.

Twenty-fourth.—Up to this round, it was evident that Tom must win; but his brave opponent was determined to try every effort while the least chance remained of success. Tom put in three desperate *facers*, and also hit him so severely in the throat and stomach, that he fell, in a manner quite bent and exhausted.

Thirty-third.—Dogherty, still determined, contended for the last eight rounds; but who was nothing more than a mere object of *punishment* to his opponent, who continually *levelled* him with the most apparent ease, till Dogherty could not come again—when Belcher was declared the conqueror: who, upon hearing the welcome sound, threw a somerset.

Cropley now entered the lists with TOM BELCHER, for a subscription purse of fifty guineas, on October 25, 1808, at Moulsey Hurst, in a thirty-feet roped ring. *Cropley* was seconded by *Tom Jones*, and *Dick Hall* acted as his *bottle-holder*; and BELCHER was attended by *Mendoza* and *Dutch Sam*. The Combatants were looked upon nearly in an equal point of view, and considerable expectations of a fine display of the art of pugilism were entertained by the amateurs. The odds upon *setting-to* were in favour of BELCHER. During a contest of thirty-four rounds, which occupied fifty-six minutes, it is but justice to observe, that a more real scientific fight was never seen; and *Cropley*, although defeated, proved himself an excellent boxer, and possessing *bottom* of the first quality. His defeat was principally in bringing his head too forward, when putting in his blows; which BELCHER, taking the advantage of, *punished* his face so dreadfully, that scarcely any traces of its former

appearance were discernible. It was with the greatest reluctance that *Cropley* GAVE IN.

One *Farnborough*, who rested his pretensions upon his *game*, had the temerity to fight TOM BELCHER, on Epsom race-ground, in a thirty-feet ring, on February 1, 1809. Upon the part of *Farnborough*, it was *mere* pretensions: BELCHER treated him with the most perfect *sang-froid*, and in the course of twenty-minutes, he so completely *punished* and disfigured him, that *Farnborough* was glad to cry for quarter; while, on the contrary, BELCHER was scarcely touched.

SILVERTHORNE, a pugilist of some practice and success, was matched for one hundred guineas, and a subscription purse of fifty pounds, against BELCHER, which was decided upon Crawley-heath, near Copthall, on June 6, 1811: *Silverthorne* was seconded by the veteran *Caleb Baldwin*, and his bottle-holder, *Bill Gibbons*; and BELCHER was attended by *Gulley* and *Tom Jones*: Four to one upon BELCHER.

First round.—Belcher, upon the alert, stopped a tremendous blow aimed at his stomach by Silverthorne, and returned two sharp hits right and left in Silverthorne's face, which immediately produced a great discharge of blood—When, after disengaging themselves, Belcher pelted away most dreadfully, putting in hits almost as quick as lightning; and it is supposed that such a *first-round* was never before witnessed, wherein so much *punishment* was dealt out to one combatant. Silverthorne fell from the severe effects of Belcher's blows.

Second.—Silverthorne rose under evident symptoms of fear, and retreated from his adversary, who now hit him right and left upon the head. Silverthorne, in planting a hit upon Belcher's throat, was stopped; but who nevertheless put in a severe body blow, which Belcher returned by a *leveller*.

Third.—Silverthorne was covered with blood, and who rallied, but without effect—Belcher put in several severe blows. Silverthorne showed that he was not without *science*, in warding many of them off from doing great injury; and

Belcher in losing his distance, closed, and was thrown by Silverthorne.

Fourth.—It was now evident to the spectators that Silverthorne was much inferior to his brave opponent, who frustrated all his attempts with ease and security Silverthorne endeavoured to plant a severe body-blow, which Tom stopped, when a rally commenced, which turned out to Belcher's advantage, who put in a terrible blow, then closed, and threw his opponent a cross-buttock enough to knock all the breath out of his body.

Fifth.—Silverthorne bled profusely, who received two *facers* from Belcher; and, in a rally, Silverthorne fell. All betters but no takers.

Sixth.—Silverthorne notwithstanding the chance was against him, showed some little play, and stopped very neatly a right-handed blow which was intended for his head: but Belcher nevertheless put in a severe body blow, and Silverthorne fell in attempting to return it.

Seventh.—It was now all over with Silverthorne, who was completely exhausted, but still wished to try another chance—Belcher did as he liked with his opponent, and finished the contest by a desperate hit in the throat, which knocked him down, when Belcher was proclaimed the conqueror, who instantly, to show how little he was the worse for the contest, threw a somerset.

In point of elegance of attitude, and scientific precision, it is considered at the present period, that TOM BELCHER, as a pugilist, stands unrivalled:—throughout the whole of his TWELVE battles his superior knowledge and practical display of the art over that of his opponents have been conspicuously prominent—his blows are given with the rapidity of lightning, putting them in with his left hand straight, though he can use both his hands with equal facility, and are more numerous than any other boxer; his excellence in stopping is truly admirable, that he seems perfectly aware of the intention of his adversary, and might be said to be armed nearly at all points; no pugilist gives the *return*

with greater celerity, and his *one*, TWO, is in general, so well applied as to do considerable execution—his *game* is of the finest quality, and his resolution to persevere while a single *chance* remains to obtain the victory, has claimed that universal admiration, which must ever render him an object of great attraction in the boxing circles, and stamp him a bruiser on whom great dependence may be placed. However, in some instances, an opinion has been entertained, that TOM paid too much attention to trivial sparring; but in all his contests it has been clearly ascertained, that his blows are not *weighty* enough, to second the intention with which they have been aimed, or to produce that desired effect so much wished; and were his *physical* powers equal to his judgment, few men, it is supposed, would be able to stand any length of time in contact with his efforts; and which circumstances cannot be stronger verified than in his distinguished combats with *Dutch Sam*, who, by comparison as a *scientific* pugilist, is certainly inferior to BELCHER, but when judged of as the most *effective* boxer, *Dutch Sam*, without any question, takes the lead. In the present æra of pugilism, no contests have engaged the conversation of the *Fancy* in general, more than the merits of the *three* public displays of the above heroes.

It is well known that BELCHER entered rather prematurely into the FIRST battle with *Sam*—he had been living too gay, and his *stamina* was somewhat enfeebled from its debilitating effects—and the time allowed for training was too short to recover its proper tone, and in consequence of which, he became the victim of his own temerity.

In the SECOND, which was adjudged a drawn battle, it was visible, that notwithstanding BELCHER put in nearly three blows to one more than his adversary, yet they were to be compared to a sort of slight *taps*, than forcible *hits*, and had more effect upon the spectators from their showy appearance, than of possessing any decisive qualities, in operating to the disadvantage of his opponent; but it was a matter of considerable astonishment to every one who witnessed the fight, the manly fortitude displayed by TOM in resisting the severe *punishment* of *Dutch Sam.*

In the THIRD and last battle, BELCHER was by no means recovered from the severe effects of the former contest—that, *even* in stripping, his body exhibited the bruised marks of the late combat; and he evidently fought under great depression and disadvantage. It has been strongly urged by the friends of TOM, that he *was never* in PROPER CONDITION, and to which opinion, it appears, BELCHER himself acquiesces, that *Sam hitherto has always had the best of him!* while, on the contrary, the admirers of *Dutch Sam*, with equal confidence, assert, that BELCHER has not strength enough to reduce the ferocity of the above pugilistic phenomenon. Thus, it seems, the matter in dispute stands at the present period (December 14, 1812) subject to much discussion and difference of opinion, till another decision takes place, which will either confirm the whole of the above statement, or prove that it has been founded in error.

BOXERS, if they feel any sort of ambition to attain eminence, should endeavour to comply with a regular mode of living, and to bear in remembrance, that the *stamina* is easier reduced, than the tone of the system

recovered—and the constitution once touched, the mind or resolution also becomes enfeebled, and the frame, in losing its natural vigour, begets depression and fear, thus occasioning, in a degree, exhaustion and premature defeat!

As a sparrer Tom is truly distinguished, and exhibits all the various traits of the art, with the utmost elegance and perfection; and who has turned out a number of very expert and scientific pupils. In several of the principal towns of the kingdom Tom has pourtrayed the utility of the SCIENCE OF SELF-DEFENCE, with considerable respect and attention; and is in height about five feet nine inches, weighing nearly eleven stone—his appearance much of the gentleman, and his manners and deportment are of that mild and inoffensive nature, well calculated to prepossess the stranger much in his favour, by experiencing in him the perfections of the pugilist, without any of that ferocity which (the unacquainted are too apt imagine) characterizes the brave boxer.

NED *(the eldest)* BELCHER.

The brave family of the BELCHERS have put in such strong claims to pugilistic excellence, that we cannot pass over the efforts of any of its members (however trifling), without preserving a small niche to perpetuate their well-merited fame.

NED, in all probability, might have proved himself equally as distinguished a boxer as either of his renowned brothers, had he not, in his youth, received a material injury in his right hand, which ever afterwards prevented him from making much use of it; and in

fighting he could only hit with his left—his *bottom* was excellent, and the few contests in which he was engaged, NED showed himself off in the true BELCHER style.

The only pitched battle, we have learned, that NED fought, was with one *Jones*, a hackney-coachman, on Epping Forest, on June 5, 1806; and which has since been spoken of as a spirited and well-contested battle, and that NED's pretensions to pugilism were far above mediocrity; who so completely *punished Coachee*, that, in the event, he was declared the victor.

Although labouring under the disadvantages of a lame hand, he was not easily intimidated, and upon some difference of opinion taking place between him and the Young Ruffian, *(Fearby)* in Wardour-Street, Soho, an immediate appeal was made to the fist, when NED (like his brother *Jem*) *served out* the *Ruffian* in that style, which once more convinced him, that the name of BELCHER was a tower of strength.

That notorious *glutton*, JOE BERKS, having insulted two gentlemen, in a public-house in Oxendon-Street, in the presence of NED BELCHER, who immediately expostulated with *Berks* upon the impropriety of his conduct; when, instead of getting any reply, *Joe*, without hesitation, (being rather in an inebriated state) struck NED for his interference—this was not to be put up with passively, the name of BELCHER must not be disgraced, and NED instantly returned the favour, which produced a regular *set-to*; but *Berks* was so severely *punished* in the course of a few rounds, that he was glad to cry for quarter, and make some acknowledgment for the error which he had committed.

NED died of a consumption, a few years ago.

BOB GREGSON, P. P.

One of the most distinguished Champions of Lancashire,

AND

POET LAUREATE

TO THE HEROIC RACE OF PUGILISTS.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

In recording the most prominent traits of the celebrated Pugilists, from the earliest professors of the Gymnastic Art, down to the present *milling* æra, when passing in review, Boxiana has found none more entitled to peculiar attention than the hero of the present sketch.

Fig, for his superior skill and union of talents, in fencing, dexterity in cudgelling, and manliness of boxing, stood without a rival competitor; but who was succeeded in the latter acquirement by George Taylor, a pugilist of considerable repute, till the veteran Broughton appeared, who rose up like a phenomenon in the pugilistic hemisphere, and gave elegance and perfection to Boxing, till he was unexpectedly *vanquished*, and retired from all contests, to make room for the mighty and decisive Slack! Corcoran performed prodigies of valour as a bruiser; but it was Tom Johnson that pourtrayed the soundness of the art, throughout an extensive practice, particularly in opposition to the manly and judicious efforts of Michael Ryan. Humphries gave dignity and grace to *positions*; and Mendoza enriched pugilism with superlative *science*, and rendered the acquirement of *self-defence* easy and practicable; while Big Ben

became attractive for his tremendous powers. BILL WARD evinced the advantages of activity; HOOPER astonished by his uncommon *pluck*;—and the fine symmetry and strength of the human figure, was an interesting topic, exemplified in the person of JACKSON. A new epoch took place in fighting, when JEM BELCHER made his appearance, and his *nouvelle* rapid style of execution baffled all his competitors. For manly fortitude and humanity, the name of PEARCE, as a pugilist, can never be effaced;—while the *gluttony* of BERKS will ever form a *striking* subject for the *caterers* of that sort of food;—and, as a hard hitter, GULLEY will long claim remembrance. The singularity of *giving* DUTCH SAM stands as a prodigy, operating as a contrast to the neatness, promptitude, and precision of TOM BELCHER. For *hitting* and getting away, RICHMOND is distinguished; and the brave MOLINEAUX keeps a strong hold in the circle of boxers, as a pugilist of the first class; while the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND stands unrivalled for his *punishment*, *game*, and *milling* on the *retreat!*—but, notwithstanding the above variety of qualifications, it has been reserved for BOB GREGSON, *alone*, from his union of *pugilism* and POETRY, (to recount the deeds of his Brethren of the Fist in heroic verse, like the bards of old, in sounding the praises of their warlike Champions) whose pretensions to the former are beyond all dispute; and respecting the latter, one of the most distinguished works of *sporting celebrity* has given place to the poetic effusions of his muse.

BOB was born on the 21st of July, 1778, at Heskin, three miles from Chorley, and ten from Preston, in Lancashire, descended from very respectable parents, and

who possessed a farm of considerable extent at that place. BOB's education was by no means neglected; and he filled the situation of Captain of the Liverpool Wigan Packet for several years with credit and respect, and was allied by marriage to a family of some importance in the above great mercantile town.

For the period of seven years, all the pugilistic heroes of Lancashire, as well as those from other parts, that met him in combat, surrendered to his conquering arm, and the name of GREGSON was resounded from one end to the other, as the proud CHAMPION of that most populous county. His pitched battles are numerous; but the skirmishes of BOB were by far too frequent for us to treat upon, and we have, therefore, slightly touched on those achievements which claim a prominency of feature.

BOB's pugilistic talents, perhaps, might have been for ever obscured from the world, and himself content to drag on a life of rustic insipidity, had not the smiles of the *fair sex* awakened his brave heart, and brought them into action, by placing him on a towering summit of glory—who, at the age of eighteen, commenced, with all the impassioned ardour of youth, a Champion in defence of that sex, whom the Poet has so emphatically pourtrayed:—

> WOMAN, the fountain of all human frailty!
> What mighty ills have not been done by WOMAN?
> Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A WOMAN.
> Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A WOMAN.
> Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
> And laid at last Old Troy in ashes? WOMAN!

BOB being at Bispham Green, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire, to participate in the rustic sports of a coun-

try wake, when he was rudely assailed by one *Harry Maudersley*, who attempted to take away the idol of Bob's heart from him; but Gregson resented the insult so strongly, that a regular *set-to* immediately commenced; and after half an hour's decent *milling*, notwithstanding *Maudersley* was a tall man, and weighing thirteen stone, his *amorous* pretensions were so completely taken out of him by Bob's potent fist that he surrendered all claims to the female in question once more to the entire protection of her admiring hero; but the scene now became more perilous than ever, as one *Ned Waller*, a sort of second Champion to the county, and a friend of *Maudersley*, rather jealous of Bob's success, instantly kicked up a *row* with him, which continued an hour and a half, during which time Bob was without his clothes, when he at length entered the ring with *Waller*, and likewise gave him a severe beating. Gregson's fame now rose so rapidly into notice, not only from this *affair of gallantry*, but his pretensions to boxing were considered so sound, that *James Ayschro*, the Champion of Lancashire, a Collier, weighing sixteen stone, surrendered his claim to that elevated title to Bob, who became the first pugilist in the county.

Gregson was now rendered a public mark to *hit* at, and challenges came in thick and three-fold:—*Ned Prescot*, a man of considerable size, and weighing fifteen stone and a half, entered the lists with Bob, at Wigan Fair; but, in the course of twenty minutes, *Ned* was so completely *punished*, that he was glad to cry out enough! yet, in a short time afterwards, demanded a second trial, when Bob again disposed of him with ease and facility.

James Benton, a Collier, well known in Lancashire as a

pugilist of no mean stamp, fought with GREGSON, at Standish; but who, after a hard contest, *gave in.*

BOB also contended with one *Tom Dawber*, a boxer who had *milled* a few customers in his time, and who felt so jealous of GREGSON's growing fame, that he challenged him to a public combat; but in the event of which, *Dawber* paid most dearly for his temerity, by receiving severe *punishment*, acknowledging that he was defeated, and obtaining a cure for his *jealousy.*

Robert Fance, who had a thirst for pugilistic honours, and weighing thirteen stone, contended with BOB at Chorley; but who also fell beneath the conquering arm of the latter.

A man of the name of *Tom Wright*, (a particular friend of BOB's) and who, from his various exploits in pugilism, was considered the only equal match that could be found for him in Lancashiré, entered the lists with GREGSON, at Eccleston, upon an agreement that *they should fight without seconds*, and not *to be separated.* A most desperate conflict ensued, which continued for an hour and a half, when *Wright*, not till he was almost *annihilated*, reluctantly acknowledged BOB's superiority; but GREGSON was also a considerable time before he recovered from the severe effects of this battle.

BOB was now engaged in a truly *nouvelle* contest with a farmer's servant, of the name of *Bill Hallsol*, at Scarsbrick Bridge, near Ormskirk. *Hallsol*, who was not insensible to the *widowed charms* of his mistress, and who aspired to the management of a good farm, &c. plucked up courage to make her an offer of his hand; but the *fair widow*, who was descended from a race of pugilists, would not agree to the terms of capitulation, but only

upon the following condition, that he must conquer the Champion GREGSON before she *surrendered*, in due form, to the completion of his wishes—LOVE and GLORY were two noble subjects, and to prove that the "*Age of Chivalry*" was not over, *Hallsol* immediately challenged BOB to the field, who, being always ready to the calls of honour, accepted the invitation instantly. *Hall* entered the ring with all the enthusiasm of a *Knight Errant*, and bravely fought to obtain this DOUBLE *conquest*; but his ambition proved too daring, and, in striving to obtain the mighty *precipice*, he was so completely *punished* out of all *recollection* of the cause in which he had been engaged, that his fall was truly desperate, and he was carried away nearly in an inanimate state. However, upon *Hallsol's* recovering a little from the severe effects of this battle, the prize was still so dazzling to his eyes, and the *charms of the widow* had made such a strong impression upon his feelings, that before the week had elapsed, he sent a second challenge to GREGSON, who, very *politely*, gave him another chance to obtain the *fair hand* of his mistress; but poor *Hallsol* was again so miserably beaten, and his flattering dreams of joy so completely vanished, that his bold heart was almost broken, at the cruel inflexibility of the *fair one*, by imposing upon him such an ungracious task, to procure the possession of her smiles.

The tremendous *Joe Berks* now made his appearance at Manchester, threatening destruction to all the pugilists in the county, who should have the temerity to enter the lists with him, when GREGSON was once more called upon to avenge the honour of his native soil, and to expel, if possible, this daring invader. It was a truly brave contest, and the *gluttony* of this pugilistic *cormorant* was

never more completely *satisfied*; and who publicly declared, a short time afterwards, that his *appetite* had never been good since that period. The battle took place at Higher Hardwicke, when, after forty minutes had elapsed, *Berks* acknowledged GREGSON to be his master.

Soon after the above circumstance, BOB's prospects in life experienced a material change, owing to a severe domestic calamity, in the loss of an amiable and affectionate partner; and he now not only bid adieu to Lancashire, but, in all probability, to *pugilism* in future, in being presented with a commission in the army, which regiment, named after the county, was quartered at Plymouth, to which place GREGSON repaired, to join the standard; but finding that his finances were not able to support the character of an officer with that respectability which such a situation required, he relinquished the project, and entered, rather imprudently, into the gay pursuits of fashion at that place, that when he arrived in the Metropolis, to use a sporting phrase, he was nearly *cleaned out*. BOB now experienced some vicissitudes—facts are stubborn things—and it was from the necessity of the moment only, that GREGSON was induced to enter the ring again as a *pugilist*.

Upon BOB's first meeting with *Gulley*, at a public house, some harsh epithets passed between them, when GREGSON, to shew his strength took *Gulley* up under his arm, and threw him down on the ground; upon which a match was the consequence between those heroes. But BOB was not the man he had been, and what is termed, the *fight*, had, in a great measure, been taken out of him, from the numerous battles in which he had been engaged for several years past, with all of the strongest

and best men of Lancashire; yet, nevertheless, his contest with *Gulley* (see page 176) exceeded every other battle in the annals of pugilism for determined resolution and *bottom*, and the betting, which had been *twenty* to one, was reduced, towards the close of the fight to *even*; and so exhausted were the combatants, that BOTH were expected to pronounce at the same time—ENOUGH! But the *time* being expired, and GREGSON not appearing exactly ready, the fortunate moment for *Gulley* was immediately seized upon by his friends, who carried him off as the conqueror; but who was so dreadfully beaten, that he lay for *five hours* afterwards so perfectly insensible, that little hopes were entertained of his recovery! In fact, such serious consequences were apprehended, that the partizans of *Gulley* had him took to GREGSON, who was in a coach, to shake hands with him before he left the ground. In the second engagement with his brave opponent, the fortitude of GREGSON was truly conspicuous; and, in his memorable *set-to* with the present CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, *Tom Crib*, it was singular in the extreme, that BOB lost the battle, when, in the round previous to the last, it was betted TEN to *one* that *Crib* did not come again, and it is a well-authenticated fact, that it was owing to *an accidental throw*, proceeding from a sort of entangling with their legs, which occasioned, unexpectedly, GREGSON to go down, the shock of which operated so forcibly upon his exhausted frame, that the time was expired before he was ready again to *set-to*. *Crib* was equally in as bad a state, and who, upon hearing the welcome sound of victory, *fell down*, and did not recover for some few minutes!

THREE such succeeding battles as the above had scarcely, if ever, been witnessed; and GREGSON, although in *defeat*, rose proudly as a most distinguished pugilistic hero—TWO *out of the* THREE were truly the effects of *mere* CHANCE—and when the above contests are fairly analysed—when *impartiality* shall pronounce her unerring verdict, it will be seen, that pugilism never had a braver supporter than BOB GREGSON; and who, if not possessing that accuracy of *science*, so very prominent as some of the first professors of the gymnastic art, yet his display of *bottom* and intrepidity, with those heroes of the fist, GULLEY and CRIB, who experienced such difficulty in reducing his efforts—have completely stamped him a pugilist of no ordinary pretensions—and a boxer that is not often to be found.

Soon after the above period BOB took a benefit at the Fives Court, when he took his final leave of pugilism, as a public professor, to commence landlord of the *Castle*, in Holborn, since denominated, and better known by the appellation of

BOB's CHOP-HOUSE:

His house is known to all the *milling* train,
He gives them liquor, and relieves their pain.

And although it must be admitted, that it is not of equal notoriety with Lloyd's Coffee-house, yet it is of great *celebrity* in the SPORTING WORLD, and is viewed as a prominent feature in the Metropolis—and which has its subscription, commodious coffee-room, &c. attached to it. In the latter apartment are whole-length portraits of some of the celebrated pugilists, framed in the most superb style of elegance; and the landlord, as a convincing

proof that he entertains no spleen or envy against his distinguished competitor, the Champion of England, as well as showing great diffidence, has exhibited three portraits of CRIB, to the *exclusion of his own likeness!* BOB's frequenters are of the most respectable description; and the various gradations of the *Fancy* hither resort, to discuss matters incidental to pugilism, and where every attention is paid to the casual visitor, that each department, it may be said, is conducted with cleanliness, propriety, and dispatch.

GREGSON is in height six feet one inch and a half, and weighing about fifteen stone six pounds—to Nature he is indebted for a fine figure, and his appearance is manly and imposing; and who has been considered so good an anatomical subject to descant upon, that Mr. CARLISLE, the celebrated Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, has selected BOB to stand several times for that purpose; and who has likewise been the subject of the pencils of LAWRENCE, DAW, &c. &c. in their pourtraying the beauty of human proportion; with a constitution truly robust, a vivacious eye, calculated to dazzle every spectator with its importance, and an arm, that is

"Active and strong, and vigorous to all its purposes."

Possessing good intellectual faculties, his general deportment is above all absurd affectation; nothing superfluous is to be found in his manner, and ambition, it appears, is totally exempt from his breast:—on the contrary,

Far other aims his heart has learn'd to prize—
More bent to raise *the* VALIANT *than* to RISE!

It seems that GREGSON was an independent pugilist—he was not on the *flash* side, *i. e.* he was not *down* when he entered the lists with the London Boxers; and it is still said of him, that he remains as *perverse* as ever, in obstinately *judging* for himself, in opposition to all *flash* opinions, adhering to those old-fashioned notions of *right* and *wrong!* but, notwithstanding these peculiarities of disposition, we are informed, he is humane, friendly, and attentive to the professors of the fist, but more especially at those periods when consolation and comfort are necessary—the BRAVE in DEFEAT!

It has been urged, that GREGSON must have won those battles alluded to, had he have proved *scientific*; but some allowance ought to be made, when it is considered the difficulties he had to contend against, in divesting himself of those *provincialities* in which he had been reared, and all at once to commence the elegant, scientific, and finished metropolitan boxer—every thing in London must be excellent to gain eminence, and where the exalted Champion of a County ranks *only* with Champions of Counties, and is put upon a level with other men, till he soars above those comparisons, and some great event places him upon *that* elevated seat, the most anxious desire of all pugilists to obtain. It is an opinion strongly entertained in the Army, that it is much easier to make a man a good dragoon who never mounted a horse in his life, than a post-boy who has been riding all his days; proving that instruction is acquired with greater facility where there has been no particular bias, than it is to dispense with accustomed peculiarities.

Respecting BOB'S mental capacity, it will be found, that he is an intelligent, well-informed person, and if he

cannot, by way of comparison, claim a superiority of *science* over his brethren of the fist, however, as a man of *taste*, he stands upon an elevated point—with a mind rather fond of inquiry, he has formed some acquaintance with that class of literature, which tends to enlarge and dignify the human intellect; and, although not possessing the terseness and originality of DRYDEN, or the musical cadence and correctness of POPE, yet still he has entered into a peculiar subject with a characteristic energy and apposite spirit:—

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

Instead of that spirit of detraction which too often pervades the breast of a fallen competitor, GREGSON, it must be admitted, with a spirit of liberality, which few men possess, has not only endeavoured by his talents to increase and promulgate a *conquering* RIVAL'S *fame*, but also to consolidate his great achievements; and the *Herald's Office*, perhaps, might have been searched in vain to procure armorial bearings for the CHAMPION'S *coat of arms*, had not BOB'S inventive genius rendered the application unnecessary, (assisted by the most natural comedian of the age, *John Emery*) to whose united efforts, the heraldry of *Tom Crib* is indebted, and which otherwise might have been for ever obscured from the world. The following poetic effusion, written by BOB GREGSON, in honour of the CHAMPION'S victory over *Molineaux*, we have extracted from a *sporting work* of great celebrity:—

BRITISH LADS AND BLACK MILLERS.

You gentlemen of fortune attend unto my ditty,
A few lines I have penn'd upon this great fight,
In the centre of England the noble place is pitch'd on,
For the VALOUR OF THIS COUNTRY, or *America's* delight;
The sturdy Black doth swear,
The moment he gets there,
The planks the stage is built on, he'll make them blaze and smoke;
Then CRIB, with smiling face,
Says, these boards I'll ne'er disgrace,
They're *relations of mine*, they're OLD ENGLISH OAK.

Brave MOLINEAUX replied, I've never been denied
To fight the foes of Britons on such planks as those;
If relationship you claim, bye and bye, you'll know my name,
I'm the Moorish milling blade that can drub my foes.
Then CRIB reply'd with haste,
You slave, I will you baste,
As your master us'd to cane you, 'twill bring things to your mind:
If from bondage you've got clear,
To impose on Britons here,
You'd better stopp'd with Christophe, you'll quickly find.

The garden of freedom is the British land we live in,
And welcomes every slave from his banish'd isle,
Allows them to impose on a nation good and generous,
To incumber and pollute our native soil.
But John Bull cries out aloud,
We're neither poor nor proud,
But open to all nations, let them come from where they will:
The British lads that's here,
Quite strangers are to fear,
Here's TOM CRIB, with bumpers round, for he can them *mill!*

Through the wide range of society the traveller may often and often be benighted in meeting with the perfections of a GRANDISON; while, on the contrary, his journey will be repeatedly arrested by the frailties of a TOM JONES—human nature is so prone to error, and cir-

cumstance and situation operates so strongly upon the feelings, that when our recollection becomes absorbed, we are too apt to "*put an enemy into our mouth to steal away our brains!*" and by so doing, commit those excesses, which, on mature reflection, our nature revolts at with disgust and unhappiness.—*Alexander* killed *Clytus* when besotted with liquor, and his rational moments were ever afterwards embittered with sorrow and remorse, by the death of his best and most valued general —but, if every man was dealt with according to his deserts, "WHO *should 'scape whipping?*"

GREGSON, we are informed, from his retentive memory, has obtained considerable repute among that most honourable and ancient fraternity, denominated Free-Masons.

We cannot conclude without observing, that no pugilist has had to contend against severer disappointments than GREGSON: nor has any boxer whatever experienced more chilling and almost overwhelming defeats—but who, in nobly buffeting the frowns of fortune, displayed the struggles of a brave mind thirsting after victory, and evincing a *bottom* as sound as gold—in himself, BOB made a bold stand to obtain the honours of the Championship, and it was so *nice a point*, that it was the toss-up of a halfpenny whether it was decided for *Lancashire* or *Bristol*; and the specimens of fine resolution and game, that GREGSON has since introduced for pugilistic honours, have by no means disgraced his patronage, or reflected any impropriety for pourtraying a partiality in favour of his native county. Since his residence in the metropolis, BOB has been completely in the back-ground, respecting success in boxing affairs—but who

has amply succeeded in establishing a character for independence and honesty, that must ever render him one of the soundest friends of pugilism: and whose name will long live enrolled among the records of the brave.

Hail noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows,
White-wing'd snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! These, thy sons,
With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our *Broughtons*, *Slacks*, *Johnsons*,
Our *Belchers*, *Jacksons*, *Cribs*, and our *Gregsons* rose.

TOM MOLINEAUX:

The hero who to live in story,
In search of honour dares to roam,
And reaps a crop of fame and glory—
This is the warrior's harvest home.

UNKNOWN, unnoticed, unprotected, and uninformed, the brave MOLINEAUX arrived in England—descended from a warlike hero, who had been the conquering pugilist of *America*, he felt all the animating spirit of his courageous sire, and left his native soil in quest of glory and renown—the British nation, famed for deeds in arms, attracted his towering disposition, and his ambitious spirit prompted him with an ardent desire to enter the lists with some of her most distinguished Champions—*distance* created no obstacles, nor the raging seas were no

impediment to his heroic views, and, like the daring adventurer, who suffers nothing to thwart his purposes, the object of his wishes were gained, and he, at length, found himself in the most enviable capital in the world, LONDON—a perfect stranger, a rude, unsophisticated being, who, resting upon his pugilistic pretensions to excellence, offered himself to the notice of the public, the patron of those gymnastic sports, which, from their practice and support, have instilled those principles of valour into her hardy sons, producing exploits by land and sea, that have not only added greatness, but given stability to the English character.

MOLINEAUX came as an open and bold competitor for boxing fame, and who challenged the proudest heroes to the hostile combat—such declaration was manly, fair, and honourable, and entitled to every respect and attention among the pugilistic circles—but it has been objected to MOLINEAUX, that he was too ambitious, by threatening to wrest the laurels from the English brow, and planting them upon the head of a foreigner—if so, dearly has he paid for his temerity; but if his claims to pugilism were of that first-rate quality which they have been represented, the greater honour was attached to the conquest of such a formidable hero.

MOLINEAUX's first *set-to* in England was with a Bristol man, of robust make, and about six feet in height, in Tothill-fields, on July 24, 1810. *Richmond* seconded MOLINEAUX, and *Crib* his countryman. It was a most *game* fight, and continued for an hour. MOLINEAUX *punished* his opponent so severely, that it was impossible to distinguish a single feature in his face; and who gave such specimens of dexterity and *science*, as to claim con-

siderable attention from the spectators, who viewed him as a pugilist of great promise. Upon MOLINEAUX being declared the conqueror, he was immediately matched to fight *Tom Blake*, a man denominated, from his fine *bottom* and resolution, *Tom Tough!* a boxer of great repute and practice.

In less than a month from the above period, this contest was decided upon the coast, a few miles from Margate, on August 21, 1810, upon the same spot of ground on which *Richmond* and *Maddox* had so bravely contended. MOLINEAUX was attended by his friend *Richmond*; *Blake* had for his second *Tom Crib*, and his bottle-holder, *Bill Gibbons*.

First round.—The fame of Molineaux having got rather spread abroad, considerable anxiety was manifested upon the combatants *setting-to*—good sparring was exhibited for a short period on both sides, when Blake shewed himself completely scientific in hitting right and left, and stopping the return of Molineaux; they closed, but Blake, in slipping from his antagonist, received a terrible *hit* upon the back part of his neck, which was repeated by the Black so severely, as to send Blake down. Even betting.

Second.—Blake soon discovered that his opponent was not to be disposed of easily, and that his blows, however well directed, were not strong enough to knock his adversary down.—Molineaux seemed to disregard the attempts of Blake, and showed himself tolerably conversant in the *science*, by beating down his adversary's guard with his left hand, and by a tremendous blow with his right *levelled* Blake.

Third.—Blake appeared rather exhausted, which Molineaux perceiving, went in, to improve upon the circumstance; but Blake *hit* him on the jaw; when they rallied and fell, Blake undermost.

Fourth.—A truly obstinate round; but evidently in favour of Molineaux, who broke down Blake's guard and *punished* him severely in the face; notwithstanding, Blake put in several body-blows, but they were not effective, and was ultimately knocked down. Five to two on Molineaux.

Fifth.—Blake covered with blood; but with great resolu-

tion rallied, when Molineaux held him round the neck with his left arm, and *fibbed* him so tremendously, that Blake fell, completely exhausted.

Sixth.—Molineaux had it all his own way this round, and, without ceremony, went in and knocked down Blake's guard with his left hand, and with a terrible blow put in with his right *levelled* his adversary. All betters, but no takers, in favour of Molineaux.

Seventh.—Blake's *game* was not yet extinct, and he rallied with considerable spirit, and some good blows were exchanged; but who fell from weakness.

Eighth.—Molineaux, determined to finish the contest, went in with uncommon fury; Blake endeavoured to retreat from the violent efforts of his opponent; but was compelled to rally, and who put in a good blow upon the cheek of his opponent, when Molineaux returned with a tremendous *hit* upon Blake's head, that completely took all recollection out of him; the effects of which he did not recover from so as to be ready to time, when Molineaux was proclaimed the conqueror.

In the above battle the amateurs were completely astonished at the improvement exhibited by MOLINEAUX, and the *punishment* he dealt out was so truly tremendous, and his strength and *bottom* so superior, that he was deemed a proper match for the Champion, TOM CRIB; in consequence of which, a match was made for two hundred guineas a side, and a subscription-purse of one hundred was to be given to the winner. It was now the jealousy commenced, and the aspiring ambition of MOLINEAUX to obtain the Championship of England, excited considerable anxiety and interest in the *sporting world*—the honour of the country was at stake, and, it is supposed, that no boxer ever entered the ring with so many wishes for his success as *Tom Crib.*

It was on DECEMBER 18, 1810, at *Copthorn*, a few miles north-west of East Grinstead, Sussex, that TOM CRIB, *in vanquishing* his BRAVE OPPONENT, MOLINEAUX, *added fresh laurels to the* CHAMPIONSHIP, and honour to his country.

MOLINEAUX, notwithstanding his defeat, yet felt that he was entitled to another *chance*, and accordingly sent the following challenge in three days after the above battle:—

To Mr. THOMAS CRIB.

St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square,
December 21, 1810.

SIR,

My friends think, that had the weather on last Tuesday, the day upon which I contended with you, not been so unfavourable, I should have won the battle; I therefore challenge you to a second meeting, at any time within two months, for such a sum as those gentlemen, who place confidence in me, may be pleased to arrange.

As it is possible that this letter may meet the public eye, I cannot omit the opportunity of expressing a confident hope, that the circumstance of my being of a different colour to that of the people amongst whom I have sought protection, will not in any way operate to my prejudice.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient, humble Servant,
T. MOLINEAUX.

Witness, J. SCHOLFIELD.

Since the defeat of MOLINEAUX, a young man of the name of *Rimmer*, a native of Lancashire, about twenty-two years of age, and who had distinguished himself in two or three battles in his own county, was matched against the competitor of the Champion, for one hundred guineas, under the auspices of *Gregson*. Moulsey Hurst was the scene of action, in a twenty-five feet roped ring, on May 21, 1811. MOLINEAUX was seconded by his friend *Richmond*, and *Bill Gibbons* his bottle-holder; and *Rimmer* was attended by *Powers* and *Jones*. Three to one in favour of MOLINEAUX.

First round.—Two minutes had elapsed in sparring, when Rimmer *hit* right and left; but his *distances* were badly judged, and they proved of no effect, and got away—resuming a sparring attitude, when Molineaux put in a left-handed blow with

great violence on his opponent's neck, which was returned very slightly by Rimmer, who fell upon receiving this blow. Molineaux the favourite, four to one, and Rimmer exhibited the first display of *claret*.

Second—Rimmer hit right and left, made some play, and got away, but his distance was erroneous: Molineaux on the look out, made some excellent stops in a desperate rally which took place, but they both disengaged. Another rally immediately commenced, and here the *Black's* powers were witnessed, he *punished* Rimmer in a dreadful style, and knocked him down, by tremendous blows right and left, with uncommon celerity and science.

Third—Molineaux now appeared confident that he was at home, from the success of the last round, and viewed his adversary with a supercilious grin, and sparred low, as if treating Rimmer with contempt: and waited as before, till his opponent made play, when the Black hit away and followed them up so hard and fast, that Rimmer, it appeared, went to the ground, from a wish to avoid the *punishment* of his opponent.

Fourth—The head of Rimmer was now completely *pinked*, and from his manner, seemed at fault, from a severe blow he had received in the last round on the temple. Molineaux put in several severe hits, right and left, over his guard, when Rimmer instantly fell, as if shot. Molineaux was quite a hero, and punished his opponent with considerable ease and effect. Eight to one Molineaux the conqueror.

Fifth—Rimmer greatly distressed, and in making a hit fell.

Sixth—Rimmer judged his distances very incorrectly, and fell from weakness.

Seventh—Rimmer, in this round, appeared to the greatest advantage, and had the best of it—he put in a good blow with his left hand, and rallied courageously—several good hits were exchanged, when Rimmer fell over his opponent's legs.

Eighth—Rimmer strained every nerve to change the state of the battle, and hit his adversary away in their rallying, and in closing threw Molineaux.

Ninth—Rimmer's spirited conduct made Molineaux quite ferocious, who went in desperately, and was intemperate enough to make play, but pursuing Rimmer, and *punishing* him to all parts of the ring, he at length *levelled* him.

Tenth—Rimmer showed himself entitled to the appellation of a *game* pugilist. Several good blows were exchanged;

but Rimmer appeared to have a very incorrect idea of *distance*, and seemed impressed with the severity of his opponent's hits, by holding his head down, which received several blows, when he fell.

Eleventh.—Rimmer was losing the battle fast, and hit his adversary's body without effect.—Passion now was uppermost with him, and he run in after the *Lancashire* method, hitting Molineaux by the thigh off his legs, and throwing him down. Some murmurs broke forth of "foul! fair!" &c.

Twelfth—Rimmer hit his antagonist over the mouth, but was thrown by Molineaux.

Thirteenth—Rimmer rallied and closed, when each tried to show his superior strength, but both fell in the attempt, owing to a Lancashire touch of Rimmer.

Fourteenth—It was *all up* with Rimmer, who retreated to every part of the ring, followed closely by Molineaux, who put in a dreadful stomacher, which *floored* him. A scene now took place which beggared all description, during Rimmer lay prostrate on the ground; the ring was broken, owing, it is said, from the antipathy felt against a *man of colour* proving the conqueror—if it was so, the illiberal were disappointed by this manœuvre, as those who had taken the odds gained nothing by the event. Rimmer was completely exhausted, almost in a state of insensibility. It would have been a fine subject for the pencil of Hogarth to have delineated—here were *Corinthians* and *Coster-mongers* in rude contact; *Johnny-Raws* and first-rate *Swells* jostling each other; PUGILISTS and *Novices*, all jawing, threatening, but no hearing—the confusion was beyond every thing, sticks and whips at work in all directions, ten thousand people in one rude commotion, and those persons in the interior of this vast assemblage suffering from their attempts to extricate themselves from so perilous and unpleasant a situation. Twenty minutes elapsed in this *chaotic* manner, till the Champion of England, assisted by some brave followers, once more formed something like a ring. By the rules of fighting, if either of the combatants leave the ring, he is considered to have lost the battle. Molineaux and Rimmer again *set-to*, but it proved a short-lived advantage to the latter, notwithstanding extraordinary exertions were made to renovate Rimmer, to make him stand upon his legs. It was all in vain; during six more rounds Rimmer was so severely *punished* as to be unable to stand up, when he acknowledged he had received *enough!*

From the above and other battles, MOLINEAUX had given such tremendous specimens of *milling*, that since the defeat of *Rimmer*, no other pugilist, it should seem, possessed temerity enough to call the *man of colour* to the field, till he once more entered the lists with the CHAMPION of ENGLAND, at a place called Thistleton Gap, in the county of Leicester, on September 28, 1811, and was again vanquished, but in a much shorter space of time, the contest continuing only *nineteen minutes* and a *few seconds!*

The joy experienced upon the above occasion by the *flash* side, cannot be described—and considering all the disadvantages under which MOLINEAUX fought this battle, he performed wonders. It is not meant to be urged, that MOLINEAUX had not fair play throughout the fight *in the ring*—it is well known that he had—but the *Black* had to contend against a prejudiced multitude; the pugilistic honour of the country was at stake, and the attempts of MOLINEAUX were viewed with jealousy, envy, and disgust—the national laurels to be borne away by a foreigner—the *mere* idea to an English breast was afflicting, and the *reality* could not be endured :—that it should seem, the spectators were ready to exclaim—

"Forbid it heaven, forbid it man!"

It was from this sort of impression which operated upon the feelings of the auditors that MOLINEAUX had more to fear from, than even the mighty prowess of his brave opponent—the applause and cheering was decidedly upon the part of the CHAMPION; in fact, the *man of colour* received, generally, a very different sort of reception, occasioned, we apprehend, from the extreme anxiety manifested by the friends of *Crib* for

the safety of his honour and renown; nor are these observations tended to detract one single jot from his well-merited laurels; but an impartial statement of a contest like the above, supersedes every other consideration. It would be absurd to remark, that MOLINEAUX underwent any thing like a regular *training*; but, on the contrary, he indulged himself to excess—without a patron, he had to range from town to town to support himself by exhibitions of sparring, and entering into all the glorious confusion of *larks* and *sprees* that might present themselves; while, in opposition to such a line of conduct, how far different was it with the CHAMPION, placed under the immediate direction of Capt. BARCLAY, and secluded from the world at the estate of that gentleman; his stamina became invigorated to the finest tone possible; his mind cheerful and independent, and feeling a confidence that every chance was in favour of his success. MOLINEAUX, in spite of his alleged ferocity, laboured under considerable depression; wherever he went he was unpopular; and which circumstance was considerably heightened upon his public appearance to face his antagonist; and his constitution was by no means so good as in the former contest: but his efforts were tremendous and terrible, and for the first few rounds of the battle, the *flash* side experienced great palpitation. Much more need not be observed, than, upwards of eighteen months have elapsed, (March 31, 1813) and MOLINEAUX has but lately met with a competitor *(Carter)*, though he has publicly challenged all England; but which, we learn, has since been put off by *Richmond's* arresting MOLINEAUX.

It appears that MOLINEAUX is never behind hand for a *brush*, and always ready to *set-to* whenever called upon, which was witnessed in his *turn-up* with *Power*; the cause of which has been variously related—that the latter having been dealt with by *Richmond*, not in a way satisfactory to his feelings, had publicly declared vengeance against the *men of colour*; and on meeting with MOLINEAUX at the house of *Richmond*, from some reflections on complexion, which appeared too pointed at the *Moor*, they immediately stripped, and decided the affair of honour in the street. It was a most irregular contest, and impossible to be described with any degree of accuracy; but the *science* of *Power* was visible, and he *milled* the *nob* of the *Black* in good style, and got away; yet still *Molineaux* was too heavy for him, and upon closing in the crowd, *science* proved but of little advantage. At times they both fell; and after seventeen minutes of considerable confusion, this *row* ended: the friends of *Power* interfering, deeming it advisable that he should no longer contend with so powerful a man as *Molineaux*; who, notwithstanding an eye-lid rather *put out of shape*, and a lip *damaged*, his gallantry would not permit him to break off an appointment that he had previously made of accompanying four ladies to the Theatre, and whither this Hero of the Fist repaired with the most perfect *sang-froid*, to enjoy the company of the fair sex, and the attractions of the stage.

MOLINEAUX, at all events, must rank high as a scientific pugilist; and it is said, that if he could *receive* punishment equal to the manner in which he *serves it out*, it would be almost impossible for any

one to stand long against him. In height, about five feet nine inches; weighing between 13 and 14 stone, and twenty-eight years of age; inferior to none in point of courage and *bottom*; and considered a most excellent two-handed fighter. Full of fight, he exchanges *hits* with great alertness, and stops with considerable dexterity. Remarkably civil and unassuming in his demeanour, considering his want of education, MOLINEAUX has rendered himself to the *Fancy*, if not a decided favourite, at least an object of considerable attention. To *Richmond*, he is most undoubtedly indebted for a considerable portion of that superior pugilistic science which he possesses.

The following paragraph having appeared in the Leicester Paper of Feb. 3, 1813.—"*Jay*, the pugilist, has challenged MOLINEAUX to fight at any notice; but *Blackee* remains both *deaf* and *dumb* to this challenge, as he did to *Crib's* immediate acceptance of a vaunting challenge to him. The Champion promises him a love-dressing for his *bounces*, if he could be prevailed on to come to London."

To which MOLINEAUX thus replied—"I, the said *Molineaux*, do declare, that I never received any challenge but through the medium of your print, but I am ready to fight him at any place, within the county of Leicester, for a sum not exceeding £200, if accepted within one month of the above date. In opposition to that part of the paragraph which relates to *Crib*, I declare that I sent him a challenge, within two months, but I have received no answer, my friends being mentioned in the challenge, who would back me

to any amount; and that I have never received any challenge from *Crib*, since I last fought him.

N.B. Letters left at the Post-Office, Leicester, will be duly attended.

The Mark of

⋈ THO. MOLINEAUX.

MOLINEAUX is also a good wrestler, and displayed great activity and powers, at the last Exeter meeting, July 27, 1812, where he entered himself for the public prize of Ten Guineas, but received a dreadful fall from *John Snow*, of Moreton.

CHARLES DIXON:

From recording the deeds of the athletic and powerful, whose strength and stamina have rendered them of such interesting notoriety, we are, for a short space, called upon to descant on pugilistic objects of less importance, though notwithstanding their efforts might be deemed Heroism in Miniature.

DIXON, whose weight was not above eight stone and a half, was as good a pugilist as ever exhibited in the lists of honour, his bottom was unquestionable, and his style of fighting not unlike that of *Tom Belcher's*.

DIXON's first public *set-to* was on Feb. 8th, 1806, at Sendon Heath, near Virginia Water, with *Charles O'Shaugnessy*, a man considered so superior in every respect, that the bets were ten to one in his favour; but the skill and courage displayed by DIXON, was of that peculiar excellence, as to call forth the praises

of the most distinguished amateurs and experienced pugilists. The *Game Chicken*, who was a spectator of this combat, offered a good bet, that DIXON's body was not so large as his thigh, as a proof of his diminutive stature. The fight was truly severe, and had *Charles* not have consented to have had his eyes lanced, which were completely closed up, he must have lost the battle; but on this experiment being performed, he soon rendered the efforts of *O'Shaughnessy* unavailing, and was pronounced the conqueror.

In June 1807, he entered the lists with *Lennox*, at Moulsey Hurst, and after a sharp conflict, DIXON beat his antagonist; and in the July following, on the 28th, at the same place, he also disposed of one *Groam*.

DIXON, on Feb. 9, 1808, at Highgate Common, had the temerity to fight with a man of the name of *Smith*, nearly two stone heavier than himself, and he felt flattered that his knowledge of the *science* would enable him to come through the *piece* with success; but the superior strength of *Smith* gained him the battle, by his throwing DIXON repeatedly, who could not recover from the severe effects of such heavy falls.

Soon afterwards, in 1808, at Wilsdon Green, he again had the courage to meet a man, even heavier than *Smith*, of the name of *Green*, and lost in a similar manner. DIXON fought both these battles against the advice of his friends; and it is only fair to state, that he contended for the honour of victory, till nature was completely exhausted.

In the same year, in the month of November, DIXON fought with one *Harris*, a soldier. The battle con-

tinued for two hours; and in consequence of the behaviour of *George Rhodes*, who seconded *Harris*, and finding that his man was dead beaten, endeavoured to persuade the umpires that DIXON had given a foul blow, who, however, declared otherwise: *Rhodes*, the next day, arrested the stake-holder for the sum he held on his account, and thus was DIXON deprived of the fruits of his conquest.

At Wilsdon Green, April 12th, 1810, DIXON was to have fought *Brannam*, for a subscription purse of twenty guineas, and a great number of persons were assembled to witness the conflict; but it having been whispered that DIXON intended to play booty, and that it was only to be a *sham* fight, which was perceived in the course of two rounds, as planting and stopping was the order of the day; and after half an hour's complete humbugging, *Brannam* retired from the ring; but the amateurs conceiving themselves imposed upon, decided that neither of them should have any of the money; as a lesson in future.

DIXON, to recover his reputation, entered the ring on May 31st, 1801, at Mousley Hurst, and after a most determined contest of nearly an hour, was compelled to surrender to the superiority and *gameness* of *Ballard*: but DIXON not feeling satisfied, had another *set-to* in the following November, at Old Oak Common, on the 15th, when *Ballard* again proved the conqueror.

This was the last battle he fought: and it is painful to state, that notwithstanding his *game*, he did not possess *courage* enough to be correct in his deportment through life; that the Recorder of London

was compelled to send him to try the effects of another climate.

CHARLES BRANNAM:

Commenced a puglist at an early period of life, when he was only fourteen years of age, and was the terror to most of the growing young men, in the parish of St. James, Westminster: and at that age fought a man of the name of *Davies*, for a guinea, in St. George's Row, Paddington, which he won after a well contested battle of thirty-five minutes; notwithstanding the advantage of strength was so much against him, and till within the last ten minutes of the battle, he appeared to have no chance of success, till he had reduced his opponent's *strength* down to his own level, then BRANNAM's *science* caused him to prove the victor.

Charles was apprenticed to a Carpenter, and in less than six months after, he entered the lists with a man of the name of *John Redding*, better known by the appellation of *Jack in the Green*. It was a truly severe contest, and BRANNAM was knocked down nine times in continued succession, which had nearly terminated the fight; and from the superior strength of *Redding*, which was so convincing to every one present, that BRANNAM's friends insisted he should no longer continue a battle, where there was no probability of success; but he was deaf to their remonstrances, and soon afterwards gave his opponent two such tremendous *hits* on the nob, that nearly deprived *Jack in the Green* of his senses: from this unexpected

circumstance BRANNAM now took the lead, and the bets immediately changed in his favour: when after an hour and five minutes BRANNAM was declared the conqueror: but so determined had been the heroes, that scarcely an original feature in either of them could be recognized. It was for two guineas, and considered the best battle that he ever fought. About eight months after this severe contest, BRANNAM, seconded by the elder Belcher, fought a tinman, of the name of *Thomson*, who was attended by *Tom Blake*, near the Queen's Head and Artichoke, for two guineas; in the course of twenty minutes, the tinman was completely satisfied.

At this period, BRANNAM, according to his weight, was looked upon scarcely to have his superior, when *Jem Belcher* matched *George Humphries* against him for five guineas, but *Humphries* was the heaviest man by two stone, and the odds were two to one in his favour. The battle took place in Harper's Fields, near the New Cut, on Monday, January 8, 1807, in the presence of some thousands. After a severe conflict of fifty-six minutes, BRANNAM was proclaimed conqueror, leaving *Humphries* on the ground almost lifeless. *Paddington Jones* seconded *Humphries*, and *Bill Ryan* attended BRANNAM.

It was not long after this battle, that BRANNAM, in returning from an ironmonger's shop, in Piccadilly, with several locks in his hand, accidentally touched against a *fille-de-joie*, who was escorted by a gallant *son of Mars:* it appears that BRANNAM begged pardon for the supposed offence, but this grenadier of the Guards, *sans ceremonie*, gave BRANNAM so severe a *facer*, that

made him instantly *bite the dust*, and the locks flew about in all directions. A gentleman, on passing at the time, observing the violent conduct of the grenadier, immediately insisted on his name and what company he belonged to, that he might obtain redress from his officers; but BRANNAM begged he would not interfere, declaring that he would soon *mill* the *Swaddy* for his favour; still the gentleman thought he had better complain to his officers, than attempt to fight a man every way so much his superior. A small ring being formed, they *set-to*, and in the course of the first round, BRANNAM so *nobbed* the Soldier, that his face was covered with blood, and who felt so *satisfied*, that he declared he would fight no more; but some of his comrades passing, and feeling ashamed that a mere boy should beat one of their regiment, made him continue the battle for a quarter of an hour longer, when he was completely blind. BRANNAM received a guinea from the gentleman for his bravery, and who accompanied him home to his master, to prevent his getting into trouble.

On the 6th of September, 1808, BRANNAM entered the lists with a *bottom* man of the name of *Renny*, for ten guineas, at Wilsdon Green. *Renny* had fought numerous battles in his time, but never entered the ring for a prize; yet still the odds were laid thick upon him. In the first round BRANNAM shewed himself off in such good style, and his *science* appearing superior, his friends backed him with spirit; *Renny* tried to bore in upon his opponent, and dispose of him with quickness and facility, but BRANNAM being aware of his intentions, stopped *Renny's* hits with great adroit-

ness, and made some excellent returns, one of which he planted so severely on the head of his adversary, as to break a finger. This accident made a material alteration in the battle; the odds were now seven to four on *Renny*, who took the lead for the next quarter of an hour; but, notwithstanding BRANNAM's disaster, he maintained the contest with the greatest resolution for near two hours, when he was declared the victor, after having nearly killed his opponent, who was a truly *game* article. *Paddington Jones* and *Tom Blake* were seconds to BRANNAM, and *Jem Belcher* and *Dick Hall* supported *Renny*.

It appears that *Jem Belcher* was so disappointed in BRANNAM's beating *Humphreys* and *Renny*, that he felt determined to try another subject for that purpose, and accordingly selected one *Brooks*, a brick-maker, and backed him for ten guineas, which battle was to have taken place on the 4th of October, 1808, on Finchley Common; but some peace officers appearing, and shewing their authority, to which they prudently bowed, and journeyed onwards to Barnet Common, where a ring being formed, BRANNAM and *Brook* immediately set-to, but after thirty-five minutes of good *milling*, the Mayor of Barnet and his officers compelled them to desist, which left this contest in doubt.

BRANNAM now entered the ring with a scientific boxer, *Jack Eldridge*, for ten guineas at Wilsdon Green, on March 2, 1809. The true art of boxing was here displayed on both sides, and the amateurs and spectators were well satisfied with their efforts; but after sixteen minutes had elapsed, BRANNAM gave his opponent so tremendous a cross-buttock, that his

neck was nearly broken; and *Eldridge* reluctantly gave in!

BRANNAM, like other pugilists, whom Fortune had smiled on for a long time was now doomed to meet a reverse of luck, by meeting with *Ballard*, a pupil of the veteran *Caleb Baldwin*, on Highgate Common, on January 1, 1810. The battle was fought with great spirit for forty-five minutes, when BRANNAM's hands refusing to do their office, he was necessitated to acknowledge that he was conquered.

JOHN FOSBROOK:

Although not publicly known in the Metropolis, is a boxer of considerable provincial reputation, and a native of Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, in height five feet eight inches, and weighing twelve stone; and considered equal to any pugilist of that weight in the kingdom. He occasionally visits the Metropolis, but has not been matched with any professed Metropolitan bruiser: although he has received considerable instruction from the Hero of Paddington; and in the prime of youth, being only twenty-three years of age.

At Burton-upon-Trent, he has *milled* some of the primest fighters, and particularly one *Geery*, a Navigator, with whom he maintained a most severe conflict for upwards of three-quarters of an hour, when *Geery* was very glad to cry for quarter.

FOSBROOK also beat a man of the name of *Marriott* twice, who was considerably heavier and stronger than himself, in Cheshire, which added fresh laurels to his character in that part of the country.

JOHN FOSBROOK.

In Paddington Fields, one *Watts*, challenged Fosbrook for ten guineas; but he was soon glad to give it in. *Tom Jones* seconded his friend upon this occasion.

After a desperate conflict of fifty-eight minutes, Fosbrook beat a hero of the name of *Gantliff*, in Cheshire: and conquered one *Jack Heaps*, a boxer of much celebrity, in Staffordshire, after an hour's decent *milling*.

During the short time Fosbrook was engaged at the Copper Mills at Rickmansworth, he was violently attacked by three navigators, and a woman; but by considerable judgment and courage he soon made the navigators repent their conduct, and retreat from his *punishment*, when he found no difficulty in *persuading* the *lady* to follow their example!

At Shaffnel, in Staffordshire, he vanquished one *Tom Cock* twice, who was considered to have considerable pretensions to boxing.

TOM BLAKE:

(Otherwise denominated Tom Tough.*)*

Among the numerous pugilistic heroes whose valorous deeds claim the recording pages of Boxiana, the name of Blake deserves most honourable mention: his combats have not only been numerous but uniformly good—remarkably dexterous and scientific upon all occasions, and possessing a *bottom* of the finest quality, that rendered him a tremendous competitor, to all those who had the temerity to enter the lists with

him: and it must not be passed over, that the greatest CHIEFS of the present period found it of the utmost difficulty to make him pronounce the word ENOUGH! In his contest with *Holmes*, BLAKE proved himself *Tough* indeed—it was truly termed a slaughtering conflict, which will be perceived in the recital:—in his *set-to* with *Tom Crib*, his *science* and courage were so truly excellent that no odds were offered for nearly twenty minutes, and an hour had elapsed before BLAKE evinced distress: and, in the battle with *Molineaux*, though upwards of forty years of age, it still appeared that the *fight* was not taken out of him, and proved a considerable *teazer* to the *Black*, before he was disposed of.

At Wilsdon Green, on January 30, 1804, for a subscription purse of twenty guineas, TOM BLAKE entered the ring with a Coachman of the name of *Jack Holmes*, known in the fighting world as a *bit of stuff* that might be depended upon, but notwithstanding, the odds were in favour of BLAKE, six to four, on their stripping.

First round.—*Coachee* gave his opponent a severe hit upon the *near* side, which shook his equilibrium, and pursuing this advantage, planted a severe blow with his left hand, that brought BLAKE down. The bets turned instantly, and *Holmes* became the object of attraction, six to four.

From the second to the eleventh round.—Manliness and heroism were the prominent features upon both sides; closing was out of the question, and shifting seemed totally beneath their courageous hearts; no pulling or hauling were resorted to, but hitting and returning were followed up with great spirit, and neither fell down without a knock-down blow. *Holmes* being *levelled* successively the last three rounds, the odds were now four to one against him.

Twelfth.—BLAKE on setting-to immediately knocked his antagonist down.

Thirteenth—BLAKE repeated this blow with the same success.

Fourteenth to the Seventeenth—The combatants were completely upon equal terms during these rounds, and which were most courageously contested.

Nineteenth—Both on the alert, and for a short time it was impossible to distinguish which evinced the most bravery; at length the advantage appeared on the side of BLAKE. The spectators applauded loudly their manly efforts.

From the Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth—was one continued scene of hardihood and valour, and the odds continually varying alternately. Never was applause more liberally and disinterestedly bestowed upon any pugilists, their exertions were far above the usual display of boxers. BLAKE's side was like unto a raw piece of beef, from the severe *punishment* that he had received from *Holmes;* but yet the odds were considerably in TOM's favour.

Twenty-eighth—BLAKE was nearly losing his nose this round, from a most tremendous blow which *Holmes* planted upon it, that fairly turned him round from its force; TOM instantly returned a severe hit upon the *Coachman's* side, but fell from his own blow. Three to one in favour of *Holmes.*

Twenty-ninth—In the last fall BLAKE had sprained his knee so severely, that he was quite lame, and could scarcely move his foot from the earth without suffering considerable pain. His seconds wished him not to proceed, and his friends endeavoured to enforce it; but TOM insisted on continuing the battle, and patiently waited for his antagonist *setting-to,* when he threw out his left hand and *levelled* him. Still the odds were much against him.

From the Thirtieth to the Thirty-fourth, BLAKE's firmness was manifest, and waited for the attack of his opponent.

Thirty-fifth—TOM now appeared in better spirits, and somewhat recovered from his lameness, and praised, during this round, the courage of his adversary, but wished him to understand that he would be beaten. Odds in favour of BLAKE.

Forty-first—TOM was knocked down in a rally, and *Holmes* had the best of this round. The battle was protracted till the

Forty-eighth—when it would have appeared to a stranger like the first round, from the severity of the *punishment* which was dealt out upon both sides. Poor *Holmes's* face was now rendered perfectly unintelligible, not a single feature

could be traced; and the side of BLAKE was terrifying to view. The odds were in favour of TOM.

Forty-ninth—*Holmes levelled* his antagonist with considerable dexterity.

Fiftieth to the last—BLAKE being aware that *Holmes* was on the decline, shewed great alertness, and planted a severe hit upon the *Coachman*, which the spectators thought must prove a *finisher:* but in this they were much disappointed, as *Holmes* rallied and made a desperate attempt to gain the round, in which he succeeded. The *Coachman*, reluctant to pronounce the unpleasant sound of defeat, protracted the battle to the sixtieth round, when, completely exhausted, he was forced to yield. So much real *bottom*, manliness, and dexterity, had not been frequently witnessed before, that *Holmes* raised his character considerably in the opinion of the sporting world.

But, alas! poor BLAKE, the tough pugilist of his day, whose strength was once the terror of his enemies, and to whom a blow was of no avail, is now debilitated from a paralytic stroke, and nearly deprived of the use of his limbs.

JACK WARR:

(Son of the late veteran Pugilist of that Name.)

From the renowned exploits of his father, who had so often contended in the field of glory with success and fame, great expectations were formed upon the pretensions of JACK to the pugilistic art, who, under the tuition of so experienced a professor of Boxing as *Bill Warr*, whose theoretical and practical acquirements, aided by considerable experience, and whose pupils had reflected such credit upon so great a master—a boy of his own rearing, was considered must prove the very acme of perfection; and that he might burst

upon the world with splendor and sound pedigree, he made his *debût* in a contest with *Tom Belcher*; and although fortune did not crown his efforts with the smiles of victory, he gave such proofs of excellence and *science*, as to render him an object of attention to the amateur, and brought no discredit upon the stock from whence he sprang.

JACK WARR entered the lists with *Quirk* for one hundred guineas, on June 5th, 1806, at Padnal Corner, Epping Forest. *Gulley* seconded WARR, and *Elias Spray* attended upon *Quirk*:—the odds were in favour of WARR seven to four.

First round—Considerable sparring, but both apparently shy, when at length *Quirk* gave the first hit, which was neatly returned by WARR, and both the blows made some impression; WARR fell from a slip. Even betting.

Second—Manœuvring and sparring, both anxious to improve the opportunity; WARR made a hit, but his distance proved incorrect, rendered it of no effect, when *Quirk* put in a good blow, and followed it up by another, they closed, and fell.

Third—In this round the science of WARR was conspicuous, he gave his opponent two severe *facers* right and left, and likewise planted two successful hits in his body.—*Quirk* made several attempts, but none of his blows told; they closed and fell. The odds rose two to one on WARR.

Fourth—WARR rose with great gaiety, and endeavoured to plant a blow upon his antagonist's head, which was neatly warded off by *Quirk*; but WARR, notwithstanding, put in a tremendous hit with his left hand in *Quirk's* throat, over his guard, which *floored* him.

Fifth—WARR, elated with success, broke through *Quirk's* guard and put in his blows in a scientific manner, so rapid and effective, that his antagonist seemed in a state of stupor. WARR was now looked upon to be winning the battle so fast, that ten to one was offered; and considerable odds were sported that *Quirk* did not last five minutes longer.

Sixth—The head of *Quirk* was much swelled, and WARR seemed somewhat exhausted from his exertions; but nevertheless he hit over his opponent's guard, which *Quirk* stopped with considerable science, although he received a severe body blow; *Quirk*, rather enraged, seized hold of WARR, who fell on his knees.

Seventh—Rallying most determined, was the order of this round, *milling* more than *science* was conspicuous—WARR gained by the rally, and in closing, they both went to the ground extremely weak.

Eighth—A most terrible round—courage, science, and bottom appeared equally on both sides—WARR tried his favourite left-handed blow, *Quirk* parried—a rally then commenced, and they stood up heroically to each other exchanging hits, till they nearly appeared to be deprived of all motion, or power to lift up their arms. The advantage was on the side of *Quirk*, and WARR fell much exhausted.

Ninth—WARR, on *setting-to*, tried his left hand again, when another good rally took place. *Quirk* now appeared to have increased in strength, and gaining the advantage.

Tenth—The appearance of both the combatants visibly pourtrayed the severe effects of each other's punishment.—This round was nobly contested, and might be said to decide the fate of the battle. WARR, still partial to his left-handed hit, tried to use it with success, but *Quirk* being now well aware of his intention, not only parried it off skilfully, but planted a dreadful blow under the ear of WARR with his left hand, which *levelled* him instantly; and the effects of which were so severe upon his frame, that he lay for a few seconds utterly incapable of moving.

Eleventh—The exhausted state of both the combatants now claimed the commiseration of the spectators—neither of them appeared capable of giving a hit: however, they closed, and WARR fell, as if dead.

Twelfth—WARR made a desperate effort to regain his importance in the fight, and put forth all his strength to rally, but it proved of no avail, and after some slight hits were exchanged, he fell. *Quirk* was now looked upon as the winning man, and the odds were four to one in his favour.

Thirteenth—The time being expired, (half a minute) and not being able to face his antagonist, *Quirk* was pronounced the conqueror.

It was the most resolute battle for the time it continued, eighteen minutes, and reflected considerable

credit upon both combatants. The defeat of WARR was considered principally owing to his spirit and confidence of victory, which prompted him to exert himself too much at the commencement of the fight, but he was nevertheless not so much *punished* as his adversary. *Quirk* obtained the advantage by his *bottom* and superiority of strength, which enabled him to make his blows tell longer than WARR's; but in point of *science*, the latter was much the best.

A butcher with whom JACK WARR had some time previous an accidental *turn-up*, and meeting with our hero at a public-house in Oxendon-street, in December 1806, claimed the superiority of manhood; but JACK, disdaining the charge with some indignation, instantly challenged him on the spot for any sum that he could muster; but the *blunt* not being at hand, the Butcher declared he would fight him for a *belly full*; and WARR, to preserve his character as a pugilist, accepted of the offer without hesitation, making sure of a triumphant contest. The Butcher was *a bit of a glutton*, and although not scientific, yet still possessing some requisites that tend to bring a *novice*, at times, through the *piece*; he threw with considerable dexterity, and repeatedly, and, following up this system with spirit, WARR suffered so dreadfully from the severe effects of the falls, that in the course of twenty minutes, he was so much beaten as to be conveyed home. The science of WARR was conspicuous throughout the fight; and could he have prevented his antagonist from *closing* on him, the Butcher would have had to tell another story:—but such is the fortune of war!

TOM CRIB,

First known in the Pugilistic Hemisphere by the Appellation

OF

"The Black Diamond!"

But who rose rapidly by his Scientific Pursuits, to the proud and enviable Title of

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

and

In whose *Hands* it now remains, April 7th, 1813.

To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Since the days of the renowned FIGG, when the *Venetian Gondolier* impotently threatened, on his arrival in London, to tear the CHAMPION'S CAP from the British brow, (but who was soon *convinced* of his error,) it has been transferred quietly, at various times, and without murmurs, from the *nob* of one native to another, whose merit entitled him to its possession—but, that a FOREIGNER should ever again have the temerity to put in a claim, *even* for the mere contention of obtaining the prize, much more for the honour of

wearing it, or bearing it away from GREAT BRITAIN, such an idea, however distant, never intruded itself into the breasts of Englishmen, and reminds us, in a more extended point of view, of the animating passage in the works of our immortal bard, so truly congenial with the native characteristic spirit of the country:

> England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

But the towering and restless ambition of MOLINEAUX induced him to quit his home and country, and erect his hostile standard among the British heroes, and who dared the most formidable of her chiefs to the chance of war; when it was reserved for the subject of this memoir to chastise the bold intruder, in protecting the national practice and honour of the country, his own character from contempt and disgrace, and the whole race of English pugilists from ridicule and derision.

TOM was born on July 8th, 1781, at *Hanham*, a township and chapelry, in the parish of Bitton, hundred of Langley and Swineshead, Gloucester, on the borders of Somerset, situate about five miles from Bristol, and is rather a disputed spot, to which of the counties it belongs, that are contiguous to *Hanham*; therefore, whether the honour of giving birth to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND appertains to Gloucestershire or Somersetshire remains at present undecided.

CRIB left his native home at a very early period, and arrived in the Metropolis when he was no more than thirteen years old, to follow the occupation of a bell-hanger, under the guidance of a relative; but the confined situation of *hanging bells* not exactly meeting

his ideas, and being a strong athletic youth, he preferred an out-door calling, and commenced porter at the wharfs, during which time he met with two accidents that had nearly deprived him of existence—in stepping from one coal barge to another, he fell between them, and got jammed in a dreadful manner; and, in carrying a very heavy package of oranges, weighing nearly 500 lbs. weight, he slipped down upon his back, and the load fell upon his chest, which occasioned him to spit blood for several days afterwards: but by the excellence of his constitution, he was soon enabled to recover his strength from those severe accidents; and aided by the invigorating air of the ocean, upon which, we learn, he had the honour of serving against the enemies of his country, that fine stamina and hardihood got improved, for which the name of CRIB, at the present period, stands almost unrivalled.

With the *perception* of a General—the *fortitude* of a Hero—and the *science* of a thorough-bred Professor, TOM CRIB has been enabled to obtain his numerous achievements; and no pugilist whatever entered a ring with more confidence in himself, upon all those trying occasions, than the present CHAMPION OF ENGLAND; his style of fighting *(milling on the retreat)* has been somewhat disliked by several amateurs, as savouring more of policy than manliness; but this objection loses all its weight when put in comparison with his *game* or *gluttony* exhibited in every one of his conquests; and it must be observed, that he has had no *triflers* to combat with—no *apologies* for boxers,—but every one

who has entered the lists with him have possessed considerable pretensions to pugilism, and most of them are of that inordinate appetite, that they must have been not only perfectly *satisfied*, but forcibly *convinced* of his superiority, ere they could have been induced to pronounce that word, so painful to issue from the lips of brave men—ENOUGH!

The names of his brave competitors render any farther comment upon that head unnecessary:

GEORGE MADDOX,	JEM BELCHER, *(twice)*
TOM BLAKE,	HORTON,
IKEY PIG,	BOB GREGSON,
RICHMOND,	MOLINEUX, *(twice)*

AND NICHOLS;*

but our love of *impartiality* compels us to state, that notwithstanding the superlative excellence of the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, he has, in more than one instance, been considered indebted to good fortune, in being pronounced the victor: which, as faithful reporters, it becomes our bounden duty "*nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice*; but to speak of one"—of whom every anecdote cannot but prove highly interesting, and acceptable to the *Fancy* in

* Every circumstance in which the public are interested, any thing like deception ought to be avoided, and the friends of the CHAMPION acted injudiciously in withholding the name of *Nichols*, who defeated CRIB, from the list of names which are placed under his whole-length likeness—it is calculated to mislead, and gives importance to a circumstance by endeavouring to obscure that fact, which it otherwise would not deserve. It was during the *noviciate* of CRIB, and by no means reflected any discredit upon his conduct.

general: in the first contest with *Jem Belcher*, before the strength of *Jem's* right hand had left him, the battle was saved to CRIB, by the following manœuvre of *Bill Warr*—the odds were five to one on *Belcher*, and while *Gulley*, who seconded *Jem*, was offering the above odds to *Warr*, at the conclusion of a round, when CRIB had received so severe a blow that he could not come to time, *Warr*, on accepting the bet, insisted that the money should be posted, and by this stratagem gained more than a minute, sufficient time for such a *glutton* as CRIB, perfectly to recover in. And in the nineteenth round with *Molineux*, when the *Moor* had seized CRIB so fast, that he could not extricate himself from his grasp, and which was only effected by some persons breaking into the ring to separate the combatants, during which, one of the fingers of *Molineux* either got broken or much injured, when soon afterwards CRIB fell in so exhausted a state from the severe *fibbing* which he had received, that the limited time had expired before he was able to renew the contest, and Sir Thomas Appreece, one of the umpires, cried out, "*time! time!*" but his second, *Richmond*, not noticing the circumstance, CRIB recovered and won the battle.

From the placid demeanour of the CHAMPION, it appears he was never engaged in many *skirmishes*; and that the contests in which he has proved so conspicuous, have taken place on the principles of professed boxing, and in some measure peculiar to himself: if then, he may be termed a slow fighter, he is generally accounted a sure *hitter*; his skill and judgment are good; his

wind of the first quality; and supported with a *bottom* spirit never excelled. With such sound pugilistic pretensions, it cannot prove surprising that he has *milled* his way to fame and honour; and lest any more in this place might prove ill-timed or superfluous, his actions will best speak for themselves, and we shall commence with his first public *set-to* with that veteran of fistic glory,

George Maddox, on Wood Green, near Highgate, January 7th, 1805, for which see page 210. In this contest, CRIB, being a stranger, had to contend against much ill-usage and unfair treatment.

On February 15th, 1805, CRIB entered the list with *Tom Blake*, for a subscription purse of forty guineas, on Blackheath. *Richmond* and *Joe Norton* were seconds to the former, and the latter were attended by *Dick Hall* and *Webb*. Both the combatants underwent training for a month; and betting was even, but CRIB rather the favourite. It proved a most excellent contest, and *Blake* was not conquered without great difficulty and exertion, and continued upwards of an hour. From the scientific display of CRIB in this battle, he began to claim considerable attention among the amateurs.

Ikey Pig, a heavier and stronger man than CRIB, contended with him for a subscription purse of forty guineas, on Blackheath, on May 21st, 1805. *Paddington Jones* seconded CRIB, and the *Jew* had for his attendant *Bill Wood*. *Ikey* made good use of his strength, and *levelled* his opponent several times; but CRIB's caution, bottom, and *science* proved too much for

the *Jew*, who gave in much to the regret and loss of his followers.

At Blackwater, for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas, July 20th, 1805, CRIB was defeated by *Nichols*. See page 196.

Colour or *persuasion* made no odds to TOM, and he now entered the ring with *Richmond*, for a match of twenty-five guineas, on October 8th, 1805, at Hailsham, in Sussex. The *solidity* of the deportment of the one, and the *singular movements* of the other, created much sport; and in fact, it could scarcely be called a fight; and was considered an unequal match; although an hour and a half elapsed, before victory was declared in favour of CRIB, who was little, if any, the worse for the contest.

CRIB was now getting fast into notice, a pugilist of rare pretensions, and *Captain Barclay*, who perceived those hitherto hidden qualities in him, took TOM into training, and matched him for two hundred guineas with *Jem Belcher*, which took place at Moulsey Hurst, on the 8th of April, 1807, in a twenty-feet roped ring. *Gulley* and *Watson* were the seconds to *Belcher*, and CRIB was attended by *Bill Warr* and *Richmond*—Odds six to four on *Jem*.

First round.—Considerable *science* was displayed by both the combatants upon *setting-to*, when *Belcher* planted two hits right and left upon the head and body of his opponent, which was returned slightly by CRIB, who rallied and closed, and was thrown by *Belcher*.

Second.—*Belcher* put in two severe blows upon CRIB's head and body, when the latter returned a hit, but slipped down upon his hands in attempting to follow it up. CRIB shewed the first blood.

Third.—Several severe blows were exchanged, when CRIB threw *Belcher*, who planted a heavy body blow while in the act of falling. This round rather in favour of CRIB.

Fourth.—CRIB displayed good *science* in warding off two blows of *Belcher's*, when they closed and fell.

Fifth.—*Belcher* with his right hand put in a dreadful blow on CRIB's left eye, and in closing hit his opponent twice in the body, and threw him. Five to two on *Belcher*.

Sixth.—CRIB began to shew symptoms of weakness, *Belcher* put in a hit, which CRIB in warding off, fell.

Seventh.—*Belcher's punishment* was now visible on the body of CRIB, who endeavoured to put in two blows, which were parried by *Belcher*, and *Jem* returned both right and left with great dexterity, and rallied his man to the ropes, when CRIB clung to them, and fell much fatigued; *Belcher* also went down on his knees, but seemed in good spirits. Three to one upon *Jem*.

Eighth.—The blood flowed profusely from CRIB; hitting and retreating neatly; when they closed, and both went down.

Ninth.—*Belcher* hit his adversary right and left, but only the latter told, when *Jem* fell.

Tenth.—*Belcher* commenced this round with great spirit, and gave CRIB some severe blows, without letting him have a chance, following and rallying his opponent to the ropes, when CRIB, appearing quite fatigued, fell. The odds now rose four to one on *Belcher*.

Eleventh.—*Belcher* planted two hits, which CRIB skilfully warded off, but *Belcher* was so rapid in closing upon his antagonist, that they both went down.

Twelfth.—A small change was now making its appearance between the combatants: CRIB seemed rather gaining his strength, while *Belcher* appeared rather distressed; when CRIB rallied successfully, planted a hit under *Belcher's* perfect eye, closed, and threw him.

Thirteenth.—*Belcher*, in all his contests, never shewed himself to greater advantage than in this round, his skill was of the finest order, and only equalled by his courage; in closing, *Belcher* threw CRIB.

Fourteenth.—Both on the alert, and "eager for the fray," *Belcher* hit right and left, which were parried by CRIB, who returned two blows in the body; when they closed and fell. Still four to one on *Belcher*.

Fifteenth.—*Belcher*, full of gaiety, rallied CRIB to the extremity of the ring, and in struggling put an end to the round.

Sixteenth.—CRIB now convinced the spectators that he possessed considerable more *science* than they were aware of, and stopped *Belcher's* blows with great skill. The Knowing-Ones were, at this period of the battle, rather at a stand-still with regard to sporting their money—CRIB it was certain, by his appearance, had received severe *punishment*, but not enough to satisfy any thing like his *gluttony*; and *Belcher's* stamina had been considered on the decline previous to this contest, and it was apprehended that he could not last long.

Seventeenth.—*Belcher*, still confident, rallied his adversary, who fell from fatigue. Two to one on *Belcher*.

Eighteenth.—*Belcher* put in some dreadful blows in the body, and a terrible thrust in the throat of his opponent, and followed him up with such spirit and rapidity, that CRIB fell violently, and quite exhausted, and to all appearance as if he would not be able to come again in time. It was in this round that *Belcher* sprained his wrist, and deprived of nearly the use of his right hand afterwards. Five to one on *Belcher*.

Nineteenth.—*Belcher* slipped in making play.

Twentieth.—The combatants closed and fell.

Twenty-first.—CRIB planted two blows on his opponent's head, who slipped in returning them. It was now perceived that *Belcher* proved incorrect in his distances, and that several of his blows were thrown away, from the bad state of his eye.

Twenty-third.—*Belcher*, full of gaiety, put in a good hit, and threw CRIB a cross-buttock.

Twenty-fourth.—CRIB the most conspicuous in the round, when they closed and fell.

Twenty-fifth.—CRIB put in a tremendous blow, and in attempting to follow it up, *Belcher* shifted, and CRIB ran himself down—a little disapprobation expressed, but the generality exclaimed, "fair! fair!"

Twenty-sixth.—The constitution of *Belcher* was now giving way, his strength was not able to resist the heavy *punishment* of CRIB, who hit *Jem* from him, and gave *Belcher* a *leveller*. CRIB upon this became the favourite.

Twenty-seventh.—A well-contended round, and notwith-

standing *Belcher* gave CRIB a cross-buttock, it was considered in favour of the latter.

Twenty-eighth.—*Belcher* made a hit, which was warded off by his opponent and returned, when they closed and fell.

Twenty-ninth.—Without hesitation CRIB closed, and from his uncommon strength threw *Belcher* over the ropes.

Thirtieth.—Both exchanged a blow, when with a very weak hit *Belcher* went down. Five to two on CRIB.

Thirty-first.—A good round, without any particular advantage to either; though CRIB put in the most blows, yet *Belcher* gave his adversary a violent fall.

Thirty-second.—Both closed and fell.

Thirty-third.—*Belcher* quite *game*, endeavoured to make the best of it, but CRIB rallied and threw him.

Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, and Thirty-sixth.—In all these rounds CRIB maintained the superiority.

Thirty-seventh.—*Belcher* had scarcely any strength left to stand, and his brave opponent was not in a much better state; and from this period to the Fortieth it was little better than mere hugging, blows they could not be called, from the exhausted state of both the combatants, and they fell in an irregular manner.

Forty-first and last.—Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and CRIB proving the strongest man, put in two weak blows, and rallied, when *Belcher*, quite exhausted, fell upon the ropes, and gave up the contest.

From the above victory, CRIB rose rapidly into fame—his real qualities were hitherto unknown, and he had been viewed principally as a *glutton* of the first cast, with a *bottom* unimpeached; but now his pretensions unfolded themselves, and the amateurs were completely surprised at his display and improvement in the SCIENCE—his *distances* were well judged, and he *stopped* with great dexterity and neatness: and had he have proved a *quicker* hitter, the contest might have been sooner decided.

CRIB was now challenged by *Horton* (who had beaten the Champion's brother) for one hundred guineas. *Horton* had signalized himself in the vicinity of Bristol, and had improved considerably under the tuition of the *Game Chicken*; but in this contest, which took place on May 10th, 1808, TOM CRIB very soon took the *conceit* out of him; and upon *setting-to*, the odds were four to five on the CHAMPION.

Considerable interest had been excited in the *Sporting World*, on a comparison of the pugilistic qualities of *Gregson* and CRIB, when a match in consequence was made between those celebrated heroes of the fist, and decided at Moulsey-Hurst, in a thirty-feet roped ring, on October 25, 1808. *Gulley* and *Bill Gibbons* seconded CRIB; and *Jem Belcher* and *Richmond* attended upon *Gregson*. Five to four on the CHAMPION.

First round.—After some trifling sparring, *Gregson* attempted to plant the first blow with his left hand, but proving too short, it was ineffectual, and CRIB hit over his adversary's shoulder, when they closed, and in falling, *Gregson* was the uppermost.

Second.—CRIB full of activity, put in two body hits right and left; when *Gregson* endeavoured to return the compliment, but CRIB dexterously avoided it by shifting, and put in a severe blow on the right side of *Gregson's* face with his left hand; which made the *claret* flow most profusely, and never ceased during the fight. *Gregson*, full of impetuosity, made some desperate attacks upon CRIB's neck, which if they had not been prevented from taking effect, in all probability would have terminated the contest: CRIB rallied and *Gregson* was thrown. Two to one on the Champion.

Third.—*Gregson* full of spirit rallied, and planted a most tremendous hit under the ear of CRIB, who retreated according to his favourite mode of fighting; *Gregson* incautiously following him, suffered that severe *punishment* termed *milling on the retreat*, receiving a heavy blow on the right side of his face from every retreating step of his opponent, but still the *game* of *Gregson* kept him following close, till he fell quite stunned.

Fourth.—CRIB went down in making play.

Fifth.—*Gregson* shewed himself in this round to considerable advantage, his *distance* was well measured, and he put in a hit so terrific in the extreme upon the temple of CRIB, that he was completely abroad, and to all appearance destitute of recollection; and had *Gregson* have followed up this *chance*, the battle must have been his own—instead of *sparring* he should have kept *hitting*, while his opponent was retreating to the ropes to put an end to the round, and who had to sustain a severe rally before that circumstance was accomplished, which was effected by CRIB's being knocked off his feet.

Sixth.—The appearance of CRIB's head was truly shocking, and *Gregson's* face was one stream of blood; they rallied, and after exchanging hits to a stand still, CRIB was thrown by *Gregson*.

Seventh.—*Gregson's* distances were badly judged, and CRIB hit his opponent so dreadfully over his bleeding mouth that made him nearly frantic; when they closed, and CRIB received a cross-buttock. Two to one on CRIB.

Eighth.—*Gregson* appeared rather distressed, and CRIB, *milling* away on the retreat with considerable success from *Gregson's* intemperate and injudicious mode of following him, who received such severe blows on his face, that he fell on his knees, and was helped up. Three to one on CRIB.

Ninth.—CRIB kept the lead, and after a few hits, they both went down on their knees, when a sort of hug took place, and they both laid down quite exhausted.

Tenth.—The wind of both the combatants appeared distressed; and considerable caution was displayed on both sides; when they closed and fell.

Eleventh.—Greater courage was never displayed upon any occasion than by both the combatants; *Gregson* attempted a most dreadful blow, but his *distance* was incorrect, and it failed; however he rallied, and planted two severe hits on the head and body of his opponent; CRIB seemed in a state of stupor, when *Gregson* threw him. Seven to four on CRIB.

Twelfth.—Words cannot convey any idea of the horrid appearance of the Combatants' faces—but notwithstanding, they stood in the most determined manner exchanging blows, when *Gregson* went down more from fatigue, than the strength of the blow.

Thirteenth.—Every exertion was made upon both sides to gain the superiority—CRIB was now fast recovering his

wind and strength; and *Gregson* suffering his passion to get the better of him.

Fifteenth.—CRIB *punishing* his opponent in first-rate style, when *Gregson* fell from its severe effects.

Sixteenth.—*Gregson* put in a blow on CRIB's head, which brought him down instantly.

Nineteenth—Nature seemed quite exhausted in both the combatants—their blows were mere attempts to strike, and of no effect.

Twentieth—*Game* versus *bottom*—CRIB full of heroism, and *Gregson* no ways destitute of valour—it was truly astonishing to witness what a pitch of courage human nature can arrive at, and anxious of victory, the combatants seemed to forget their state, went in furiously, and both fell as if intoxicated.

Twenty-second.—On meeting, a rally took place, and strength favouring *Gregson*, he fairly bored down CRIB, when the odds shifted so much, and such was the general feeling, that ten to one was offered CRIB could not come again.

Twenty-third.—Never were pugilists so completely worn out, and CRIB on setting-to, had merely strength enough to put in two feeble hits, and closed; in wrestling, CRIB had the good fortune to throw his antagonist, who fell with such uncommon force as nearly to deprive him of motion. *Gregson* was raised up and placed upon his second's knee, but the *time* had expired before he was able to come again; in consequence of which, CRIB was declared the victor. It was not only the most fortunate, if not the most unexpected event in his life; for upon hearing the news he fell, and remained in an exhausted state for a short period.

Richmond, who it appeared had offended CRIB, he challenged immediately after his recovery, for fifty guineas, to be decided instantly, but his friends would not suffer such a proceeding to take place.

Jem Belcher, whose conquests had been so truly distinguished, was most greviously hurt in his mind by the defeat which he had experienced with CRIB; that he was determined to have another trial, for the recovery of that which was so dear to him as a pugilist,

VICTORY and FAME. This memorable conflict took place on February 1, 1809, on Epsom race-ground, in a thirty-feet roped ring; *Belcher* was seconded by *Mendoza* and *Clark*; and CRIB was attended by *Joe Ward* and *Bill Gibbons*. Three to one on CRIB.

First.—Considerable *science* was displayed on both sides for a short time, when *Belcher* put in two hits, one of which was warded off by *Crib*, but the other took effect on his body: who instantly returned, which *Belcher* partially stopped, and in closing, *Belcher* had a light fall.

Second.—*Crib*, on the alert, made play, and gave his adversary a blow in the body; *Belcher* rallied, and after an exchange of hits, *Belcher* was thrown.

Third.—*Belcher* full of gaiety, and making use of excellent *science*, put in two lounging hits right and left, one of which took a dreadful effect under the left ear of his opponent, when the blood flowed in torrents. Some good hits exchanged, but of no consequence. *Crib* again threw his adversary.

Fourth.—Both the combatants made a grand display of the perfections of the art of boxing—hitting and stopping were never seen to greater advantage. In rallying, *Belcher* fell somewhat distressed for wind.

Fifth.—*Belcher* hit right and left, but his right hand appeared lamed; when *Crib* rallied and again threw *Belcher*.

Sixth.—*Belcher* apparently distressed, retreated to the ropes to recruit his wind, where *Crib* improving the opportunity put in some severe blows. *Belcher*, aware of his opponent's uncommon strength, hit out, and gave at arm's length a severe blow under *Crib's* ear with his lame hand, and unfortunately for the latter, upon the exact spot where *Gregson* had so wounded him—torrents of blood flowed from it; and closing, *Belcher* gave *Crib* a severe cross-buttock. *Crib's* constitution was considered so good, that the odds were four to one that he would win.

Seventh.—The *science* and style of *Belcher* gave him the advantage in this round, but he had not stamina to support his efforts, which operated as a check to betting in his favour. He rallied, and planted his blows successfully, and in closing *Crib* went to the ground, but very lightly.

Eighth.—The exertions which *Belcher* had hitherto made appeared now to have injured his wind considerably, and he

made towards the ropes to recruit it, which *Crib* perceiving followed him, when *Belcher* made an uncommon effort to extricate himself from the superior strength of his antagonist by rallying, and planting a few hits, but this was too feeble to make any impresssion on the hardy frame of CRIB; in closing, much hugging took place, and after some struggling to obtain the throw, they both went over the ropes.

Ninth.—They closed, but were separated by their seconds.

Tenth.—It was clearly seen, notwithstanding the courage and *science* displayed by *Belcher*, that his constituion was too weak for the competitor with which he was engaged, and that the chance of winning was against him. *Crib* had been acting principally on the defensive till this period of the battle; but now he changed the scene, went in and showed his superiority by hitting, stopping, and planting several successful blows, and finished the round by giving *Belcher* a severe fall. All betters as to the event, but no takers.

Eleventh.—*Crib*, full of gaiety, made play, and again threw his opponent. *Belcher* was losing fast every round, both his hands had forsook their office, and *Crib* kept the lead to the

Nineteenth.—When *Belcher* convinced the spectators in what part of him the deficiency rested, and positively fought against his nature, and stopped most scientifically every hit, till he could no longer resist the impetuosity of his opponent, who bored him completely down; yet *Belcher*, in spite of all his infirmities, continued the battle till the

Thirty-first.—But it was piteous to view this once renowned and brave CHAMPION of ENGLAND, only standing up to be *punished*, and that in the most dreadful manner. For the last ten rounds there was not the smallest shadow of success—the flesh had separated from his nails, and his knuckles were so miserably lacerated, as to appear as if cut with a knife: when, after a contest of forty minutes, the heroic JEM BELCHER resigned the palm of victory to CRIB, never more to enter the field of honour.

From the above conquest, CRIB had acquired considerable fame and eminence as a first-rate pugilist; and his friend *Gulley*, having resigned all pretensions to *prize milling*, the envied title of CHAMPION OF ENGLAND descended to him, when he was bound

in honour to protect its noble character from insult and attack; and *how* far he has fulfilled that important charge, the promulgation of his warlike deeds, will best speak for themselves.

Much as the interest of the former contests of the CHAMPION had excited interest in the *Sporting World*, they were now looked upon as trifling, when compared with his battle with *Molineaux:* and even those persons who had hitherto passed over Boxing in general, as beneath their notice, now seemed to take a lively interest in the issue of this fight. It appeared somewhat as a national concern, and ALL felt for the honour of his country, and deeply interested in the fate of their Champion, TOM CRIB. *Molineaux* was viewed as a truly formidable rival, and by no means deficient either in point of strength, courage, or agility, with his opponent; and though but little known himself, his pedigree had been traced to be good, that his father was never beaten; he was a twin brother; and the family distinguished for pugilistic traits of excellence and *bottom.* In height *Molineaux* is about five feet eight and a quarter, weighing fourteen stone, two pounds; while his brave opponent stands five feet, ten and a half, and in weight about fourteen stone, three pounds. It appears that CRIB expected to win with ease and style; and *Molineaux* threatened to perform wonders: and it is stated, by the most experienced and best informed upon the subject, that the betting upon this occasion exceeded any thing of the kind that had gone before it. Considerable odds were betted that *Molineaux* was disposed of in fifteen minutes, and it was considered safe betting that CRIB

proved the conqueror in half an hour. The day selected for this grand *milling* exhibition, was Dec. 10, 1810, at Cópthall Common, in the neighbourhood of East Grinstead, Sussex, within 30 miles of the Metropolis. Notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, and the distance from London, the *Fancy* were not to be deterred from witnessing the *mill*; and who waded through a clayey road nearly knee-deep for five miles, with alacrity and cheerfulness, as if it had been as smooth as a bowling-green, so great was the curiosity and interest manifested upon this battle. About twelve o'clock, Mr. JACKSON, with his usual consideration, had the ring formed at the foot of a hill, (twenty-four feet roped) surrounded by the numerous carriages which had conveyed the spectators thither, to ward off the chilling breezes and rain which came keenly from the eastward. Immediately upon this being completed, *Molineaux* came forward, bowed, threw up his hat in defiance, and retired to strip; CRIB immediately followed, and they were soon brought forward by their seconds; *Gulley* and *Joe Ward* for the CHAMPION, and *Richmond* and *Jones* for *Molineaux*.

First round.—The first appearance of the young ROSCIUS excited not greater attention than the *setting-to* of the above pugilists; the eyes of the spectators were stretched to their utmost, waiting for the first blow, which, after a few seconds of scientific display, the *Moor* put in a left-handed hit, but which did no execution. CRIB returned, but his *distance* was incorrect; however, he made a good stop, and planted a blow with his left hand under the eye of his opponent. A rally now ensued; a blow exchanged by each of them, but of no import, when they closed, and *Molineaux* was thrown.

Second.—The *Moor* rallied with a left-handed blow, which did not tell; when CRIB planted a most tremendous

blow over his adversary's right eye-brow, but which did not have the effect of knocking him down, he only staggered a few paces, followed up by the Champion. Desperation was now the order of the round, and the rally re-commenced with uncommon severity, in which CRIB shewed the most science, although he received a dreadful blow on the mouth that made his teeth chatter again, and exhibited the first signs of *claret*. Four to one on CRIB.

Third.—After a short space occupied in sparring, *Molineaux* attempted a good blow on CRIB's *nob*, but the Champion parried it, and returned a right-handed hit under the *Moor's* lower rib, when he fell rapidly in the extreme. Still four to one.

Fourth.—On setting-to *Molineaux* rallied, when the Champion stopped his career by a severe hit in the face, that *levelled* him, the ground being wet and slippery.

Fifth.—The amateurs were uncommonly interested in this round, it was a display of such united *skill* and *bottom*, that both the combatants claimed peculiar notice from their extraordinary efforts. *Molineaux* rallied with uncommon fortitude, but his blows were short. CRIB returned with spirit, but the *Moor* knocked them off, and put in a tremendous hit on the left eye of the Champion. A rally, at half-arm's length, now followed, which excited the utmost astonishment from the resoluteness of both the heroes, who hit each other away three times, and continued this desperate *milling* for half a minute; when *Molineaux* fell from a feeble blow. The Knowing Ones were lost for the moment, and no bets were offered.

Sixth.—The *Moor* planted a blow upon the *nob* of the Champion, who fell from the bad state of the ground.

Seventh.—CRIB in a rally gave *Molineaux* a hit on the side of his head, when he went down.

Eighth.—CRIB showed himself off in good style, and dealt out his blows with considerable success and effect: but experienced from the determined resolution of the *Moor* that he was somewhat mistaken in his ideas of the Black's capabilities, who rallied in *prime-twig*, and notwithstanding the severe left-handed hits which were planted on his *nob*—the terrible punishment he had received on his body, directed by the fine skill and power of the Champion, still he stood up undismayed, and proved that his courage was of no ordinary nature in exchanging several of the blows, till he fell almost in a state of stupor, from the

milling his head had undergone. This round was equal to any that preceded it, and only different in point of duration.

Ninth.—The battle had arrived at that doubtful state, and things seemed not to prove so easy and tractable as was anticipated, that the betters were rather puzzled to know how they should proceed with success. *Molineaux* gave such proofs of *gluttony*, that four to one now made many tremble who had sported it; but still there was a ray of hope remaining from the senseless state in which the *Moor* appeared at the conclusion of the last round. Both the combatants appeared dreadfully *punished;* and CRIB's head was terribly swelled on the left side; *Molineaux's nob* was also much worse for the fight. On CRIB's displaying weakness, the *flash-side* were full of palpitation—it was not looked for, and operated more severe upon their minds upon that account. *Molineaux* rallied with a spirit unexpected, bored in upon CRIB, and by a strong blow through the CHAMPION's guard, which he planted in his face, brought him down. It would be futile here to attempt to pourtray the countenances of the interested part of the spectators, who appeared, as it were, panic-struck, and those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the *game* of the CHAMPION began hastily to *hedge-off*; while others, better informed, still placed their confidence on CRIB, from what they had seen him hitherto *take*.

Tenth.—*Molineaux* now showed symptoms of weakness; but yet rallied and bored his opponent to various parts of the ring. CRIB kept knocking the *Moor* about the *nob*, but he seemed to disregard it, and kept close to his man, till they both went down. The CHAMPION now perceived what sort of a *customer* he had to deal with, and that to win, judgment and caution must be resorted to; he therefore adopted his favourite and successful system of *milling on the retreat*.

Eleventh.—The *Moor* still partial to rallying, planted several blows, but they appeared rather feeble, and did not have the desired effect; but notwithstanding, he evinced strength enough to give CRIB a heavy fall.

Twelfth.—*Molineaux*, immediately on *setting-to*, commenced another rally, when the CHAMPION put in a severe body blow, but the *Moor* treated it with indifference, and in return not only *milled* CRIB's head, but in closing threw him.

Thirteenth.—*Molineaux*, in boring in upon his adversary, received a severe *facer* from CRIB, but who went down from

the force of his own blow. To shew the uncertainty of betting, it is necessary to state, that the odds had changed six to four on the *Moor*, to the no small chagrin of those who had sported their money, that *Molineaux* would not become the favourite during the fight.

Fourteenth.—The *Moor* went furiously in, and run down CRIB without striking a blow, or without the latter being able to return one; however, on disengaging, the Champion was *levelled*.

Fifteenth.—CRIB, on *setting-to*, planted a blow over the guard of the *Moor*, which occasioned a most determined rally, and those persons who were fond of viewing *milling*, might now witness it in perfection; no shifting, but giving and taking were displayed on both sides, till *Molineaux* was knocked down from a severe hit he received in his throat.

Sixteenth.—Rallying still the most prominent feature, but *Molineaux* went down through fatigue; and CRIB appearing to the best advantage, the odds changed about till they became even, that the Champion would win.

Seventeenth.—Both the combatants determined to do their best, entered most spiritedly into another sharp rally, when they closed, and *Molineaux* not only gave CRIB a desperate fall, but fell upon him. Betting very shy, if any, it appearing to be any body's battle.

Eighteenth.—The Champion made play, and planted with his right hand a severe blow on his opponent's body; when *Molineaux* returned a hit on the Champion's head, who by a blow on the forehead, hit the *Moor* off his legs, but afterwards fell from the strength of his own blow. Both in an exhausted state.

Nineteenth.—To distinguish the combatants by their features would have been utterly impossible, so dreadfully were both their faces beaten—but their difference of *colour* supplied this sort of defect. It was really astonishing to view the determined manner in which these heroes met—CRIB, acting upon the defensive, and retreating from the blows of his antagonist, though endeavouring to put in a hit, was got by *Molineaux* against the ropes, which were in height about five feet, and in three rows. *Molineaux* with both his hands caught hold of the ropes, and held CRIB in such a singular way, that he could neither make a hit or fall down: and while the seconds were discussing the propriety of separating

the combatants, which the umpires thought could not be done till one of the men were down, about two hundred persons rushed from the outer to the exterior ring, and it is asserted, that if one of the *Moor's* fingers was not broken, it was much injured by some of them attempting to remove his hand from the ropes: all this time *Molineaux* was gaining his wind by laying his head on CRIB'S breast, and refusing to release his victim; when the Champion by a desperate effort to extricate himself from the rude grasp of the *Moor*, was at length run down to one corner of the ring, and *Molineaux* having got his head under his arm, *fibbed* away most unmercifully, but his strength not being able to the intent, it otherwise must have proved fatal to CRIB, who fell from exhaustion and the severe *punishment* he had received. The bets were now decided that *Molineaux* did not fight half an hour; that time having expired during this round.

Twentieth.—*Molineaux* made the most of himself, and brought his opponent down by boring and hitting.

Twenty-first.—CRIB planted two blows upon the head and body of his opponent, which *Molineaux* returned by a desperate blow in CRIB'S face; when they closed, and the Champion was thrown. The well-known *bottom* of CRIB induced his friends to back him six to four.

Twenty-second.—Of no importance.

Twenty-third.—The wind of both the combatants appearing somewhat damaged, they sparred some time to recruit it, when CRIB put in a blow on the left eye of *Molineaux*, which hitherto had escaped *milling*. The *Moor* ran in, gave CRIB a severe hit on the body, and threw him heavily.

Twenty-fourth.—*Molineaux* began this round with considerable spirit, and some hits were exchanged, when CRIB was thrown. The betting tolerably even.

Twenty-fifth.—The effects of the last fall operated in some degree upon the feelings of *Crib*, from its severity; yet the CHAMPION endeavoured to remove this impression by making play, and striving (as in the former round) to put in a hit on *Molineaux's* left eye, but the *Moor* aware of the intent, warded it off, and in return, knocked down *Crib*.

Twenty-sixth.—Both the combatants trying to recruit their wind and strength by scientific efforts. The Champion now endeavoured to hit the right eye of *Molineaux*, the left having been *darkened* for some time; but the *Moor* warded off the blows of *Crib* with agility and neatness, although he went down from a trifling hit.

Twenty-seventh.—Weakness conspicuous on both sides, and after some pulling and hauling, both fell.

Twenty eighth.—*Crib* received a *leveller* in consequence of his distance being incorrect.

Twenty-ninth.—The *Moor* was running in with spirit, but the *Champion* stopped his career, by planting a hit upon his right eye, and from the severe effects of which he went down, and his *peeper* materially damaged. The fate of the battle might be said to be decided by this round.

Thirtieth.—If any thing could reflect credit upon the *skill* and *bottom* of *Crib*, it was never more manifested than in this contest, in viewing what a resolute and determined hero he had to vanquish.—*Molineaux*, in spite of every disadvantage, with a courage and ferocity unequalled, rising superior to exhaustion and fatigue, rallied his adversary with as much resolution as at the commencement of the fight, his *nob* defying all the *milling* it had received, that *punishment* appeared to have no *decisive* effect upon it, and contending nobly with *Crib* right and left, knocking him away by his hits, and gallantly concluded the round by closing and throwing the Champion. The *Moor* was now convinced that if he did win, he must do it off by hand, as his sight was much impaired.

Thirty-first.—The exertion of this last round operated most forcibly upon *Molineaux*, and he appeared much distressed on quitting his second, and was soon *levelled* by a blow in the throat, which *Crib* very neatly put in.

Thirty-second.—It was almost who should—strength was fast leaving both the combatants—they staggered against each other like inebriated men, and fell without exchanging a blow.

Thirty-third.—To the astonishment of every spectator, *Molineaux* rallied with strength enough to bore his man down; but both their *hits* were of more *shew* than effect.

Thirty-fourth.—This was the last round that might be termed fighting, in which *Molineaux* had materially the worst of it; but the battle was continued to the 39th, when *Crib* evidently appeared the best man, and at its conclusion, the MOOR *for the first time complained*, that "HE COULD FIGHT NO MORE!" but his seconds, who viewed the NICETY OF THE POINT, persuaded him to try the *chance* of another round, to which request he acquiesced, when he fell from weakness, reflecting additional credit on the manhood of his brave CONQUEROR, TOM CRIB.

Great events are generally judged of by comparison; and however severe the conflict might have been between *Johnson* and *Big Ben*—this battle betwixt CRIB and *Molineaux*, was not only more formidable in its nature, but more ferocious and sanguinary. FIFTY FIVE minutes of unprecedented *milling*, before the *Moor thought* he had had *enough!!*

If any thing had been wanting to establish the *fame* of CRIB, the above contest has completely decided his just pretentions to the CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND. With a coolness and confidence, almost his own, and with skill and judgment so truly rare, that he has beaten his men with more certainty than any of the professors of the gymnastic art. He was called upon to protect the honour of his country, and the reputation of *English Boxing*,—a parade of words, or the pomposity of high flown diction are not necessary to record the circumstance; however, let it not be forgotten, that TOM CRIB

HAS DONE THIS:

and let it be remembered also, that however partial to his favourite system of *milling on the retreat*, he never resorted to its scientific effects till the necessity of the moment compelled him not to throw away the *chance*; and that for the first ten rounds of this contest, he was the *offensive* pugilist, and notwithstanding his *game* had always been well known, his *courage* in this instance astonished all the spectators, who expressed their admiration at his being ever ready at the mark fighting his man.

It is but candid to admit, from the excellent specimen which *Molineaux* pourtrayed in his contest with the CHAMPION, that the *Moor* was entitled to another trial; and the PLEA on which he grounded his fresh challenge, "*had not the weather proved so unfavourable*," and trusting that "being *of a different colour would not operate to his prejudice*," was a strong appeal to the liberality of Englishmen, and could not be passed over with indifference by CRIB, who, notwithstanding had publicly declined fighting, accepted of this challenge with alacrity and cheerfulness—in consequence of which, at Thistleton Gap, in the County of Rutland, a few miles from Grantham, and contiguous to three Counties, on Saturday, the 28th of September, 1811, this ever memorable combat took place, whether OLD ENGLAND should still retain her proud characteristic of conquering; or that an AMERICAN, and a *man of colour*, should win the honour, wear it, and carry it away from the shores of Britain. Never was the *sporting world* so much interested, and for twenty miles within the seat of action not a bed could be obtained on the preceding night: and by six o'clock the next morning, hundreds were in motion to get a good place near the stage, which even at that early period proved a difficult task. It is supposed that near 20,000 persons witnessed this tremendous *mill*: and that one-fourth of them were of the *highest mould*, including some of the principal CORINTHIANS of the state. VICTORY proving so long doubtful in the former combat, rendered the capabilities of the MOOR an object of fear and jealousy on the part of the friends of the CHAMPION, who

viewed him as a rival of the most daring quality, and *one* not to be disposed of with the common routine of *punishment*. They neither of them weighed so much as in the last fight by a stone; and CAPTAIN BARCLAY, whose knowledge of the capacity of the human frame appears to be better than most men, took the CHAMPION under his immediate eye, and trained him upon a system peculiar to himself, reducing CRIB from upwards of sixteen stone, to about thirteen stone six pounds, yet kept his stamina unimpaired. From such patronage and protection the bets were three to one on the CHAMPION, and six to four that he gave the first knock down blow.

A few minutes after twelve o'clock, they mounted the stage (25 feet), CRIB springing upon it with great confidence and bowing to the spectators. The applause exceeded every thing of the kind: the *Moor* followed and jumped over the railing with considerable spirit, bowing, and was greeted with tokens of approbation, though not of so general a nature. Both the combatants looked well; and *Molineaux*, for a man of colour, might be termed rather good-looking: but CRIB appeared to have the longest arms. The *Moor* seemed disturbed, and walked the stage with hasty steps. On stripping, the anxiety of the multitude cannot be described; and they were soon brought to the mark by their seconds, *Gulley* and *Joe Ward* for CRIB, and *Richmond* and *Bill Gibbons* for *Molineaux*:

First round.—A minute elapsed in sparring, when the CHAMPION made play right and left, and put in a right-handed blow on the body of the *Moor*, who returned a feeble hit on his opponent's *nob*. A rally now commenced, in which

a few blows were exchanged, and *Molineaux* received a hit in his throat, which sent him down, though not considered clean.

Second.—The *claret* was perceived to issue first from the mouth of *Crib*, upon commencing this round. A most terrible rally took place by mutual consent, when the *Champion* planted with his right hand a severe body hit, which was returned on the head by *Molineaux* with his left flush. They both fought at half-arm's-length for superiority, and about six good hits were exchanged, when they closed, and in a trial of strength, *Crib* was thrown. Five to two on the *Champion*.

Third.—In the last rally the right eye of *Crib* was almost *darkened*; and another now commenced equally as ferocious, after sparring to obtain wind, in which it was perceived the *Moor* was defective, when the *Champion* put in a most tremendous *doubler* in the body of *Molineaux*, and who, notwithstanding he was *hit* away, to the astonishment of every one, renewed the rally in that determined manner, as to create considerable agitation among those persons who had betted the odds. There was a marked difference in their method of fighting; *Crib* hit right and left at the head and body, while the *Moor* aimed at the *nob* alone, and with much judgment planted several dexterous flush hits, that impaired the eyesight of *Crib*, and his mouth bled considerably. This rally continued a minute and a half, and in closing the *Champion* received a heavy fall. The superiority of the *Moor's* strength was evinced by his grasping the body of *Crib* with one hand, and supporting himself by the other resting on the stage; and in this situation threw *Crib* completely over upon the stage, by the force of a cross-buttock. To those not *flash*, the mere appearance of things appeared in favour of the *Moor*; but the fortitude of the *Champion stayed* his friends, altho' the betting had got down seven to four.

Fourth.—*Molineaux's* wind could not be depended upon; and the head of *Crib* was terrific; and although he was bleeding from every wound, he smiled with confidence, and rallied in the first style of manliness. A number of good blows were exchanged: *Crib milling* away at the body, and *Molineaux punishing* the head. *Crib* went down from a trifling blow, and betrayed symptoms of weakness. No variation in the betting.

Fifth.—*Molineaux* commenced a rally, and the *punishment* was truly dreadful on both sides; but the *Moor* had

the best of it, and the Champion fell from a hit, and received another in the act of falling, which occasioned some difference of opinion, but the umpires decided it to be correct, as the hands of *Crib* were at liberty.

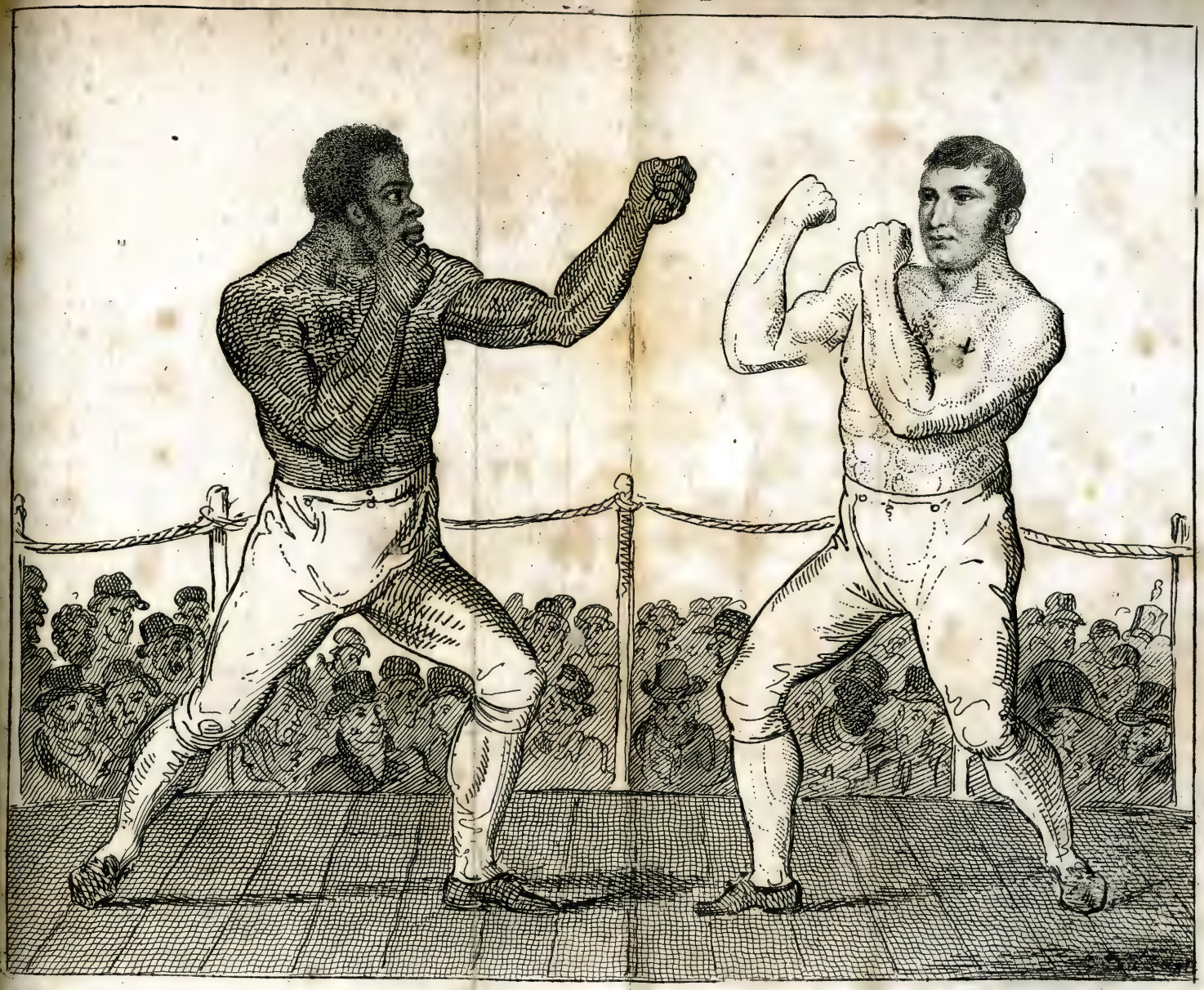
Sixth.—*Molineaux* from want of wind, lunged right and left, but gained nothing by it, and stopped with neatness the right hand of the Champion. *Crib* now gave the *Moor* so severe a blow in the body with his right hand, that it not only appeared to *roll him up*, but seemed as if he had completely knocked the wind out of him, which issued so strong from his mouth like smoke from a pipe, that he was literally gasping for breath. On renewing a rally, he behaved quite frantic, and seemed bewildered as to what manner he should conduct himself—afraid of his opponent's *punishment*, he dared not go in, although wishing so to do, and capered about in an extravagant manner, to the derision of *Crib* and the spectators, hit short and was quite abroad; when the *Champion* pursued him round the stage with great success, and concluded the round by a full-length hit, which laid the *Moor* prostrate. Five to one on *Crib*.

Seventh.—*Molineaux* quite furious ran in on an intemperate rally, and gained a trifling advantage; but *Crib punished* him as severe as can be described, about the neck and jugular; and after the expiration of a minute, the *Moor* fell from weakness.

Eighth.—*Molineaux*, still desperate, rallied, but his blows were too short; when *Crib nobbed* him in fine style, and *fibbed* him most dreadfully till he fell, the Champion having got his head under his arm. All betters.

Ninth.—It was so evident which way the battle would now terminate, that it was "*Lombard Street to a China Orange*," *Crib* was the conqueror. The *Moor* in running in, had his jaw broke, and he fell as if dead, from a tremendous left-handed blow of the Champion. *Molineaux* did not come to his time by full half a minute,—but *Crib* wished that the Spectators should fully witness his superiority in giving away this *chance*—dancing about the stage, when he ought to have been proclaimed the conqueror: and went in again, knocking him nearly down, and then up again, and *levelled* him.

Tenth.—It was with the utmost difficulty, that *Molineaux* could be brought from the knee of his second, and then it was only to add to the severe *milling* which he had re-



THE SECOND CONTEST BETWEEN CRIB & MOLINEUX, SEPTr 28: 1811.

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ceived; but the *Moor* still *game*, made a desperate though unsuccessful effort, and fell from great distress.

Eleventh.—CRIB had given another *chance* away respecting time, but the *Moor* was in a state of stupor, his senses having been completely *milled* out of him; and upon receiving a *floorer*, he was unable to be got from it—when victory was announced in a sort of a Scotch reel by *Gulley* and CRIB, elated with success, that the applause was tumultuous in the extreme.

> ——— Such a noise arose
> As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
> As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
> Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
> Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
> I never saw before.

It appeared in the above BATTLE, that the *Moor* had acquired *science* equal to the CHAMPION, and was viewed as good an *in-fighter*; remarkably quick and weighty with his left hand, and who returned on his opponent's head, whenever he received in the body: but no question now remains concerning the superiority of the combatants—CRIB having won a main, and beat the *Moor* in *nineteen minutes and ten seconds*, when in the former battle it continued thrice the duration; which can only be accounted for, that CRIB was too full of flesh in that combat, and not in good condition; and *Molineaux* had improved respecting *science*, but injured his stamina. The hardiest frame could not resist the blows of the *Champion*; and it is astonishing the *Moor* stood them so long. He was taken out of the ring senseless, and could not articulate; and it was thought upon the first examination that his jaw-bone and two of his ribs were fractured; while, on the contrary, CRIB scarcely received a body blow, but his head was terribly out of shape.

All the towns upon the North road gained considerably by this contest, particularly those of Grantham and Stamford. No interruption was offered to the *mill*; and it is said, that the Corporation of the principal towns in the North solicited that the battle might be fought on their own domains; as did numbers of the nobility residing in that part of the country.

Among the company who witnessed the battle, were the Marquis of Queensberry, Sir Henry Smyth, Lord Yarmouth, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Major Mellish, Captain Barclay, General Grosvenor, Lord Pomfret, Sir Francis Baynton, Sir Charles Alton, Thomas Goddard, Esq. Mr. Gore, &c. &c. and all the sporting amateurs and professors in the kingdom.

So much interest was felt in London concerning the issue of this contest, that we cannot pass it over without notice—exceeding every thing in the annals of pugilism. On Saturday night an immense crowd assembled in the front of *Richmond's* house, the *Pad and Swimmer*, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, to inquire the particulars, which so completely blocked up the street, that the house was shut up at an early hour; on the next morning they assembled and gained access, and although some additional rooms were opened, half the people could not be accommodated; and also at *Bob's* Chop-house, the Castle, in Holborn, was so crowded on the Sunday evening, that several peace officers were obliged to attend to preserve order.

On the CHAMPION's return home in a barouche and four horses, decorated with blue ribbons, on the Monday following, accompanied by an Amateur of Distinction

and *Joe Ward*, he was cheered through all the towns he passed, after the manner of an officer bearing dispatches of a victory, so much was it felt by the people of England: and upon the approach to his house in White Lion-street, Seven Dials, the crowd had assembled in such numbers as to render it impassible, and who rewarded this HERO OF THE FIST with loud and animating plaudits, worthy of the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

It was reported that CRIB gained £400 by this *set-to*; and his patron, *Captain Barclay*, £10,000; and that a baker in the Borough sported all his *blunt*, personal property, together with the lease of his house, &c. amounting to £1700, upon the CHAMPION. A curious bet was also made between two sporting characters, the winner to get *a complete suit of clothes*, shirt, &c. &c. with a walking-stick, gloves, and a *guinea* in his pocket.

Through the kind interference of *Mr. Jackson*, a collection of near £50 was made for *Molineaux*, who by no means conducted himself in that sort of way that a pugilist ought to have done who was to fight for £600, by letting any one previously knock him about with the gloves that had any inclination to spar with him.

It should seem, that CRIB was peculiarly indebted to *Capt. Barclay* for his excellent condition: having spent three months previously to the battle, at his country-seat in Scotland, living entirely by rules laid down by the *Captain*, and adhering to the strictest regimen and discipline. CRIB, it appears, would most willingly at times have relaxed from this mode of life, had not his patron pointed out the great advantages resulting from such training—shewing that the body was invigorated

by the prescribed means, and that nothing gross or puffy appertained to it; and which was most clearly evinced in the CHAMPION, who was rendered light, firm, and free from complaint. Nothing is more obvious than by a comparison of the *trained* man, with one who cannot feel or submit to the utility of it—the flesh of the former does not so soon turn black, or become inflamed with the effect of blows; while, on the contrary, the *untrained* would become blind from those hits, which the pugilist in good condition would not even shew the marks. But notwithstanding, it is said of CRIB, that he would sooner fight *Molineaux* any time, than undergo another such a *training!*

The Editor of the *Edinburgh Star* having made some comments upon the CHAMPION, which have been thought rather irrelevant to his character, we insert the correspondence that passed between them, to render these memoirs as ample as possible:—"On Sunday last, CRIB, the celebrated pugilist, arrived at Aberdeen, on a visit to a gentleman there. He is at present in training in Ury, the seat of *Captain Barclay*, preparatory to the great battle to be fought with *Molineaux*, on the 27th of September, near Doncaster. On this match not less than £50,000 are already betted, and CRIB stakes one hundred guineas of his own money on the issue. Betting, however, is at present equal. This celebrated boxer is at present the Champion of England, having fought and gained the following pitched battles, besides many casual ones, in which he never was beat, viz. with George Maddox, Jan. 1805—Tom Blake, Feb. 1805—Ikey Pig, May 1805—Richmond, the black, 1805—James Belcher, 1807—Horton, May 1808—Gregson,

October 1808—Belcher, 1809—and Molineaux, 1810. CRIB is now only thirty years of age." Here follows the Editor's comment: "When the amount of money collected for the relief of British prisoners in France, now suffering for the cause of their country, scarcely amounts to £49,000, there is—Blush, O Britain!—there is £50,000 depending upon a *boxing match!* The Champion CRIB's arrival, and on a Sunday too! on a visit to a gentleman of Aberdeen, (we should be glad to know what kind of a gentleman he is) on his way to *Capt. Barclay's* seat, where he is to go into training. This must be announced, forsooth, as if he, the *meritorious* CRIB, did honour to the city of Aberdeen by his presence! What will the starving manufacturers of Scotland say, when they read this? Shame! shame upon it!"

From these remarks the CHAMPION felt induced to address the Editor with the following card:—"Mr. Crib presents his respects to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Star*. Mr. Crib saw (with what satisfaction the Editor may suppose) the paragraph relating to him in a late paper, and he will take the opportunity of soon passing through Edinburgh, to make due *personal* acknowledgments for the favour done him.——Ury, by Stonehaven, 28th July, 1811."

The above card was answered by the Editor in his paper of the 6th of August, in the following words: "If Mr. Crib, by *personal acknowledgments*, means any thing in his *professional* line, as we are not adepts in the noble science of boxing, we think it would be but fair to give us a little time to procure a Champion, and put him in training: perhaps Mr.

Crib's friend at Aberdeen might be induced to superintend his education."

In consequence of the numerous hard-earned victories of the CHAMPION, a splendid dinner was given at *Gregson's* chop-house, by a large party of pugilistic amateurs: but more especially in honour of his second triumph over the *Moor*, when CRIB was placed in the chair; and his conduct, as president, was unassuming and pleasant; receiving the approbation of several patrons of distinction by whom he was surrounded. Considerable harmony prevailed, and several excellent songs written for the occasion, full of point, were most rapturously received, particularly one of *Bob Gregson's*, (see page 358), which was applauded to the echo, and loudly encored. *Milling* formed the most prominent feature of the conversation, but no *practical* display of the art resorted to, to enforce their arguments—and the company did not depart till they unanimously voted the Champion—

A SILVER CUP, *valued Fifty Guineas*,

as a memorial of the high opinion which the *Sporting World*, in particular, held of his uniform courage and superiority in his pugilistic combats—induced to enter the ring (after having positively declined pugilism in general) on the score of *nationality*—his own individual fame—and to prevent a FOREIGNER from triumphing over the heroes of England.

The subscriptions for the above purpose proving so ample, the sum was increased, and a silver cup of EIGHTY GUINEAS VALUE was presented to the CHAMPION, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Monday, the 2d of December, 1811, at a dinner appointed for that pur-

pose, Tom Crib in the chair, supported by one of the most numerous and respectable assemblage of the *Fancy* ever witnessed: after the cloth was removed, and the usual toasts of loyalty had been given, Mr. *Emery* (of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden), who having been at a previous meeting unanimously voted to present this *Fancy Plate*, was now called upon to fulfill the wishes of the company, when the *cup* was immediately produced, the son of Thespis rose, and gave

"Crib—*the Champion of England!*"

and addressed the chairman to the following purport:

"Thomas Crib,—I have the honour this day of being the representative of a numerous and most respectable body of your friends; and though I am by no means qualified to attempt the undertaking which has devolved on me by a vote of the subscribers, yet the cause will, I am confident, prove a sufficient excuse for my want of ability. You are requested to accept this cup as a tribute of respect, for the uniform valour and integrity you have shewn in your several combats, but most particularly for the additional proofs of native skill and manly intrepidity displayed by you in your last memorable battle, when the cause rested not merely upon individual fame, but for the pugilistic reputation of your native country, in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that combat you gave proof that the innovating hand of a foreigner, when lifted against a son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the *strength* of a lion, but the heart also.

"The fame you have so well earned has been by manly and upright conduct; and such conduct, I have no doubt, will ever mark your very creditable retirement from the ring, or stage of pugilism. However intoxicated the cup or its contents may at any future period make you, I am sufficiently persuaded the gentlemen present, and the sons of John Bull in general, will never consider you have a *cup* too much."

The cup, filled with wine, having gone round, the Champion thus briefly addressed his patrons, "Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in presenting this

cup, I most respectfully beg of you to accept my warmest thanks."

The CHAMPION having omitted to drink the health of his patrons, Mr. *Emery* reminded him of this mistake, at the same time candidly allowing for the embarrassed situation of the Chairman, by observing to the company that the feelings of the President were too much overcome by gratitude to think of that which he had neglected, and also to give utterance to what he intended to have said upon the occasion; which was well received by all present.

Chaunting then became "the order of the day," and among the toasts and songs given upon this occasion considerable *originality* appeared.* Harmony reigned throughout, and the CHAMPION, impressed with gratitude to his leading patrons, Sir Henry Smyth, Bart. Capt. Barclay, Shirlwall Harrison, Esq. &c. &c. drank their healths with marked animation and respect; and the CUP in being put round, upon its arrival into the hands of Mr. Jackson, Gulley, Gregson, and the veteran Joe Ward (who acted as Vice), the company, as a mark of esteem for their past services, loudly cheered those celebrated heroes of the fist.

No pugilist ever retired from the *ring* with such favours heaped upon him as the present CHAMPION, and the *sporting amateurs* have vied with each other in paying respect to his *milling* acquirements, that have been so often seen, *felt*, and justly acknowledged; and, doubtless, will be *long* remembered by those persons

* A selection of which (with some others) will be introduced at the end of the work.

who entered the lists against his conquering arm. He left the field of glory, covered with honour and renown, to pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity and peace, by paying attention to his business, that of a Coal Merchant—and which he has assiduously followed, till within these few days, to commence Tavern Keeper, at the *King's Arms*, the corner of *King Street* and *Duke Street, St James's*, where we wish him all the success that he merits.

Our sketch of the CHAMPION would be imperfect, were we not to observe, that in disposition he is placid, condescending, and obliging, possessing a forbearance of temper, that cannot be more *strikingly* illustrated than by the following circumstance, which took place a few days after the last fight. CRIB, in passing through Fore-Street, Cripplegate, was most grossly insulted by a Jew of the name of Simmonds, who valuing himself upon his manhood, and not knowing whom he was in company with, endeavoured to give our HERO a prime *facer*; when the CHAMPION, with the utmost composure, seized hold of this *mere apology*, (in his hands,) and disdaining to inflict that *punishment* which, had he given way to rage, he otherwise must have done from his well-known strength and science, and in all probability nearly annihilated this presuming *Israelite*; but, instead of which, he instantly compelled *Mordecai* to go before the Lord Mayor to answer for the assault; when his *Lordship*, on hearing the case, was *struck* with the magnanimity displayed by CRIB on this occasion, and highly praised him for his manliness of temper;—reprimanding the Jew severely for his improper behaviour, and discharged him, on paying

the costs; to which decision the CHAMPION, with much good nature, immediately acquiesced.

IMPROMPTU,

On its being said, in allusion to the late battle, that MOLINEAUX *had been* "SOLD."

The BLACK to say, at least is bold,
That in the battle he was sold:
If so—by *Auction*—for 'tis known,
When he was sold, CRIB *knocked him down!*

AN IMPROMPTU,

Occasioned by the CHAMPION'S *quitting his occupation of Coal Merchant for that of Victualler, at the sign of the* KING'S ARMS.

Black diamonds, adieu!—TOM's now took to the *bar*,
The FANCY to *serve* with new charms—
For a *chop* or a *glass*—to *mill* or to *spar*,
They'll be at home to a *peg* at the *Arms!*
The lovers of truth, without crime, may *here* FIB—
On the pleasures of *sporting* can sing—
Then, ye *Swells*, give a *turn* to gallant TOM CRIB,
That he may ne'er QUIT the Arms of his KING!

If not possessing the volubility of an orator, the CHAMPION, in company, is facetious, and endeavours to render himself pleasant and sociable to those around him, with a modest and unassuming deportment.

We understand that an *emblematical* BELT has been some time preparing for the CHAMPION, but not yet presented to him. More need not be observed, than in taking leave of this distinguished Pugilist, we present our patrons with—

REPRESENTATION of the ELEGANT SILVER CUP PRESENTED to CRIB

Publish'd Sept. 1812 by G. Smeeton, 130, St. Martin's

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE

Coat of Arms,

(ENGRAVED UPON THE SILVER CUP)

presented to TOM CRIB,

designed and executed at the expressed wish of

The Higher Flights of the Fancy,

AND GIVEN

as a REMEMBRANCER of their approbation of the manly combats and pugilistic qualities of the

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

THE CREST:

The *Bristol* Arms.

In the first quarter:

The BRITISH LION, is looking down with stern regard on the *American* Flag, half-mast high *(in the fourth quarter);* the Beaver, symbolic of the latter country, hiding his head under its folds, alluding to MOLINEAUX'S DEFEAT.

In the second quarter:

The Combatants are setting-to; and

In the third quarter:

CRIB is viewed in his coal barge, illustrative of his trade.

THE SUPPORTERS,

Represent the CHAMPION looking with an eye of commiseration on his vanquished opponent.

MOTTO:

" And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold! ENOUGH!"

Shakspeare.

1813.]

JOE WARD:

FATHER OF THE PRESENT RACE OF PUGILISTS;

Being the oldest Professor (now living, April 1813,*) of the scientific art of Boxing.*

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

The *Sporting World* have not, at the present moment, an object of more interesting attention respecting the SCIENCE OF PUGILISM than the above veteran—who, if he has not personally *milled* his way to that high eminence in the art, which several others have attained, he has acquired a distinguished reputation which no other pugilist possesses, from his long and practical experience in all the VARIOUS SCHOOLS that have *flourished* and *faded* during his time; added to his knowledge of the merits of the various professors, and in having acted as the principal *second* in nearly all the battles of note which have transpired for the last forty years, places JOE WARD in the most attractive point of view, not only to the *Sporting Amateur* to learn the qualities and pretensions of those men he might feel inclined to *back*, but also to the young pugilist, whose inexperience points

JOE WARD.

BILL GIBBONS.

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out to him, the value of obtaining that information, respecting the style, manner, and execution of those boxers, who have *milled* their way to fame and honour, by operating as models for their future conduct, in acquiring those *traits of excellence* which have produced notoriety, and in avoiding those *defects* that have brought on *ruin*, defeat, and even disgrace.

The above veteran was born on the 21st of March, 1751, at Billericay, in Essex, of respectable parents, who apprenticed our hero to an engraver; and JOE's seven years were passed in his Majesty's Warren, at Woolwich, and the Tower of London, in promulgating the arms of the King on cannons, guns, &c. and who, in all probability, from being thus surrounded with those implements of war, his mind imbibed that ardour for the "*use of arms*," which, it appears, through life, he has never been tardy in using, when the necessity of the moment compelled him to have recourse to their aid—and to which prominent trait in his character, several of his Majesty's subjects can bear ample testimony of his *taste* for *engraving* in the various *etchings* they have at times received from his *graver*, by the *light* and *shade* he has so skilfully put in upon those faces, who have claimed the *finishing touches* of this artist!

About the year 1770, we find JOE entering the lists with a man of the name of *Davis*, in Mary-le-bone Fields, for two guineas—a sort of "*kill devil fellow!*" but who was soon glad to acknowledge the superiority of WARD, although a mere youth, and inexperienced in the pugilistic art.

A Lock-smith, of the name of *Morris*, a good *bottom* man, fought with JOE, on Lisson Green, Paddington, for ten guineas; but who, like the former, was glad to cry out *enough*. WARD upon this occasion was seconded by *Norfolk Harry*.

In Harley Fields, JOE was called out by one *Sweat-man*, who "had crept so much into favour with himself" on account of his superior *milling* qualities, that he fought WARD ten guineas to ten shillings! when, this conceited man experienced not only the mortification of losing his *blunt*, but also received considerable *punish-ment*, and the contempt of the spectators for his pre-sumption.

JOE did not long remain at peace; he was challenged by *Jack Mowet* for ten guineas, and which fight was decided in the Long Fields. It was a well contested battle, but victory was once more decided in favour of WARD, who was seconded by *Bill Gibbons*.

On Wimbledon Common a severe battle was fought between one *Reynolds* and JOE, which continued for an hour and nine minutes; and, upon its conclusion, being considered as a *draw*, they again contested the point,

On July 1, 1788, upon a stage on the Brighton Race Course, when the superiority of JOE was evident, who fought in the most scientific and manly style, to the complete terror of his antagonist. *Reynolds* proving destitute of *game*, shifted, and was soon glad to *give in!*

WARD, partaking of the sports at Lewes Races, was challenged by a man of the name of *Allister*, for two guineas, who was considered one of the best men in Sussex; but *Allister* was so soon disposed of by the above veteran, that upon his exclaiming, "*Is this the best man your county can boast of?*" a fellow instantly stepped up, known by the appellation of "*Jolly Rags*," and demanded a *set-to*; upon which the ring was immediately cleared, when *Jolly Rags* received such a severe *milling*, in a few minutes, from JOE's potent arm, that he was glad to cry for quarter. Both these battles were gained before WARD put his clothes on, to the no small amusement of the amateurs and spectators present.

JOE entered the lists at Langley Broom, with one *Townshend*, for twenty-five guineas a side. This was a good contest; but the superior science of WARD again prevailed, when he was declared the conqueror. *Bill Warr* was JOE's second.

At Smallborough Green, near Hounslow, a man denominated *Great Jacobs*, challenged WARD, and who made so certain of winning, that he betted five guineas to three; but JOE was not to be intimidated either by his money or size, and seconded by his friend *Bill Gibbons*, he *set-to* without ceremony, and soon took the conceit out of this vaunting blade.

The sunshine of fortune now for a moment left our hero, who was beaten in a contest in Hyde Park, with *Jonathan Starling*; but whose defeat was occasioned by his arm being broken, which prevented him from continuing the fight. *Tom Johnson* seconded JOE.

WARD, about four years since, fought a man at Kilburn Wells, known by the title of "*Great Joe*," *the Oxford Waggoner*, from a place called Bestre, in Oxfordshire, who was a complete terror to the road, not only from his size and weight, (which was nearly 17 stone), but from the notions entertained of his *milling* qualities. JOE, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends to the contrary, would fight this *Knight of the Whip*, who blustered what he could do—when WARD, without any further remarks, *set-to* with "*Great Joe*," and in seven minutes proved to the no small satisfaction of his friends, that *Little* JOE was the *greatest* man in actions, by *punishing* all pretensions of *milling* completely out of this insolent *chaw-bacon*. The veteran, at this period, being nearly sixty years of age, and his antagonist scarcely thirty. A dinner being given at the above place on the Monday following, and WARD acting as the president upon the occasion, when two waggoners having put up at the above in, and learning that JOE was up stairs, one of them insisted upon joining the company, to which the landlord made no immediate objection, provided he paid 10s. 6d. the price of the dinner ticket: when *Johnny Raw* instantly threw down the *blunt*, and having gained admission,

enquired what one of the bowls of negus upon the table came to, and was informed twelve shillings, when he ordered another to come in directly, and now declared the purpose of his errand, offering to treat JOE with a bottle of wine, for the manly courage which he had displayed in *punishing* his over-grown fellow-servant, and at the same time declaring the satisfaction it had given all the travellers and inn-keepers along the Oxford road, who had been continually annoyed from the insolent attacks of this *would-be* boxer.

One *Treadaway*, a bricklayer, entered the lists with JOE, at Turnham Green; but who was soon compelled to acknowledge his scientific superiority, by declaring he had had quite *enough*.

WARD being at the White Lion, Paddington, a few years since, and a trifling skirmish ensuing, a tailor, of the name of *Talbot*, who was more officious than necessary, and possessing rather more money than wit, annoyed the veteran so much, by interfering, that JOE told him if he did not remain quiet, "that for a halfpenny he would give him a punch on the head." The pride of this "*ninth part of a man*" instantly took fire, and strutting up to our hero like a crow in a gutter, with a good deal of bombastic gestures, observing he should like to catch him at it; and if he would only attempt it, he would give him a guinea!!! "Give me the money," cries the veteran—when this simple remnant of *tape* and *buckram* immediately handed the *shiner* over to JOE WARD, who directly pocketed the affront, and telling him now to take care of himself—when he *put-in* such a tremendous *hit* upon the *empty nob* of poor *Stich*, that *levelled* him in a twinkling with his native dust, where he laid for a considerable time, stunned, until awakened from his stupor by the peals of laughter and contempt of the spectators, who were now drinking red wine at his expense, the veteran having ordered four bottles of port (giving the waiter the odd shilling) as a punishment for his *bouncing*, and to lament over his folly at his leisure, that in future he might learn *how* to dispose of his *guineas* on a better *suit*.

At one of the *freaks* of the FANCY at the late *Slender Billy's*, in the renowned dominions of *Caleb Baldwin*,

about two years since, where a prime *bruin* was the sport of the day, two great coal-heavers fell foul of *Bill Jackling* and his *buffer*, and who, whether from fear or some other cause, he did not resent the affront in a way which JOE expected, when the latter instantly remonstrated with *Jackling* on his want of spirit: upon which the coal-heavers, *sans ceremonie*, fell upon JOE—a row commenced, and our hero, who had hitherto been afraid of the *bear*, now found himself under the animal's feet; which, however had no effect upon his nerves, for on getting up he soon *served out* these customers as they deserved, to the great satisfaction of all present, but particularly to an eminent sporting wax chandler, who exclaimed, in all the broad accent peculiar to his country, "Ah Mon! I always thought you only a *second*, but now I find you the best of the *firsts!*"

In last December (1812) as JOE was going through Edward Street, Portman Square, a big fellow ran after him, threatening to give the veteran a *hiding:* a gentleman who was passing, observed the circumstance, and knowing JOE in the prime of his life, exclaimed, "You rascal, there was a time when you dared not have used WARD thus!" upon which this *chap* made a blow at JOE, who warded it off, and returned such a tremendous hit on the fellow's *nob*, that he fell down as if killed; and lay to all appearance for a considerable time, without any signs of life, to the great alarm of the above gentleman, who thought the man was actually dead—and who declared his readiness to all around him, that he would come forward in case any thing serious occurred; but upon his recovery, expressed great satisfaction, at the *punishment* which this *hit-a-body* had received, and so justly merited.

In fact, it would require a small volume to detail the anecdotes and laughable skirmishes of our hero, of whom we are sorry to observe, that a few months since in a casual set-to at GREGSON'S he had the misfortune to break one of his legs: but his good constitution soon brought him through it.

Enjoying a fine green old age, JOE appears nearly as active as when in the hey-day of youth, and *seconds* with an uncommon degree of agility and attention. At

the zenith of his *milling days* he was in height about 5 feet 6½ inches, weighing eleven stone six pounds; but at the present period he is somewhat heavier. As a pugilist, few, if any, possessed more activity, and his *science*, upon all occasions, appeared truly conspicuous. JOE was looked upon as a manly fighter, and one who put in his blows remarkably quick, and ever alert in the fight to improve the *chance* which presented itself; turning it ultimately to his advantage and success. Possessing a lively eye, he seldom let the first round pass over without *drawing the cork* of his antagonist, and soon discovering what sort of a *customer* he had to deal with.

In the capacity of a SECOND he may be said, without disparagement, to stand *first* on the list; and his judgment and discrimination in that peculiar respect has ever been looked upon by the *Sporting World* with considerable attention; and his long *practical* experience have stamped that opinion current. Every thing depends upon a good *second*, and very few of the first rate fighters have any sound pretensions to that character, in comparison with WARD: to recruit the exhausted—to gain wind—to infuse courage—to increase the offering *chance*, &c. the merits of JOE are so well known as not to need any further comment:—but BOXIANA would not have done its duty in passing them over; or in omitting the following illustrative fact:—*Hooper* the *tinman*, who had often obtained victory under the care of JOE, felt so much enraged on learning the veteran was to second *Tom Owen* (a publican) against him, that *Hooper* threatened WARD with a serious mischief, if he persisted in so doing. "Never mind," cried our hero, "I have often taught you, BILL, *how* to win; but now you shall see that I will teach *Owen* the *way* to beat you!" and which proved the fact. WARD, well knowing that it almost broke the *tinman's* heart whenever he was thrown, instructed *Owen* (who possessed merely strength instead of art) how to acquire that qualification, but who was so completely ignorant of its effects, as not to know which way to commence the operations, until the few lessons that he had received from JOE, rendered him so expert and perfect, that he

was *then* enabled to throw his master with ease and certainty.

We now turn aside from the qualifications of the hero, to view his pretensions as a man of taste; and this, as in several other instances, which we have pourtrayed, it will be found that all PUGILISTS *are not so completely absorbed by* FIGHTING, *as to prove indifferent to the softer attractions of life, in passing over the works of genius and art without admiration and attention.* If JOE cannot boast of a splendid gallery of pictures, formed of selections from the great *foreign* masters, he can sport such a collection of *native* subjects, that, in many instances, must be considered *unique.* Portraits of nearly all the Pugilists (many of them in whole-lengths and attitudes) are to be found, from the days of FIGG and BROUGHTON down to the present period; with a variety of paintings of several of the most celebrated pugilistic encounters that have transpired, and likenesses of distinguished amateurs; among whom are, Captain Barclay, the classic Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Cumberland (the patron of BROUGHTON), Fletcher, Reid, &c. with sporting subjects out of number; in short, a very large room is filled from the top to the bottom, and as a proof of WARD's liberality in preserving the Heroes of the Fist, many of whom must have sunk in oblivion, he has had several painted at his own expense. His parlour is decorated in a similar manner; and his partiality for pictures has gone so far, that even the tap-room contains many excellent subjects—such as the Death of Lord Nelson, Duncan's Victory, portrait of Buckhorse, &c. which would reflect no discredit upon a better situation: and it must be confessed, that the FANCY are much indebted to the exertions of JOE WARD for *his* preservation of the likenesses of so many of their favourite heroes, and to whom, perhaps, the term may not be misapplied by observing, that from a retentive memory, and possessing an intelligent mind, he can give a sort of *new life*, to those departed pugilists, by detailing their actions.

The veteran now keeps the GREEN DRAGON, *King Street*, near *Swallow Street*, where any person may

have an opportunity of verifying what has been asserted, in viewing

WARD'S CABINET OF THE FANCY!

and where civility and good treatment give a zest to the other attractions of the amateur.

BILL GIBBONS.

In all *sports* of the FANCY, see BILL take the lead—
When hunting the Badger, or Bull of *true* breed!
With rum trotting *Neddies*, for speed or 'gainst time;
And *tykes* that will *mill* with the *primest* of *prime!*
To fight, or to *second*, 'tis to GIBBONS the same—
And a *Cove* that is *flash* to the CHANCE of the *game:*
In the *ring* truly useful—full of *spunk* at a hunt—
And a BOXER that *knows* the *true value* of BLUNT;
Tho' quite partial to *milling*—but averse to all strife,
Yet *down* to the TRICKS—and will LIVE all his LIFE!

The subject now before us, most undoubtedly, must be considered as the *completest* FANCIER *in the circle*, if not one of the oldest *kids* of the FANCY; and however prominent his *milling* qualities may appear on the canvas, yet they operate as mere *light* and *shade* to the other parts of his portrait. Whether he lays any claim of affinity to the learned historian of that name, who has treated the world with such a copious knowledge of the Greeks and Romans, we have not yet been able to ascertain; but of this we are assured, that no man has a better knowledge of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of the present day, or deeper *read* in their conquests, than the Hero of this sketch. ORIGINALITY cannot be denied to him; and in point of being *flash*, the very echo vibrates to the truth of this assertion. The Marquis of Stafford's collection of paintings to the most refined connoisseur, cannot prove a greater source of attraction than the

Sporting Managerie of BILL GIBBONS, to the *Fancier*; who may be termed a leading *asterisk* to the Sporting World; or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the *pendulum* that keeps a *certain part* of it in motion.

His levees previous to a *mill*, a HUNT, *race*, or a *bait*, upon an *enquiring suit*, are numerous beyond description; and among whom it may clearly be seen, that the CLOTHES make *only* the difference, and human nature appears the same—in witnessing the CORINTHIAN *drop* his dignity to gratify his *penchant*—the *Gownsman* put aside his cloth and his book to enjoy his favourite pursuit—and the SWEEP parting with his *scanty pittance* of *blunt* to enjoy and participate in a *bit of life!*

In the *canine fancy*, BILL's dogs take the lead, and the stamp of GIBBONS passes them *current* for *thorough-bred* and *game*, whose judgment, in this respect, has never been questioned; and his decisions upon animals, paid nearly as much deference to as the *fiat* of a *Lord Chief Justice*.

His BULLS, that have so repeatedly attracted *Johnny Bull* and his numerous family, to witness the fun, merriment, gaiety, and caricature, which they have produced by their *gameness* and *scientific* training—have rendered the object of this Memoir, a character of considerable notoriety to all those who feel interested in the **Old English Sports**, that, at present, we shall proceed without further prologue, by observing,

BILL GIBBONS made his first appearance in this world, in Lloyd's Court, St. Giles's, on the 28th of September, 1757, and at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed out to a Coachmaker in the neighbourhood; and, it appears, that almost from his cradle he was much attached to animals, and seemed to exhibit a sort of judgement upon their various shapes and sizes, which indicated the growing *Fancier*; that at the age of seventeen, the little money he had accumulated went to purchase a bull dog. This animal proved so great a favourite with BILL, that he never went any where without being accompanied by *his partner* (as he termed him), and who was the instance of making public those *pugilistic* qualities which, in all probability, might otherwise have been obscured from the *ring*, had not the following

adventure called them forth:—In going through Wardour Street, Soho, GIBBONS and *his partner* came in contact with a drover and his dog, who started his *fancy* upon BILL's dog, when the two animals had a fierce *set-to*, backed by each of their masters; but words arising between them, BILL and the Drover stripped, leaving their dogs to fight at one end of the street, while they occupied the other part of it with a *mill*. It proved a most desperate conflict, and after fighting for nearly an hour, GIBBONS was not only crowned with the smiles of victory, but pleased to find that his dog had also proved the conqueror.

Before his apprenticeship had expired, BILL, with the consent of his master, commenced business for himself at the Gravel Pits.

About the year 1776, GIBBONS was challenged by one *Jack Freegrove*, a tailor, at a public-house in Peter Street, who valued himself on his *milling* pretensions, by having conquered a baker in a pitched battle in Hyde Park; but whatever sharp qualities *Freegrove's needle* might have possessed upon the *soft dough* of the baker, BILL soon blunted its effects, and made *Freegrove* sing out for quarter.

Sam Newton, a well-known fighting post-boy, and GIBBONS, had a few words at the Blue Posts, Peter Street, Westminster, when they immediately went into the street to decide this affair of honour, which was settled *post-haste* in favour of BILL.

A dispute arising about a sixpence between GIBBONS and a man called *Mendoza*, a hackney coachman, at a house kept by one Green, the corner of Brewer Street, Golden Square, it was determined by both the combatants, that the above *large sum* should be placed in the hands of Mrs. Green, and as neither of them were afraid of a little *punishment*, they agreed that whoever proved the best man should have the *tizzy*. A ring being made upon the stones, they immediately *set-to*; and after a desperate conflict, victory was decided in favour of GIBBONS; who received the *sixpence* with as much satisfaction, as Fifty Pounds, now-a-days, appears to create among the *milling coves!*

In Leicester Fields, BILL sported his *canvas* with one Stewart, a Shoemaker, where the cordwainer *napt*

it in such *prime twig*, that he soon left GIBBONS in possession of the ring, the triumphant conqueror.

During the time of FOX's election at Covent Garden, when Sir Cecil Wray was his opponent—an earthenware man, who resided on the above spot, and who had gained some little notoriety in having fought *Hooper* upon the same stage, on which *Johnson* and *Ryan* had contended, now fell in with GIBBONS; but the earthenware man had one consolation on his side, that he had not far to be taken home, after being defeated by BILL.

A few days after the above rencontre, a Bristol man attacked GIBBONS nearly on the same spot, and who also shared the same fate as the man of *delf*, by acknowledging that he was beaten: upon which, BILL left the ground, and went to dine at Green's, in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, but scarcely had he began to eat, when the Bristol man arrived and demanded another trial, as he was not *satisfied*: BILL immediately adjourned to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in the course of two rounds, completely *finished* the business, and then returned to his dinner without being any the worse for this singular *set-to*.

A man known by the name of *Norfolk Harry*, a *bricklayer*, and who had distinguished himself in three or four pitched battles, insulted GIBBONS at the four-corner ground, at the Rising Sun, Lisson Green, and talked rather largely that he would *serve* BILL *out*; when it was at length agreed between them, that they should go upon the Green, and fight it out *without seconds*, and to *pick each other up*. A most desperate engagement ensued, when GIBBONS put in such a tremendous hit upon *Harry's* jaw, in the eighth round, that it was so dreadfully broken as to compel him instantly to *give in*.

At the Cart and Horses, Bainbridge Street, St. Giles, a match had been made between one *Hugh Lansdown* and *Tom Magee*, for ten guineas. *Magee* had crept a little into notice by beating *Allen* the butcher; but he now paid forfeit rather than enter the ring with *Lansdown*; who felt so much elated with the circumstance, that he publicly challenged any one present, to fight for a gallon of beer. BILL GIBBONS being in the house, was not thus to be *bounced* out of his

reputation, and instantly staked the *fourteen pence* in the hands of the landlord, and went to the Long Fields, where *Lansdown* got a receipt in full of all demands from BILL, for his vain boasting.

George Lovel, a gypsey, thought he could *take the shine* out of GIBBONS, and challenged him soon afterwards to the same spot in the Long Fields. *Joe Ward* seconded BILL upon this occasion, who was not long in making the gypsey *repent* of his temerity.

In the year 1789, nearly at the close of a hot day, devoted to the OLD ENGLISH SPORTS on Kennington Common, where a *Bull*, celebrated for his *game* qualities at the stake, had been exhibited, to the amusement of some thousands of spectators: and to which place BILL had repaired with his bull dog to fight a match against this rum *donnok*, and in the event had proved successful —a trifling row commenced, in which GIBBONS was rather conspicuous in preventing his brother from being insulted; when young *Darts*, (son of the celebrated pugilist of that name, so well known in the annals of boxing) wanting to make a fight, publicly challenged any one for a *guinea*, when JOE WARD instantly made a bet, and went and fetched GIBBONS from the public house to enter the ring with him. BILL, notwithstanding he was thus taken by surprise, and although rather fatigued from seconding his dog against the bull, yet to prevent JOE's losing his money which he had so hastily staked, GIBBONS without hesitation accepted of the challenge, and a regular *set-to* commenced immediately. It was a most terrible hard fight—and both the combatants fought like heroes, and dealt out tremendous *punishment*. An hour having nearly elapsed, when some difference of opinion took place between the two seconds, who instantly left their men to *mill* by themselves, affording the spectators the *nouvelle* sight of *two fights* in one ring; but JOE WARD who seconded GIBBONS, soon made the *claret* to fly from his opponent's *nob*, which put an end to the battle, by the ring being broken. In a short time afterwards a new one was made, and GIBBONS immediately entered it ready to finish the contest: but *Darts* was now blind; and the person who held the stakes, returned to each of the betters their money again; the combatants getting

only well *milled* for their exertions. It was curious to observe the vast difference of appearance between *Darts* and GIBBONS when stripped; the latter uncommonly fair and round; while the skin of the former was a complete dark brown colour, with flesh as close and as hard as iron, and which seemed to resist every blow made upon his rough frame.

GIBBONS had a severe *set-to* with a disciple of Vulcan, in Shug Lane, near the Hay-market; but the blacksmith's *bellows* being somewhat damaged from the hot work in which he had been engaged, acknowledged he was defeated.

At Ascot-Heath Races, GIBBONS fought a man designated by the title of *Whistling Bob*, who was seconded by *Big Ben*. It was a good fight, and continued for some length of time; but BILL, under the care of *Joe Ward*, was pronounced the conqueror.

GIBBONS beat one *Jack Holder*, well known as a good bottom pugilist; and he also conquered one *Clox*, a coachman, in Tottenham Court Road, near Cullington's, the Black Horse; who had distinguished himself from the superior *game* which he possessed.

BILL, a few months since, in a bit of a *spree* one night in Pall Mall, in company with some distinguished amateurs, with whom he had been spending the evening, rather jolly from the juice of the grape, had a *turn-up* with a brewer's servant; but previous to the *set-to*, GIBBONS very carefully hung up his two great coats on the rails of a gentleman's house in that neighbourhood, to prevent their being injured, and of obtaining the advantage of more room for the use of his arms, and, upon disposing of this customer, came to look for his *upper togs*, when to his astonishment they were *brushed off*; upon which a well known amateur laughing, observed, "*that he should have thought* BILL *would much sooner have found* FOUR *than have lost two coats:*" to which remark, GIBBONS acquiesced, by acknowledging that the "KNOWING ONE *was* done!!!"

Although a good boxer, GIBBONS never ranked as a pugilist of note, that is to say, he never entered the ring as a prize-fighter—but *milled* away either from circumstances, row, or *turn-up*—always ready to support the true principles of the *science*, without entering

the lists for money: yet in nearly all the great contests which have taken place, the name of GIBBONS, in some capacity or other, appears prominent. His occupation as a DEALER IN FANCIES has introduced him to several of the first characters in the country; and who have selected from his "cabinet of rarities," some of the primest *tykes*, *prads*, *neddies*, &c, seen in the kingdom, to *grace* their mansions, and to give energy to their sports. Few, if any, can boast of such patronage as our hero—who, if report speaks true, may now smile at the frowns of the *fastidious*, who would quarrel with his calling as a FANCY MERCHANT—and looking upon "life as a jest," he may retort in the words of the inimitable GAY, even with propriety and effect:

> Thro' all the employments of life
> Each neighbour abuses his brother,
> Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
> All professions berogue one another:
> The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
> The lawyer beknaves the divine,
> And the statesman because he's so great
> Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

As a *second* and bottle-holder, &c. he is entitled to much attention, and of considerable value in the ring—and it has been remarked of him by an experienced sportsman, that those who bet on the same side with GIBBONS, are seldom on the wrong *scent*, from the sound judgment he possesses in matters of this kind. For seven successive times he attended upon the renowned *Jem Belcher* when victory crowned his efforts; and on the eighth, when that hero of heroes was defeated, GIBBONS waited upon the *Game Chicken!*

In those matters of Sport, in which the distinguished parts of the *Fancy* sometimes interest themselves for private amusement; and where the *Canaille* are prohibited from rudely intermixing with the COMPOSITES and CORINTHIANS—it appears, so much deference is paid to our hero's decision, that in case *nice points* might arise, the proprietors frequently act the parts of *seconds* to their own *Fancies*, and appoint GIBBONS as their Umpire: to whom applications are made by the above characters when prime ponies, good dogs, attendance on races, or to get up a thing in good style, &c. are

wanting: and from the *thorough-bred* specimens, which of late years, he has produced by his *game* bulls, and celebrated bull dogs, particularly *Turpin*; any thing further must prove superfluous.

As well as contributing to the sports of the field, the bait, and ring—the public are indebted to GIBBONS for considerable amusement on the *classic stage*, as Messrs. *Harris* and *Raymond*, of the Theatres Royal, can testify. In "*Harlequin* and *Asmodeus*" at Covent Garden, in the scene of the Spanish bull-fight, the dogs of GIBBONS afforded the audience much mirth and fun:—and in the concluding scene, at the *Lyceum*, of the "*Manager's last Kick*," to heighten the effects of the *denoument* of the piece—the united efforts of GIBBONS and *Caleb Baldwin* appeared necessary, that from the introduction of their *neddies* and *dogs*, the situation was rendered irresistibly comic, aided by a *sparring-match* between them, in front of the stage, and which was only intended for the first night's representation; but from the satisfaction which the audience took in this *set to*, the *Manager* was compelled to continue their feats of drollery through the long run of the piece.

In taking our leave of this *Originality of* NATURE, though *down as a hammer* to what is going forward on the turf or turnpike, and mixing with sporting characters of all descriptions, we feel a pleasure in asserting, that the worst word he has to say upon any occasion is some odd phrase peculiar to himself, such as "*Burn my breeches*," &c. &c. but an oath never escapes from his lips: civility is the leading feature in his composition; and his *knowledge of* LIFE has not been thrown away upon him; that by proving temperate in his conduct, and unassuming in his demeanor, he has reduced the game of *chance* to a CERTAINTY.——Such is the unsophisticated portrait of BILL GIBBONS.

Search then the RULING PASSION: *There*, alone,
The *Wild* are constant, and the *Cunning* known;
The *Fool* consistent, and the *False* sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here!

BILL RICHMOND:

(A MAN OF COLOUR, AND A NATIVE OF AMERICA.)

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of the *mills*, skirmishes, TURN-UPS, *spars*,
That I have past.

This pugilistic hero was born at Sturton Island, at a place called Cuckold's Town, otherwise *Richmond*, contiguous to New York in America, on August 5, 1763, under the auspices of a reverend divine of the name of *Charlton*. When Sturton Island was taken by the English, young RICHMOND engaged the attention of General Earl PERCY, (the present Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND,) who took him under his protection as his servant, and after travelling with the Earl abroad for some time, he arrived in England about the year 1777. The Duke finding BILL to possess a good capacity, and being an intelligent youth, had him put to school in Yorkshire, where he received a tolerably good education; and who afterwards apprenticed RICHMOND to the trade of a Cabinet Maker, in the ancient City of York, where he served his time faithfully, and followed his business for a considerable time, not only in the above City, but in the Metropolis, as a Journeyman, with credit to himself, and respected by his employers.

BILL's first display in the pugilistic art which brought him into notice, was with one *George Moore*, a recruit, under Captain Connor, of the 19th Regiment, better known by the name of *Docky Moore*, who insulted RICHMOND upon the Course at York, during the time of the Races. This *Docky* had been the terror of Sheffield, and had ruled the *roast* for some time in that part of the country; in fact, he was elegantly proportioned, possessing considerable strength, and all the necessary requisites for *milling*; in height about five feet nine inches and a half, and weighing fourteen stone.

The friends of RICHMOND persuaded him from attempting to fight with such a man, BILL only weighing ten stone twelve pounds; the *chance* being positively against him, but he was not to be deterred; and the event proved his judgment correct, for in the course of twenty-five minutes, our hero *punished* DOCKY so completely, that he *gave in*, and was taken out of the ring totally blind.

On the same Course, not long after the above *set-to*, RICHMOND beat two soldiers, one after the other, belonging to the Inniskillin Dragoons.

RICHMOND'S *milling* qualities rather getting abroad, a few of the lads who had a *bit of fight* in their compositions, envied his success; and one, in particular, a blacksmith, weighing thirteen stone, and in height about five feet ten inches, took the following method of provoking BILL to have a *brush*.—RICHMOND was noticed in York for going smart and appearing clean after he had done his work, when he met this *hammer*-man one evening, as he was taking a walk, who not only insulted him with opprobrious epithets, but gave him a *kick* on the thigh. BILL remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his behaviour, and told the blacksmith, that if he wanted to fight him, he should be accommodated at the *Groves*, on the next morning, to which they agreed to meet, when this *son of Vulcan* was completely *satisfied*, and acknowledged RICHMOND the best man.

RICHMOND, in passing through the streets of York, one evening, with a female under his protection, was accosted by one *Frank Myers*, with the epithets of "*black devil*," &c. and who otherwise insulted the young woman for being in company with a *man of colour*. BILL, full of gallantry, and with a becoming spirit of indignation, requested him to desist for the present moment, but to meet him at the *Groves* on the next Monday morning, when they would settle this difference, (the circumstance happening on a Saturday night,) to which *Myers* agreed. This affair of honour being *buzzed* about on the Sunday, a great concourse of people assembled early the next day to witness the conflict: RICHMOND was there at the appointed hour, and after

suffering considerable time to elapse, and *Myers* not making his appearance, the spectators became impatient, and it was judged expedient that RICHMOND and his friends should repair to the house of *Myers*, to remind him of his engagement. This *Myers* kept a bagnio, with a woman of the name of *Shepherd*, at Uggleford, to which place they went and found *Myers*, who, after some hesitation, agreed to go to the *Groves*, where he was followed by this *shepherdess* and her *flock*. The battle now commenced and raged with fury for some time, but upon *Myers* getting the worst of it, the above *Covess* and her damsels rushed into the ring to prevent their *Bully* from being annihilated, and took him away; but the spectators interfering, persuaded *Myers* to return and finish the battle like a man, who being ashamed of his conduct, agreed to it, when RICHMOND soon taught him very properly to acknowledge, that it was wrong, and beneath the character of an Englishman, to abuse any individual for that he could not help—either on account of his COUNTRY or his *colour*. *Myers*, very properly, received a complete *milling*.

RICHMOND's first public *set-to* in London was with a whip-maker of the name of *Green*, from Saffron Hill, in the fields, near White Conduit House. *Medley's* brother seconded RICHMOND, who got the whip-hand of *Green* in such good style, that in ten minutes he cried out—*enough!*

At Blackheath, on May 21, 1805, for a purse of ten guineas, RICHMOND entered the lists with one *Youssop*, a Jew. It was a well contested battle, and the courage displayed on both sides reflected credit on the combatants, as neither of them fell without a knock-down blow: except once, when RICHMOND slipped. For the first two rounds *Youssop* took the lead; and maintained this advantage in the third round, by nearly driving RICHMOND out of the ring; but in the fourth the scene was changed, and the superiority of the *science* of BILL was manifest, who followed up *Youssop* in the most determined manner, putting in some tremendous *facers*, that by the end of the sixth round, the countenance of the Jew was much changed, from the severe *punishment* he had received, that he *gave in*.

From the above battle, RICHMOND's fame, as a pugilist, had considerably increased, and *Mr. Fletcher Reid* backed him against *Jack Holmes*, the Coachman, who had so nobly contested for the palm of victory with *Tom Tough*. They entered the lists at Cricklewood Green, a short distance from Kilburn Wells, on July 8th, 1805, in a twenty-one feet roped ring. RICHMOND was seconded by *Tom Jones*, and *Tom Tough* attended upon *Holmes*.

First round—Considerable *science* displayed on both sides, and *Holmes* appeared full of gaiety and in good condition; but no blows that *told* passed between them.

Second—A smart rally on both sides, but no falling.

Third—RICHMOND very neatly put in a good blow, but fell. Two to one on *Holmes*.

Sixth—The last three rounds nothing important transpired.

Seventh—The combatants both on their mettle, and who displayed the science of boxing manfully. The gaiety of RICHMOND was conspicuous, quite full of *milling*, and some excellent hits were exchanged.

Eighth—*Coachee* appeared as if he had been driving too fast, and that he had *out-rode* his wind. *Holmes* was distressed, but notwithstanding bets were in his favour three to two.

Ninth—This round commenced with sparring; but RICHMOND, with much dexterity, put in a most tremendous hit under his opponent's right eye, that left a severe gash, when *Holmes* fell from its severity.

Tenth—The combatants both closed and fell. Even betting.

Eleventh—This proved a most excellent round, and considered the best in the battle, they fought manfully, and both rallied in good style; when RICHMOND put an end to the round, by bringing down *Holmes*.

Fifteenth—Of no import. *Holmes* appeared exceedingly weak, and his wind was nearly exhausted.

Sixteenth—Both closed and fell, *Holmes* undermost.—The odds had now undergone a material change. Three to one on RICHMOND.

Twenty-fourth—*Holmes* was fast declining, and the rounds were nearly all hugging.

Twenty-fifth—RICHMOND, full of gaiety, shewed himself to great advantage, and left his antagonist little, if any, *chance* to win.

Twenty-sixth—On setting-to, RICHMOND, *sans ceremonie*, levelled *Coachee*; who, however reluctant, was obliged to confess he had arrived at the end of his journey, it having lasted thirty-nine minutes.

RICHMOND now entered into a very unequal contest with Tom Crib. See page 392.

BILL, for a subscription purse of fifteen guineas, fought with a countryman of the name of *Carter*, from Nuneaton, near Birmingham, on Epsom Downs, on April 14, 1809. CARTER was much the strongest and heavier man than RICHMOND; and who in a *turn-up* with those heroes of the fist, *Jem Belcher* and *Jack Gulley*, had convinced *them* both, that he was no TRIFLER; and now having expressed his fancy for a *mill* with *Mr.* RICHMOND, BILL without hesitation informed CARTER, that he should be accommodated with a trial of skill; *Paddington Jones* and *Bob Clarke* seconding RICHMOND. Upon *setting-to* the odds were seven to one against the *Man of Colour*, and in the fourth round the odds ran so high against RICHMOND, that twenty to one was sported that *Carter* won the battle, and ten to one that BILL did not come again; which was occasioned from a severe blow that RICHMOND had received on the side of his head, that he laid nearly senseless: but BILL soon recovering from this momentary disadvantage, showed off his *science* in such good style, that in the course of twenty-five minutes, *Carter* was *punished* most dreadfully indeed, and resigned the contest. Immediately upon this being declared, RICHMOND jumped over the ropes, and caught hold of a man, denominated *china-eyed* Brown, threatening to *serve him out*, (if he had not been prevented,) as it appeared that *Brown* had loudly vociferated, during the time RICHMOND was suffering from the effects of the above blow, that BILL *had got a white feather in his tail!* RICHMOND was patronized upon the above occasion by Sir Clement Brigg, Bart.

In seconding a baker a few months after the above circumstance, near Wilsden Green, a man of the same trade, weighing close upon seventeen stone, challenged RICHMOND on the spot, when a *turn-up* commenced, and in about two minutes the baker's *dough* was so

well *kneaded*, that he would have no more of it at that time: offering to fight RICHMOND for £50 in a month, which was agreed to by BILL: and two guineas put down to make the bets good before that period—but the baker, it appeared, preferred losing his two *quid*, than submitting his overgrown carcase to the *punishment* of RICHMOND.

BILL fought a man of the name of *Atkinson*, from Banbury, at Golder's Green, near Hendon, a bargeman, for a subscription purse: it was a good fight, but in the course of twenty minutes *Atkinson* was perfectly *satisfied* the *chance* was against him, and who acknowledged that he was beaten.

Isaac Wood, a waterman, a man of determined spirit, and not unacquainted with the principles of boxing, fought with RICHMOND, at Combe Wood, on April 9th, 1809, in a twenty-five feet ring. *Wood* was attended by *Crib* and *Cropley*; and *Paddington Jones* and *Clarke* seconded RICHMOND.

First round.—On setting-to, a little sparring took place, when RICHMOND put in a severe left handed blow on *Wood's* jaw, who rallied, but was thrown. Seven to four on RICHMOND.

Second.—*Wood* attempted to put in a hit, which RICHMOND warded off, and returned right and left; in closing, they both fell.

Third.—Good courage displayed on both sides; *Wood* commenced a rally, in which good blows were exchanged; but the *science* displayed by RICHMOND was so much superior to that of his opponent, who now was thrown, that the odds were two to one against *Wood*.

Fourth.—In this early stage of the fight, it appeared how things were going—RICHMOND in making play planted a successful right hand hit; upon which *Wood* endeavoured to rally, when RICHMOND stopped both right and left, and obtained the lead so conspicuously, that *Wood* was completely abroad, and not only *punished* round the ring, but thrown over the ropes. Four to one against *Wood*.

Fifth.—*Wood* striving to appear well before the spectators made play, and rallied in good style; when blows were exchanged for half a minute at half arm's length; but completely in favour of RICHMOND, who, in closing, threw his opponet. Betting all one way.

Sixth.—The *nob* of *Wood* now cut a terrible figure, from its punished appearance. RICHMOND rallied; but *Wood* fell from exhaustion.

Seventh.—A rally on both sides, when *Wood* was thrown.

Eighth.—RICHMOND, in not being correct in his *distance*, turned the advantage of this round rather in favour of *Wood*, who not only put in two hits, but threw his opponent.

Ninth.—In making play, RICHMOND slipped.

Tenth.—An excellent round, in which a good show of fighting was exhibited, the combatants contending against each other with considerable resolution and effect—hitting at full length, until they both went down.

Eleventh.—*Wood* convinced not only his antagonist, but the spectators, that however he might be deficient in *science*, he was not wanting in *bottom*—a good rally commenced; but, in closing, RICHMOND fibbed *Wood* so severely that the blood flowed in torrents, when they both went down exhausted.

Twelfth.—*Wood* seemed *done-up*, in respect of turning the *chance* in his favour; and RICHMOND *milled* him most terribly by three following *facers*—then rallying the waterman to the ropes, when he went over him in a summerset.

Fourteenth.—RICHMOND conspicuous; who threw his opponent.

Fifteenth.—This round, though not putting an end to the contest, clearly shewed how it must terminate. The courage of *Wood* was still good, but RICHMOND successfully planted three hits on his *nob*, and the waterman was not able to return; yet, notwithstanding it was going so much against him, his *bottom* enabled him to hold out till the

Twenty-third.—When *Wood* was again sent down by RICHMOND, which had ran his *boat so fast a-ground*, that he could not come to his time, when RICHMOND was pronounced the conqueror. BILL appeared but little hurt.

RICHMOND again entered the lists with that brave hero of the fist, *George Maddox*, on the coast near Margate, for 100 guineas, on the 9th of August, 1809. Five years previous to which, RICHMOND had a *turn-up* with the above pugilist, when, after contending three rounds, he resigned the contest; BILL, at that time, was but little known to the metropolitan boxers; but who having considerably increased in fame and *science*, this match was made to put the matter in doubt beyond all question; and it is but justice to observe, that few

better battles were ever witnessed; when, after fifty-two minutes obstinately contended, RICHMOND was declared the conqueror. (See page 212).

A subscription purse being made up on the *spur of the moment*, after a dinner of Amateurs, at *Bob's Chop House*, on May 1st, 1810, intended for *Dogherty* and *Power* to have entered the lists to obtain it, but upon the latter not being found, it was otherwise disposed of. It appears, that *Power* had been out spending the day, and in his way home, rather late in the evening, accidentally called in at *Bob's* to take a glass; who *avers*, that being completely inebriated, on being asked to have a *set-to*, he positively denied, requesting that he might fight RICHMOND when he was perfectly sober; but being much pressed, after taking two or three glasses of wine, he accepted of the challenge, and another purse being subscribed, the *brush* commenced! RICHMOND was seconded by an Honourable Baronet, and *Crib*—and *Power*, by a Colonel of distinction, and *Bill Gibbons*. In a quarter of an hour, RICHMOND was declared the conquerer; and who received the sum appropriated for the victor. *Power* attributes this defeat to inebriation; but RICHMOND asserts, that he was very far from an intoxicated state; and that he, RICHMOND, laboured under considerable disadvantage in having seconded young *Crib* for fifty-six minutes against *Dogherty*, but 2 or 3 hours previous to his *set-to* with *Power*. Considerable acrimony has subsisted between the parties ever since, concerning *superiority*, both claiming it; more will be observed hereafter.

It appears, that RICHMOND is entitled to a respectable *niche* among the portraits of first-rate heroes of the *milling art*—both as a theoretical and practical pugilist; that his knowledge of the *science* is completely intuitive, having never received any lessons from any of the Professors; but, on the contrary, has given instructions to some hundreds, not only in various parts of the kingdom, but in the very zenith of competition—LONDON. In the ring, in point of activity, he stands nearly unrivalled; and who is considered to excel every other pugilist in *hitting* and *getting away*, and dealing out severe *punishment* with his left hand; and it is also said of BILL, that for half an hour there is

no danger in backing him for that period with any of the fighting men, although fifty years of age, (a length of time that few boxers arrive at); his appearance to a common observer pourtrays no more than about thirty-five, enjoying a good state of health, and not unmindful that it is necessary to preserve it. And what appears rather singular is, that at a time of life, when other pugilists have long previous retired from the scene of action, the spirits of RICHMOND seem in such trim, that with all the ardency of youth, he is still "eager for the fray;" and of whom there is little doubt, if he was but in possession of that quality (which must be served) YOUTH —he would not be wanting of the support of the most distinguished in the *Fancy*, to become a leading boxer.

In being a *Man of Colour*, from the taunts and insults which he has received upon that account, particularly in his capacity as a publican, when he kept the Horse and Dolphin, RICHMOND must be considered good tempered and placid, even to a degree that could not be expected. In one of those instances of unmerited reproach, his indignation would no longer let him remain quiet, and in a *turn up* with the young Ruffian, at his own house, he completely *served him out!*

RICHMOND acquired considerable notoriety from his patronage of *Molineaux*; and, as far as we can learn, from the most impartial sources, his generous behaviour to that pugilist, who came to him an entire stranger, destitute of friends or money, he has experienced a very different return, from what might have been expected; difference of opinion, however, may exist as to this subject, but it is certain, *Molineaux* was indebted for that patronage and attention which he afterwards received from persons of distinction, in originating entirely from *his* introduction by RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, after the late contest between *Molineaux* and *Carter*, challenged either of them for £100.

RICHMOND is an active, excellent *second*, and from his temperate mode of living, preferring exercise to wasting his time, or injuring his constitution, by a too frequent repetition of the charms of the bottle, he has obtained the character of being a good and steady *trainer*; and notwithstanding the defect in one of his knees, we are informed he excels as a cricketer.

BILL, in company with other pugilists, has exhibited his knowledge of the SCIENCE, in the metropolis, at the *Olympic Pavilion* and *Regency* Theatres, with satisfaction and applause from numerous audiences.

In concluding this sketch, we cannot omit stating of our hero, that he is intelligent, communicative, and well behaved; and however actively engaged in promulgating the principle of *milling*, he is not so completely absorbed with *fighting*, as to be incapable of discoursing upon any other subject; in fact, he is rather facetious over a glass of Noyeau, his favourite *wet* with a SWELL, and endeavours to gain his point by attempting to *prove* that there is more certainty in his *preservation of bodies*, (in allusion to his method of *training*) than either the *cobler* or *parson*, in their taking care of the "*soles!*" He has much more to say than many who style themselves "*Amateurs*;" but was never known to be so deficient in eloquence, as when *Molineaux* experienced defeat! His experience, in LIFE, has taught him to be *awake* to the tricks of it; and there are few subjects upon which he suffers himself to be *lulled to sleep*; and notwithstanding many do sport stylish *nobs*, it cannot be denied to him, that he wears a *head*; and although its *colour* may not prepossess the *million* in its favour, yet the liberal part of mankind will acquiesce with the sentiments of *Desdemona*, "*the visage*" may be "*seen in the mind!*"

> 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
> The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
> Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
> Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

He seems to feel the *situation* in which he is *placed in Society*, and endeavours to keep it—and in the temporary elevation of the moment, he still recollects, that however the CORINTHIAN FANCIER may closely connect himself with *milling*, there are times when he has a different *character to support*, and must not be intruded upon. BOXIANA will do its duty—and as far as the infirmities of human nature can be admitted—neither colour, strength, patronage, or any other consideration, shall tempt it to swerve from IMPARTIALITY.

JACK CARTER,

(A NATIVE OF LANCASHIRE:)

Was born at Manchester, in the year 1790, of respectable parents, who apprenticed him to the trade of a shoemaker; but JACK being a strong healthy lad, and not liking the confinement of the *seat*, left it to give a lending hand towards the improvement of his country, by commencing *Navigator*, and working upon the canals in that neighbourhood. It was among those rough hewn, hardy sons of the creation, that CARTER began to exhibit his feats of strength, by *milling* several of the best considered men in their whole phalanx. JACK is in height 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighing about 13 stone; and it is from the following droll and singular circumstance, that brought him into notice, both as a PEDESTRIAN and a PUGILIST. The navigators, in one of their moments of hilarity, proposed a *Jack-ass race*, and entered into subscriptions for that purpose, the stakes of which were held by a Mr. *Merryman*, belonging to a mountebank, who was *gammoning the flats* in that part of the country. Mr. *Merryman* was a good tumbler, full of *slum*, and could fight a bit, and who had rendered himself an attractive personage to the numerous *Johnny Raws* by whom he was surrounded. Upon the day arriving for the race to take place, no *Neddy* was entered to run for the stakes, except one belonging to Mr. *Merryman*: this circumstance creating surprise, in fact, much disappointment, JACK CARTER instantly entered himself as a JACK-*ass*: at first some little *argument* took place, as to the oddness of the attempt, but at length it was *logically* determined that CARTER was a JACK-*ass!* and that HE should be entered as such: upon which they started—away went *neddy* with all the fleetness of a *prime donkey*, kicking and snorting over the ground—and the JACK-*ass* set out in fine style, amidst the shouts, loud laughs, &c. of the multitude, who now began to bet in all manner of shapes—CHRISTIAN against *Donkey*, and NEDDY against JACK-*ass!* The

distance was four miles, producing considerable wagers and much diversion among the spectators.—The JACK-*ass* possessing *rather* more knowledge than the *Neddy*, made the best of his way, leaving the *Donkey* behind him, came in first, and claimed the *stakes!* No JACK-*ass*, it will not be doubted, was ever so much caressed before for winning *a race!* but Mr. *Merryman* now treated it *as a joke*; observing, that he only let the *Christian* poney run to increase the sport, but disputed his claim as a JACK-*ass*. It was certain that all the words in *Johnson's* dictionary would not have satisfactorily explained this *knotty point:* and there not being LOGICIANS enough present to place the question in a proper point of view, a nearer road was taken to come at the *blunt*. CARTER gave Mr. *Merryman* to understand, that if he did not instantly hand over the *rag*, that it should be *milled* out of his carcase. *Merryman* received this threat with a smile of contempt, entertaining an idea that, as this JACK-*ass* had been running four miles, his wind could not be good for much—and agreed that the *fist* should decide it. A ring being made, *Merryman* was soon made to *laugh on the wrong side of his mouth!* and who had hitherto *tumbled* for the pleasure of the crowd, was now, in spite of his *antics*, knocked down often, and *punished* so severely, that he was compelled not only to *give in*, but give up the money.

CARTER'S fame as a *boxer* and *racer*, was soon spread abroad; and he entered the lists in a short time afterwards with a heavy strong man, a navigator, at Preston, who had gained some good battles in his time. It was a truly severe conflict, and occasioned considerable conversation in Lancashire: and CARTER obtained much notoriety in proving the conqueror. He was also matched in several races, in one of which he beat the celebrated *Abraham Wood*; at all events, he left Lancashire a second-rate pedestrian; and possessing those pretensions to *milling*, it was entertained that, by time and practice, he stood a fair chance to become a leading boxer among the first-rate pugilists in the metropolis.

It was at the Highgate Tunnel that *Bob Gregson*

the great liberality of his patrons, in being reduced only to the *shadow and outline of a man*, reminding us

> How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
> As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
> The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
> Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
> And these assume but valour's excrement,
> To render them redoubted—

we have not been able to ascertain. But certain it is, *Molineaux* lost the character of the hero in degenerating into the *cur*; and whether CARTER laboured under any sort of depression from the severity of *Power*, or was otherwise actuated, it has puzzled his best friends and supporters to find out what part of the play he acted; but, it is equally certain, he did not fight with that manhood as he had hitherto done: and notwithstanding he had gained the battle, *Abraham Newland to a dump*, yet he contrived to lose the purse; that we cannot but record the following circumstance, and the *Fancy* may interpret it according to their better judgment. Previous to the battle, the articles were read over to the combatants, in which it stated the winner was to have a purse of 100 guineas—when CARTER stepped up, enquiring what the "LOSER WAS TO HAVE!!!" *Richmond*, who was his second, gnashed his teeth, and shrugged up his shoulders; *Bob Gregson*, his friend and patron, tremblingly alive as to the event of the contest, and flattering himself that LANCASHIRE would prove proudly triumphant on this occasion, animatedly exclaimed, "JACK, *never talk of losing, boy*—thee must win, the *chance* is all in thy favour!"

It was with the greatest difficulty that a fight was at length brought about; in fact, things had taken such a turn, that no *mill* was expected to take place. However, their seconds *persuaded* them to strip—*Joe Ward* and *Bill Gibbons* for *Molineaux*; and *Richmond* and *Cooper* for CARTER; and which *memorable* contest took place at *Shennington*, in Gloucestershire, six miles from Banbury, on Friday, April 2, 1813, contiguous to the joining of four counties. To those who were unacquainted with what we have described betted in some instances five to two, and three to one, on *Molineaux*.

First round.—It was the opinion of the most experienced pugilists and amateurs, that never was such a *set-to* witnessed; one "*was afraid, and the other dared not,*" and two minutes were trifled away in this sort of *caricaturing*, when CARTER touched *Molineaux* on the mouth, who, *genteelly* returned it; they closed, and the *man of colour* was thrown.

In fact, it would be absurd to detail by way of *rounds* any more of this "*worst of fights!*" though we readily admit that CARTER was the best man after the battle began, and continued so throughout the fight. *Molineaux* was wretched in the extreme, and did *bolt* at one time from his second, and had it not have been for Colonel and Captain Barclay, he would never have returned to the scratch, he wished so much to get away: at another period he was down on one knee, and with both hands laid fast hold of the ropes, and being hit in this situation, he roared out lustily, "*foul!*" but he was given to understand that, by the laws of boxing, no one is considered down "WITHOUT HAVING BOTH KNEES ON THE GROUND, WITH EITHER ONE OR BOTH HANDS ALSO!"—In the 15th round he was so terrified, that upon being drove to one corner of the ring, he cried out lamentably, "*O dear! O dear! Murder!!!*" and but a little time previously to which, he declared that CARTER "*had bit him on the neck!*" and soon afterwards he repeated, "*there, he has bit me again!*" and it was with great difficulty *Joe Ward* could persuade him that it was the *knuckles* of CARTER, and not his *mouth!* This! the once brave competitor of the Champion! Impossible! *Could* HE have thus degenerated!!! Twenty-five rounds occurred, in which *coaxing*, *persuading*, *dramming*, and *threatening*, were obliged to be resorted to, to make these ——— (what term, Reader, you please to call them, for BOXIANA feels at a loss for an adequate expression) to perform *something like* fighting. But the grand climax of the performance was left for CARTER to enact, *who*, when *Molineaux* was completely *told out*—overcome, perhaps, with the *sensibility* of his drooping antagonist—*swooned away* in all the style of a modern fine lady; and from his seconds not being prepared with a *restorative*, this *brave* hero was suffered to be behind his time, lose his *fame*, his *honour*, and those dear articles, so long hidden from the eyes of John Bull—100 guineas! For shame, *Joe Ward* and *Gibbons!* not to be prepared with *scents*, *sal volatile*, &c. What is all your experience worth?

Poor BOB GREGSON, agitated beyond description at seeing Lancashire thus trampled on with disgrace, went up to CARTER, exclaiming, "Jack, Jack, what

be'est thee at? get up and fight, man!" But BOB might as well have sung psalms to a dead horse! CARTER some little time afterwards raised up his head, feebly observing, "*Stop a bit! stop a bit!*" And whether by ACCIDENT, *design*, or with an intent to conclude this *farce* in style, we are not in the secret to unfold, but a disciple of *Æsculapius* stepped up, and in the twinkling of an eye, pulled out his *lancet*, and bled CARTER, to the great astonishment of his friends and the spectators in general; thus preventing, even had any *inclination* remained on the side of CARTER, to have *renewed* the fight. CARTER'S clothes had hitherto been preserved during the fight in the chariot of a man of distinction; but he was now so digusted with the scene before him, that he instantly ordered them to be thrown out with disdain and contempt.

We now turn once more to take a slight view of the *man of colour*. Whatever CERTAINTY there might have been of *Molineaux* being a sound man from the core—at least his pretensions were considered favourable to such a character—but it is said, that if he had ever been *a good one*, he must have conquered in the first battle with the CHAMPION; however, be that as it may, since the period alluded to, he has been dissipated to excess, and profligate in the extreme; completely gone off in constitution, and broken winded. One improvement has taken place, and we will not pass over it, however strange to say, yet true: he has grown more temperate in *setting-to*. He did not like to face his man, and it required no small ingenuity to get him into the ring.

POETIC RETORT,

Between a "TOWN" and "COUNTRY AMATEUR" at Oxford;

or, in the phrase of the day,

Betwixt a "Johnny Raw" and a "Knowing One!"

On witnessing Carter faint away when he had won the battle, but who contrived to 'lose the purse, in his contest with Molineaux.

Says Jack to Bob, "Look, poor CARTER'S *hipp'd!*
"Hipp'd, be d—d!" cries Bob, "the R—'s TIPP'D!!!"
"No, no," quoth Jack, "they *put in* too hard pats:"
"*Put in*," echoes Bob, "they've PUT IN—the FLATS!"

As a boxer, and even a *scientific* pugilist, CARTER is entitled to considerable prominency; and, if viewed as a *fibber*, it will be difficult to find a better one: in point of *hitting* and *getting away*, he is little inferior, if not equal to *Richmond*, and very good and active upon his legs. With his left hand he deals out severe *punishment*; and although in his former contests his right hand appeared but of little service to him, yet latterly he seems to have rather improved in the use of it. One objection which has been warmly urged against CARTER by many of the FANCY is, that he is soft about the head—afraid of the coming blow—and shrinks from *punishment*; while, on the contrary, it is roundly asserted by the other part, that if he behaves *correctly*, his *game* is unimpeachable; and all that BOXIANA can observe upon the above difference of opinion is, by concluding in the words (with a trifling difference) that were first made public concerning CARTER as a boxer, that "if *game* be in him, he '*ought*' to beat any thing now on the list."

JACK POWER,

One of the most celebrated *scientific* boxers in the kingdom, is a native of the metropolis, and descended from Irish parents, was born on the 8th of August, 1790, and was brought up under his father as a turncock, but which calling he soon left to follow the business of a plumber. JACK'S *milling* qualities made their appearance at a very early period of his life, for he had scarcely turned fourteen years of age, when we find him engaged with one *Norbrook*, a sadler, a Lancashire man, who stood six feet two inches in height, in Tavistock Square, for two guineas. Although a mere boy, his knowledge of the *science* seemed so superior, as to attract considerable notice; and it was from SCIENCE alone, that he was enabled to beat a man, who possessed every other advantage over him, except a knowledge of the art of boxing.

In Bloomsbury Square, JACK fought a butcher of the name of *Jem Twist*, for three quarters of an hour.

Twist had hitherto been looked upon as a good *bit of stuff*, but he was now compelled to surrender to a superior POWER.

A Birmingham man, not unlike the *Chicken* in make and size, challenged JACK in Theobald's Road, when they agreed to settle the difference in the fields behind the Foundling Hospital. It was one of the most desperate conflicts in which JACK was ever engaged, and it was near terminating very seriously, as the Birmingham man was *punished* so dreadfully, that he was taken to Bartholomew Hospital, with but little hopes of recovery.

From the above display and several other skirmishes, JACK was advised to exhibit as a Professor in the *ring*, and accordingly he made his *debut* with *Dogherty*, in which POWER fought so well and so *game*, that *Dogherty gave-in* three times during the fight; but POWER being a new one, and *Dogherty* more experienced, it was *managed* in that sort of way, that the latter was pronounced the victor. (See page 467).

JACK next contended with one *Frere*, at Coomb Wood, on April 1st, 1809, and after a very superior display of the art of boxing for twenty-five minutes, *Frere* gave in.

At a dinner in St. James's-street, a small difference having occurred between a tailor and POWER, they agreed to fight it out for a *guinea*, on the spot. The tailor, who was well versed in sparring, having received lessons under the renowned *Belcher*, felt *pluck* enough to enter the lists with this celebrated boxer. For ten minutes the tailor gave sound proof that he was something more than the *ninth part of a man*, by fighting courageous and well for that period: but the *science* of POWER was not to be got the better of: he stopped the blows of poor *stitch* right and left with the utmost *sang froid*, and putting in such tremendous blows on the tailor's *nob*, that completely disfigured his face: while, on the contrary, POWER proved the conqueror, without a single hurt—that on his return home, in calling in at *Gregson's*, the *Young Ruffian* and JACK fell out, and in a *turn-up*, *Fearby* was soon *served out*, but who was so angry and dissatisfied in being thus conquered, that, strange to say, instead, as upon former occasions,

of calling to his aid his potent arm, he now had recourse to the strong *arm of the law*, which paying no respect to superior *science*, proved the means of *drawing* JACK of five pounds!

POWER went down to Huntingdon to second a man of the name of *Saunders*, who was to fight a match for 40 guineas; when an amateur of that place betted JACK that he would produce a man who should fight him for ten pounds. The bet was accepted of, and the countryman made his appearance; but just upon *setting-to*, and viewing POWER from head to foot, he appeared so panic struck, that he instantly *bolted*, and was out of sight in a few minutes, POWER laughing and pocketing the money at this droll adventure.

POWER being down at Salisbury, to superintend the *training* of a game keeper, belonging to ——— Biggs, Esq. of that neighbourhood, at the same time that *Molineaux* had an exhibition of sparring there, at one shilling each person for admittance, where any one might *set-to* with *Molineaux* that thought proper—when a *blacksmith*, well known in that quarter as a complete ruffian and a terror to the inhabitants, entered the room, and challenged *Molineaux* to fight for 100 guineas, who replied, that he came there to *spar* and not to *fight*—but the *blacksmith* would not be put off, and swore that *Molineaux* should have a *box* with him; upon which a sum was named, and the *Man of Colour*, under pretence of fetching the money, went to a private room in the inn, and securely locked himself up, and where no entreaties from his friends or POWER could induce him to leave it. The Salisbury *blacksmith* being thus disappointed, and determined to have a *mill* at all events, that upon learning POWER was a professor of the *science*, instantly came up and challenged JACK, who answered he was otherwise engaged, and begged him to desist, and go about his business quietly, for that he had no intention of fighting. "*You shall*," exclaimed the blacksmith, "*you are one of the* LUNNUN *fighting men, and I know I can beat thee, and will fight you for* 10*l.* 50*l.* *or* 100*l.* *and you shan't go home without a good licking!*" POWER, now finding all expostulation in vain, informed this ruffian, that if he would come on the next morning with any sum he thought proper,

he should be accommodated. The *blacksmith*, without further ceremony, gave POWER a severe blow on the head, who now seeing the necessity of the case, instantly stripped, and in the course of fifteen minutes, so *punished* this insolent overgrown *blacksmith*, that he was carried away in a senseless state, with the loss of two of his teeth. The gentlemen and inhabitants were so pleased upon this occasion, that POWER was handsomely rewarded for his spirit.

At Moulsey Hurst, for fifty guineas and a purse, JACK entered the lists with *Joel King*, on July 16th, 1811. POWER was seconded by *Bob Clarke* and *Paddington Jones*; and *King*, by *Richmond* and *Hall*.—Nine to four to POWER.

1st Round.—The combatants *set-to* in good spirits, and *King* with considerable strength endeavoured to put in a severe blow with his right hand, which JACK scientifically parried, and planted his ONE-TWO on the head and body of his opponent with considerable dexterity, producing the *claret*, when *King* fell. The bets decided concerning the first knock-down blow.

Second.—Notwithstanding the severity of the blows of POWER, *King* was by no means shy, and again made play, putting in a severe right-handed hit on POWER's throat, the left proving short; when POWER, with uncommon agility, gave *King* such a severe left-handed *facer*, that sent him down.

Third.—Several good hits were exchanged in a rally; but the superiority of *science* manifestly appearing on the side of POWER, the bets were two to one upon him.

Fourth.—POWER on setting-to hit left and right, which *King* returned by a severe blow in the throat; when they closed, and *King* was again thrown.

Fifth.—*King*, full of gaiety, endeavoured to put in a hit with his left hand, which fell short, following it up with his right, but the *science* of POWER rendered it of no effect; they closed, and *King* was thrown a cross-buttock.

Sixth.—*King* and POWER both made play at the same instant; when a right-handed blow told on the head of POWER; some good blows were exchanged, and this round was rather in favour of *King*; although he was thrown a cross-buttock by POWER, who in his haste to do it, went with his right shoulder against one of the stakes, from which he received a severe hurt.

Seventh.—POWER was now fully aware what sort of a

customer he had to deal with, and to prevent the *punishment* of his opponent's right hand, adopted another mode of fighting, by getting away to hit.

Eighth.—POWER, in this round, convinced the amateurs and spectators, that he was a complete master of the *science*, by the way in which he treated his opponent—JACK put in a tremendous blow on *King's* mouth, and immediately got away; when he again repeated the dose; and kept repeating this severe *punishment*, till *King* fell literally covered with blood.

Ninth.—*King* not dismayed, commenced a rally, and to all appearance had the best of it, by putting in his straight right-handed blows with great spirit; from his better strength, but who received another cross-buttock from POWER.

Tenth.—The face of *King* now cut a truly piteous aspect, cut and mangled in all directions; and POWER put in two severe blows, one on the mouth and the other in the throat of his opponent, which brought him down.

Eleventh.—Both the combatants fell, after a good rally.

Twelfth.—Another excellent rally took place, POWER exhibiting his superior *science* in the most conspicuous style, and from the severe *punishment* he dealt out with his right hand, sent *King* reeling away; but who, in the most determined and courageous manner, renewed the rally with all the fortitude of a hero, and returned the hits of his opponent with the most astonishing *game*, and finally closed the round, by throwing POWER.

Thirteenth.—POWER, in the most scientific manner, again brought his antagonist down: who notwithstanding, possessed so much strength and good *bottom*, that POWER seemed almost incapable of giving that *punishment* to *King*, which seemed essentially necessary to render the victory safe to JACK. However, the fight continued in most excellent style till the

Twenty-sixth.—When it was six to four. At this time the left side of *King's* head, was so dreadfully beaten, that it was impossible to look upon it without the most commiserating sensations, but whose courage was of the finest quality, with a *bottom* never excelled, and fighting away in that manly style, claiming not only the admiration of his friends, but even the applause of his enemies, till the

Forty-sixth.—When he was now nearly reduced to a state of stupidity from the blows he had received upon his head; and would not GIVE IN, till beat to a complete stand still. The contest lasted 57 minutes.

By the above battle POWER's fame was completely established; and from the courage he displayed, and the superior *science* which he exhibited, fairly entitled him to rank equal with, if not the first, twelve stone pugilist in the list.

In October, 1811, a match was endeavoured to be brought about between *Tom Belcher* and JACK; but the stakes not being made good, it went off.

Our hero now promulgated the *science* of self-defence in various parts of the kingdom with admiration and success; but who unfortunately ruptured a blood vessel, and labouring under a severe cold, reduced the state of his health considerably, and before he took time for the system to recover its proper tone, imprudently suffered himself to be matched with *Jack Carter* for 100 guineas, which contest took place on the 16th of November, 1812, at Rickmansworth, in Herts. POWER on this occasion was seconded by the Champion of England, and *Carter* by *Bitton* and *Tom Jones*.

It would be superfluous to detail the rounds of this battle, which continued *one hour and twenty-five minutes*, but suffice it to say, in no battle whatever was the utility of the *science* more finely pourtrayed, or the *certainty* of the art so clearly demonstrated as in the above contest: and the conduct of POWER this day was above all praise. Passing previouly a restless night, afflicted by a cough, and somewhat nervous in his habit, he entered the ring under all these disadvantages, to contend against an adversary, his superior in height, strength, and constitution; perfectly in health, and not so very deficient in pugilistic acquirements. It was a tremendous task—a most daring attempt—and it was from his superlative *science*, and *that* ALONE, which produced the victory to POWER. It required something almost more than fortitude thus to act in opposition to his nature, as well as considerable ingenuity in husbanding his strength, that he might be enabled to reduce his opponent to his own level, which, once effected, he grappled with him *then* upon superior terms; his *strength* gone, and his *science* not equal, *Carter* was conquered with elegance and certainty. Upon no occasion whatever were the KNOWING ONES so completely *out of their know!*

Carter, although defeated, shewed that he was not without *game*; but POWER completely astonished the most experienced of the FANCY!

Respecting POWER's set-to with *Richmond* (see page 447) at a sparring-match at the Fives Court, on *Dutch Sam's* benefit, soon after the above contest, some words took place between JACK and the *Man of Colour*, when something about *a white feather* occurring, the former instantly mounted the stage, and addressed the spectators thus:—"That upon the day previous to the night when he fought *Richmond*, following his business as a plumber, that in making paint, the fumes of the white lead, which are of so strong a poisonous quality, that to prevent any serious effects operating upon the constitution, plumbers are necessitated to drink a quantity of *castor oil*; and added to which, he had been drinking, that rendered him *then* unprepared—but *now*," says POWER, "if *Richmond* can take out the *white feather*, as he pleases to term it, that I possess," stripping off his clothes, "let him come here, and I will fight him instantly for 50*l*." And upon Power's benefit he again offered to fight *Richmond*. Thus the case stands at present; and but for the ill-health of POWER, there is little doubt they would have decided it, ere this, in the public *ring*.

In concluding this sketch, the most painful part of our duty yet remains to be performed, in being compelled to state, that no *boxer* commenced his *milling* career with a fairer prospect to arrive at the *top of the tree*, or become as a *fixed star* in the pugilistic hemisphere, than JACK POWER; but, alas! possessing a gaiety of disposition which could brook no restraint, and the fascinating charms of company, added to the enlivening glass, proving too powerful for his youthful and inexperienced mind to withstand, he entered precipitately into excesses before he was aware of those serious consequences which they must ultimately tend to—debility and a bad state of health, to which he is now unfortunately labouring under, depriving him of arriving at that summit which he otherwise must have obtained. In his last battle, though gaining the *victory*, we fear he has endangered his existence! In company good natured, and lively; in a word, JACK is one of the most accomplished boxers of the present day; and viewed either

as a practical fighter or elegant *set-to*, POWER cannot fail of proving an object of attraction: who is in height about five feet nine inches and a half—and in weight twelve stone, and not yet reached his twenty-third year. He has turned out several good pupils.

BILL RYAN:

SON OF THE CELEBRATED PUGILIST OF THAT NAME.

Notwithstanding his father stood so high in the annals of pugilism, by his brave contest with the celebrated Champion, *Tom Johnson*—BILL was a much superior fighter than his veteran sire; and possessed those scientific acquirements in the *milling art*, that must have elevated him to the rank of an eminent boxer. But he was so rivetted to the *charms of the bottle*, that his constitution was soon undermined, and at a very premature age BILL paid the debt of nature. His battles were not many, but the few in which he contended were sufficient to show that he was a distinguished fighter. In both his contests with *Tom Belcher*, (see page 339 and 336) he claimed equal attraction with that celebrated pugilist in point of science, and proved the conqueror in the first *set-to*.

With *Caleb Baldwin*, (see page 311) RYAN shewed himself off in good style; it was a truly severe contest between those heroes—but which was decided as *drawn*.

At Wilsden Green, June 17th, one *Clarke* entered the lists with RYAN; but the superior skill of the latter soon proclaimed him the conqueror.

RYAN's *inebriation* gained at length so fast upon him that no dependence could be placed upon BILL even for an hour; and those who had him under *training*, if they once lost sight of him, without the aid of lock and key were resorted to, to prevent *intemperance*, he got completely besotted.

THE "TREADWAYS:"

Although not the most fortunate boxers in the world, yet their efforts are nevertheless entitled to respectable

mention; as in their public display, courage, bottom, and even judgment were not wanting. Hyde Park was the principal scene of their actions; and though not very numerous, yet some of them prominent, from their fighting against superior weight.

BILL TREADWAY is a Metropolitan, and was born on November 24th, 1777—in height about five feet seven inches, and in weight 11 stone 1 lb. and at the age of 19, entered the lists with *Soley Sodicky*, a Jew, in Hyde Park, for 20 guineas, and contended for the prize for thirty seven minutes, but was compelled to *give in.*

In the above Park, about a year afterwards, BILL contended with a man of the name of *Drake*, weighing 14 stone, for 20l. and it proved, we believe, the longest fight on record; they *set-to* at twenty minutes before four, and victory was not decided in favour of *Drake*, till eight o'clock in the evening—occupying a space of time of *four hours and twenty minutes!*

TREADWAY fought *Coady* in Hyde Park, for twenty-seven minutes, when the latter proved the conqueror. Upon the above occasions BILL was seconded by the veteran *Joe Ward.*

In Harley Fields, a man weighing 16 stone, known by the name of *Big Peter*, the carman, challenged TREADWAY for a guinea; BILL accepted of it without hesitation, and who was not long in taking the conceit out of *Big Peter*, who confessed he had had *enough.*

TREADWAY has long since left the pursuits of the *ring* for the occupation of a victualler; and those of the FANCY, who are fond of civility, good liquor, cleanliness, and attention, let them call in at the Roe-Buck, Holborn, (the house once kept by *Joe Norton*) and they will experience that we have not deviated from the truth.

TOM TREADWAY fought one *George Woodford*, near the Queen's Head and Artichoke, Harley Fields. It was a match for 10 guineas a side, and well contested; when TOM proved the conqueror. He also entered the ring with a baker on the same spot soon afterwards, and disposed of the *Master of the Rolls.*

TREADWAY contended with one *Marshall*, a butcher, belonging to Carnaby Market, on Finchley Com-

mon, for 20 guineas a side, denominated the "*Jaw-breaker!*" but in this instance the "*Jaw-breaker*" failed, and was beaten for his temerity.

In Mary-le-bone Field's TREADWAY fought an African black, of the name of *Joe Lashley*, on June 13th, 1791. It proved a truly desperate conflict for thirty-five minutes, when TREADWAY was taken senseless from the scene of action. *Lashley* during the battle evinced great activity, skill, and game; pourtraying a knowledge of the art, superior to most amateurs. TREADWAY never properly recovered from the effects of this severe contest.

In Hyde Park, TREADWAY engaged one *Conway*, a wheelwright, on April 22d, 1795, for five guineas a side. TREADWAY took the lead for a few rounds of the battle; but on receiving a severe *leveller*, the *chance* turned against him, and which he did not recover during the fight, and at length *gave in*.

SILVERTHORNE.

It appears that the above hero, who has endeavoured to gather the hard-earned laurels necessary to support the character of a first-rate pugilist, was introduced into the *milling circles* under the patronage of *Caleb Baldwin*, and is a coster-monger by calling, and a native of the county of Somerset. *Caleb*, no mean judge in matters of *flash*, fancied SILVERTHONE from the *set-toos* he had witnessed, and the slight skirmishes he had been engaged in: recommending him as a *trump*, and who was accordingly backed for 100 guineas against *Dogherty*, at Combe Wood, near Kingston, on June 11th, 1811, and that the business might go on well, *Bill Gibbons* assisted his friend *Caleb* in seconding his *protogeé*. SILVERTHORNE the favourite seven to four. The contest continued for twenty-two minutes; and was so truly desperate, that both the combatants were bled and put to bed, being incapable of standing. SILVERTHORNE'S strength brought him through the *piece*, by triumphing over the science of *Dogherty*.

SILVERTHORNE from the above success was now pitted against *Tom Belcher*, for 100 guineas. See page 340. SILVERTHORNE is in height about five feet eight inches, weighing eleven stone two pounds; and who, we are informed, has retired from the pursuits of pugilism, determined never more to have a *mill*, without the necessity of the moment compels him to it.

DOGHERTY:

Is not only viewed as *game* a pugilist as ever stripped a shirt over a head, but as a pleasing and scientific boxer: and out of twelve trials of skill, he proved victorious in ten of them.

His first *set-to* was early in June 1806, with a Jew at Wilsden Green, where he proved the conqueror; and shortly afterwards at the same place on the 17th, he beat easily one *Wall*.

On Lowfield Common, near Crawley, Sussex, August 21, 1807, he conquered *Dick Hall*: and on his return home that day, had a *turn-up* in the road with *Jack Warr*, whom he *milled*.

George Crib he defeated twice: see the next page.

On Epsom Downs, *Tom Belcher* conquered DOGHERTY: see page 337.

DOGHERTY fought one *Pentikin*, a Scotch Baker, at Golder's Green, Hendon, June 11, 1808, for 45 minutes, when *Pentikin* gave in. DOGHERTY fought him 40 guineas to 20.

At Moulsey Hurst, October 25, 1808, DOGHERTY fought with *Jack Power*, for an hour and a quarter. It has been considered rather a disputed point; but DOGHERTY claimed it, and got the money. It should be remembered, that *Power* was but a mere *stripling* at that period.

On Epsom Downs, February 1, 1809, DOGHERTY beat a Turnpike Man; and at Moulsey Hurst, on May 31, 1810, he stripped to fight one *Burns*, whose conduct not meeting the ideas of the Amateurs, he brushed off.

On the 18th, of January 1811, he met with a reverse of fortune in being defeated by *Silverthorne* at Coombe Wood, but he was then considered in bad condition.

In November 1811, he beat with considerable ease at Chichester, *Burns*.

Dogherty and *Bill Gibbons*, a few months since, had a *turn-up* at a public-house; but the friends of both of parties interfered, and *stowed* it.

Dogherty has been teaching the art of boxing for some months past, on a sparring excursion, not only in various parts of the Kingdom, but also in the Sister Country: but on *Tom Belcher's* arrival in Ireland, the superior *science* of that pugilist having, it is said, taken from him a number of his pupils, a challenge took place between them, and on the 23d of April, 1813, for 100 guineas, they decided the contest, on the Curragh of Kildare; when Dogherty again fell beneath the conquering arm of *Belcher*.

GEORGE CRIB:

(BROTHER TO THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.)

Crib and *Victory* have so often been coupled together, that in attaching defeat to the name, we almost pause, for fear of being in error; but such is the versatility of fortune, that while the Champion Tom Crib, has been enjoying all the smiles of victory, and the patronage annexed to it, the junior hero, panting to emulate the heroic deeds of his warlike brother, has encountered nothing else but defeat: but however unfortunate, yet brave; and although not commanding, still deserving of success.

George first entered the lists with *Horton*, near Bristol, for a purse of 50 guineas, on September 5, 1807, and notwithstanding the assistance of his brother *Tom* for a second, he was beat in 25 minutes.

On February 9, 1808, he was also defeated by *Dogherty*, on Highgate Common.

On the coast near Margate, August 9, 1809, he entered the ring with *Cropley*, and was conquered in 16 minutes. *George* did not let his opponent win without *punishing* him a good deal. It was considered rather an unequal match.

At a meeting of Amateurs, May 1, 1810, at Bob's Chop-house after a sporting dinner, he again fought *Dogherty*, when *Tom Crib* also seconded his brother. —In this contest *George* proved himself a game man;

and at times overcomes the superior science of his adversary; but at the end of an hour *Dogherty* was the conqueror, and had the £20 purse. It was a severe battle.

GEORGE fought with *Hall*, on November 15, 1810, on Old Oak Common, near Uxbridge, when the odds were six to four in his favour at *setting-to*; but after a contest of one hour and nine minutes, he was reluctantly compelled to give in. He fought like a hero, and, although defeated, reflected credit on the name.

After his brother TOM had beaten *Molineaux* on Sept. 28, 1811, at Thissleton Gap, he entered the ring for a subscription purse of £20 with *Ned Maltby*, a Nottinghamshire lad: it was a determined battle for the time it lasted, 13 rounds, but GEORGE was not only again conquered, but severely *punished*; *Maltby* was not much the worse.

GEORGE, like his brother, is a slow fighter, but spars tolerably well; in height about 5 feet 8½ inches, and near 11 stone in weight. He does not appear to possess that fine *stamina* which is so conspicuous in the constitution of the CHAMPION.

JACK FORD:

A boxer not hitherto much patronized, and of whom it is but justice to remark, if he does not possess that superlative *science* at the present moment, necessary to rank with the first-rate pugilists, his *game* is equal to any thing that has been publicly exhibited. At Bristol he gained several hard-earned victories; but wishing to obtain a more conspicuous character as a pugilist, he came to the metropolis, and fought *Jem King* at Combe Wood, on January 12, 1812. In this contest he distinguished himself considerably, always hitting with his man, and planting his blows with his right and left hand with uncommon severity, and never shrinking from *punishment*. Throughout the contest, forty minutes, he never once relaxed in his efforts, and although often hit away, he still kept his legs, and not once hit down. *King* was in every respect a hero; and did not surrender till nature was quite exhausted. FORD, in

some instances, has been compared to the *Game Chicken*. He afterwards fought *Oliver*, the Battersea gardener, a heavier man than himself, at Greenford Common, for twenty guineas, on October 6, 1812, for two hours and ten minutes, before he gave in. FORD is in height about five feet eight inches, weighing twelve stone, and has had one of his thighs broken, which makes him limp, from one leg being shorter than the other. He has lately refused to fight *Harry Harmer*, because the stakes were not weighty enough. FORD is much improved respecting *science*.

JOHN LANCASTER.

A very promising pugilist, and who has distinguished himself considerably at Bristol, from whence he comes. In all the battles he fought in that neighbourhood, he proved the conqueror, and anxious to obtain a place in the rolls of pugilistic fame, he arrived in London and made known his chivalrous intentions, when an opportunity soon offered at Rickmansworth, on November 16, 1812, for him to enter the lists with *Marten*, a Jew, and after a good display of his quality, he was pronounced the conqueror. LANCASTER was much noticed, and his style of fighting approved of. He is in height about five feet nine inches, weighing eleven stone. LANCASTER is an active, pleasing, and scientific fighter, and in the twenty-third year of his age.

BITTON, *the Jew*.

His displays of the art in the *ring* have been but rare, having only fought two battles of note, with *Wood* and *Tom Jones*, when he proved the conqueror, affording no opportunity of forming an opinion as to his capabilities. —Since which period he has confined himself to the *mufflers*, and officiating as a *second*. He is grown too heavy for fighting, weighing 17 stone, but keeps a school for the promulgation of the *science*, and *sets-to* in good style, ranking with the first *sparrers* of the day.

HARRY HARMER,

From Bristol, a new candidate for pugilistic fame and honours, and related to the family of the *Belchers*. As a *sparrer* he exhibits in a first-rate *scientific* style, with an attitude, it might be said, exclusively his own, in that of keeping his body and head at a singular distance from his antagonist. He fought and conquered *Maltby*, a rough and hard boxer, who had defeated *George Crib:* and perhaps he only is in want of more opportunities (May 1, 1813) to display his *game* and excellent qualities as the *practical* pugilist. His pedigree is good, and has youth on his side, being about twenty-five years old; in height 5 feet 9½ inches, weighing 11 stone 1 pound.

WILLIAM JAY:

Born at Knaptoft, near Leicester, on the 17th of July, 1792; in height about 5 feet ten inches, weighing 14 stone six pounds. In the country he *milled* away with considerable success, and acquired the reputation of a boxing hero. *Jem Allcock*, the champion of Birmingham, in a battle with JAY, struck to his superiority; and two navigators, of the names of *Cheeseby* and *Austin*, acknowledged they were conquered by his *milling* requisites. With these pretensions he pushed forward to the metropolis, anxious to exhibit his strength, courage, and talents with the first rate pugilists of the day, to obtain a high and permanent name in the list of boxers. He was not long in being matched with *Fuller*, at Rickmansworth, on Nov. 16th, 1812, and whose behaviour upon that occasion made a considerable impression upon the FANCY, from the severity of his blows and the quickness of manner in which he beat his antagonist, that great things were in future expected from him; and had not the CHAMPION have retired from the ring, a *few* seemed to entertain an idea that he was able to fight with *Tom Crib*. JAY was too much elated with this success, and in the weakness of the moment impo-

tently talked what he was able to perform, and that VICTORY must inevitably be the result of all his contests; while, on the contrary, *Fuller*, in defeat, (the sure school to learn experience) viewed his defects, and thinking they might be improved, challenged JAY to another combat, and in the event defeated him, leaving JAY to observe,

"Where now are all my flattering dreams of joy!"

but since which, it appears, JAY has challenged *Molineaux* for 100 guineas.

JOE NORTON:

Of whom we think it necessary to observe, that although he cannot put in his claim to attention as a PRACTICAL *milling cove*, yet, as an "*appendage*" to the FANCY, he is deserving of notice: neither has he altogether proved himself a bloodless hero, and only been *gay* with the *mufflers*. In several skirmishes JOE has shewn activity and spirit, and the only time in which we learn that he appeared in a regular *set-to*, was with a *Sheriff's officer*—yet observe, he was not compelled at the *suit* of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, but engaged with the above catch-*pole* on the broad and unequivocal principles of *milling*, 'which was the best man?' and in the contest JOE manifested he was entitled to that appellation. But the most conspicuous part of JOE'S situation in the *Fancy* appears, when a small chasm occurred in the *milling* world for want of an immediate *rallying point*, on NORTON'S opening the Roebuck, in Holborn, which was known under the denomination of the "*Show Shop!*" It was well frequented for some time by the amateurs, &c. and where JOE continued till the "*show went by!*" and in fact till the Roebuck was nearly in want of pasture, and who has been necessitated to eleemosynary support, which has ever since been his lot. In a great number of battles of note, either as a *second* or *bottle-holder*, NORTON has taken a leading and an active part; and in that situation JOE is entitled to credit and attention: and as a teacher of the *science*, not without merit. In behaviour, interestingly

civil and communicative; and related to very respectable connections: in fact, he might be termed for these last thirty years, a living Boxing Calender! by his witnessing nearly all the fights which have taken place during that period. We cannot conclude this trifling sketch of JOE NORTON, without observing, with a considerable degree of pleasure, that his humanity, care, and peculiar attention, in general, after the fight to the LOSING MEN, is so worthy of imitation, that BOXIANA would have proved neglectful in passing over such merits.

JACK FEARBY,

Distinguished by the Appellation of the

"YOUNG RUFFIAN!"

In obtaining the above title he certainly conquered one of the best, most daring, and determined *bottom* characters, without exception, that ever appeared among the race of pugilists—SYMONDS, the old *Ruffian!* a boxer so well known, and whose unconquerable propensity to *milling* has been so copiously detailed in the preceding pages of this work, as to render any further comment here superfluous. But the best of his days were gone by when he surrendered to FEARBY. *Bill Jackling* (brother to that hero *Tom Johnson*), a hardy and *game* boxer, was also defeated by the *Young Ruffian*, of whom it has been observed, that notwithstanding these conquests, FEARBY has been considered more an expert *setter-to* than a finished determined pugilist; and who fell in turn to the conquering arm of *Jem Belcher*; and was also beaten in a contest with *Elias Spray*, the copper-smith. FEARBY is nearly six feet in height, weighing about fifteen stone.

FULLER:

Till lately, little has hitherto been known of him, excepting in the capacity of a *sparrer*, a pupil of *Richmond's*, and who accompanied that pugilist in a sparring tour through some of the principal towns in Yorkshire,

to promulgate the *science* of boxing. But wishing to obtain a more decided character in the art of *milling*, than the *muffling* system, he manfully put the gloves aside, to use his *fist*, at Rickmansworth, on Nov. 16th, 1812, with *Bill Jay*. Unacquainted with the *practical* part of the *art*, of presuming too much on his *science*, he indiscreetly *went in* at the commencement of the fight, when he got so severely *smashed*, as never to recover from its severe effects during the battle, but experienced terrible *punishment* and defeat in less than twenty minutes. FULLER, anxious to recover this indiscretion, again entered the lists with *Jay*, at Coombe Wood, April 6th, 1813, for a subscription purse, seconded by *Joe Ward* and *Bill Gibbons*; and *Richmond* and *Norton* performing that office for *Jay*, upon whom it was five and six to four on *setting-to*. FULLER, determined not to be *smashed* a second time, acted cautiously, and the first round occupied five minutes; and possessing the favourite system of his master, *hitting* and *getting away*, he accomplished his ends, and obtained the victory. Not a single close took place during the fight, which continued forty-two minutes. *Jay* might boast *strength*, but FULLER evinced *science*, which sooner or later must eventually be *served*. *Jay* went blind. FULLER is a Norfolk man, and in height five feet ten inches, weighing nearly twelve stone, and by trade a copper-plate printer. He is tractable, and may attain eminence, perhaps, if he does not creep too much into favour with himself!

BILL DAY AND BILL TOWERS.

In having passed over the account of the contest of the above brave pugilists in the early part of this work, we now hasten to repair the omission; which contest took place on Barnet Race Course, Nov. 22d, 1784, for 100 guineas, on a thirty feet stage. DAY was so much the favourite, that *ten* to one was sported on him; and who felt so confident of winning, that he made a ridiculous bombast how *easily* he *would serve out* TOWERS. Instead of taking care of himself, he was dancing about between the rounds—till at length TOWERS caught him

POWER.

in one corner of the stage, and held him fast by one hand, while with the other he nearly annihilated DAY, who now, too late, saw his error, and had to repent of his vaunting. The battle continued thirty-three minutes; and DAY died in a short time afterwards, supposed from the severity of the blows.

Having arrived at the end of a most arduous and difficult journey, during which many *mile-stones* have been wanting, and *finger-posts* not to be found, to put the traveller in his right road—BOXIANA cannot take leave of his numerous Heroes and Tyros without humbly offering the following remarks for their consideration and attention through life, before he lays down his pen.

PUGILISTS! as your endeavours may stimulate you to improve in *science*, be not *unmindful* to increase in CHARACTER. Lift not your arm against the weak, intemperate, or the ignorant, who might provoke you to ridiculous combat, perhaps having a serious termination; but in your display of the MANLY and

National Science of BOXING,

avoid a CROSS as you would a pestilence! Keep from *boasting*, as it not only shews weakness of mind, but generally ends in *disgrace!*—And in obtaining VICTORY, let it be procured by the most noble, honourable, and *scientific* means! However patronized, flattered, and encouraged by the HIGHER FLIGHTS OF THE FANCY, learn to keep at a respectful distance; and learn also to *feel* that it is absolutely necessary towards arriving at eminence. But, above all, beware of INEBRIETY. Recollect that the *stamina*, once undermined, is rarely ever restored, and if patched up for a time, will never

again arrive at its pristine purity and vigour of tone. Much more might be urged, to convince and enforce, if necessary, the propriety of these remarks; but while you have a MODEL in existence, the old adage is preferred, that "example is better than precept." Therefore, BOXIANA's last words are, and who feels confident, if properly applied, will tend to operate more *emphatic* than a volume of advice from his pen would have in effect:—PUGILISTS! look up to that MODEL; observe how he HAS, and how he DOES conduct himself in society, and endeavour to tread in his steps, to PREVENT —that when he is gone, or retires from the support and promulgation of the *science*, it may not fall into *disrepute:* and HAVE AN END! that, at least, ONE may be found who can compare actions, vie in liberality, generosity, and attention to the poor and unfortunate, which will entitle him to supply the place of—JOHN JACKSON.

May 1, 1813.

THE END.

THE MOST ADMIRED

CHAUNTS,

Sung at the Convivial Meetings of the Fancy.

WRITTEN BY MR. LAWSON,

And sung by Mr. Emery, at a Dinner given to Crib, at *Gregson's.*

Come list all ye fighting *Gills,*
And *Coves* of boxing note, sirs,
Whilst I relate some bloody *Mills,*
In our time have been fought sirs.
Whoe'er saw *Ben* and *Tom* display,
Could tell a pretty story,
The *milling-bout* they got that day,
Sent both ding-dong to glory.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Now *Ben* he left it in his will,
As all his *Pals* declare it,
That who the *Hero's* chair would fill,
Must win it or not wear it:
No *tainted Miller* he could stand,
Right sound must be his *Cat's meat,*
Who could not bear his hide well *tann'd,*
Was quite unfit for *that seat.*
Singing fal lal la, &c.

All nations came to claim the prize,
Amongst them many a don, sirs;
And *Billy Ward* swore b—t his eyes,
He'd *mill* 'em every one, sirs.
At Bexley Heath, it hapt one day,
He was beaten *black* and *blue,* sirs,
By one *deep* in the *fancy lay,*
'Twas little *Dan* the *Jew,* sirs.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

The *Ruffian young,* next on the list,
Laid claim to *boxing merits,*
A mere pretender to the *fist,*
Who dealt in *wine* and *spirits.*
His *hits* were RUM, none can deny,
His BLACKSTRAP none could bear it,
But of his HOGSHEAD he was shy,
Lest they should *tap* his *claret.*
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Bitton then came, a champion bold,
And dealt some *hard* and *sly knocks*;
But yet, when all the truth is told,
Some *rank* him with the *shy cocks*.
But prate, like this, we must not mind,
A *Dutchman true* begot him;
Whoe'er has seen *Bitton behind*,
Will ne'er dispute his *bottom*.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Of all the *milling Coves*, the crack,
None pleases more than *Sam*, sirs,
Whose whiskers are of jetty black,
As those of *whip Gerumb*, sirs.
So neatly *fibs* the *Israelite*,
To every stander by, sirs,
Who must allow it is a sight,
Worth well a Jew's eye, sirs.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

We now must sing of *Belcher's* fame,
Whose race was full of glory;
His *matchless* deeds I need not name,
You all must know his story.
He beat the best *coves* of his day,
But few could stand before him,
For he could *hit* and *get away*,
If not—why he could *floor* them.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Champion of the *milling* corps,
Next starts a true *game Chicken*,
His honours to the last he *bore*,
But never *bore* a *licking*;
Till *tyrant Death*, man's greatest foe,
Who mercy shews him never,
Hit poor Pearce a mortal blow,
Which closed his eyes for ever.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Jack Gulley made a manly stand,
In science quite complete, sirs,
He rather chose to fight on land,
Than serve longer in the *Fleet*, sirs;
Where many worthies of their life,
Like Jack for bravery noted,
Are *under hatches* left to pine,
Nor hopes to be *promoted*.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Next rings the fame of gallant *Crib*,
A *cool* and *steady miller*,
Who late to Yorkshire went to *fib*
A first-rate man of *colour*.
No matter whether *black* or *white*,
No *tint* of *skin* could save him,
A horse's kick was pure *delight*
To the *belly punch* he gave him.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

England's *champion* now behold,
In him who fills the chair, sirs,
Who never yet a battle sold,
Nor lost one in despair, sirs.
For in each contest or *set-to*,
Brave Tom bore off the *laurel*,
Which proudly planted on his *brow*,
Says, "touch me at your *peril*."
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Now fill your glasses to the *brim*,
And honour well my toast, sirs,
"May we be found in *fighting trim*,
"When *Boney* treads our coast, sirs."
The gallant *Barclay* shall lead on,
The *fancy lads* adore him,
And *Devil* or *Napoleon*,
Leave us alone to *floor him*.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Multum in Parvo, or a Miracle in Twenty Minutes.

WRITTEN BY TOM HAZEL.

A true Briton from Bristol, a rum one to fib,
He's Champion of England, his name is TOM CRIB,
With white and black men, has mill'd all round,
But one to mill him in the world can't be found.

No curs he ever fought, but good men they all were,
Which proves him a good one, all must now declare;
For of strength he has much, and of science no lack,
And of bottom a plenty he found for the Black.

The Black's a good man we know very well,
But Crib is a better, and the same you can tell,
For his pluck is so lasting, and his courage so bold,
That he, Champion like, has again won their gold,

For Six Hundred they fought, no paltry sum,
Which by many was said, by the Black would be won;
But without prejudice to colour, and see it thousands did,
Molineaux, 'gainst his will, by our Champion was fib'd.

Fair play to the parties was shewn, you'll admit,
Though Blackee was strong, with Crib could not hit;
And of his milling the Black has had slice upon slice,
Though giants in stature, in his hands are but mice.

Oft enough they have tried to convince 'em its a joke,
To value the shadow of fir with the substance of oak,
Which its virtue retains for ages we are sure,
And high in perfection, when firs are no more.

CRIB AND THE BLACK.

On the eighteenth of December, of a fight I will sing,
When bold Crib and Molineaux entered the ring,
With hope and expectation our bosoms beating high,
While the rain pour'd in torrents from a dark low'ring sky.
Chorus—With hope, &c.

Tom Crib is a British man, he's cast in British mould,
With a heart like a lion, of courage stout and bold,
A brave black man is Molineaux, from America he came,
And boldly tried to enter with Crib the lists of fame.

The Black stripp'd, and appeared of a giant-like strength,
Large in bone, large in muscle, and with arms a cruel length,
With his skin as black as ebony—Crib's as white as snow,
They shook hands like good fellows, then to it they did go.

The very first round they had, Crib hit him on the head,
But receiv'd one in the mouth, and very freely he bled;
The two or three next rounds Crib seem'd to have the best,
But the black man most bravely resolved to stand the test.

Then the Black he did rally, Oh! how he play'd away,
And shew'd our British hero some terrible hard play;
Like light'ning 'bout Crib's *napper* the blows came left and right,
While the Black's friends felt certain their man would win the fight.

Then the Black still bore on with a terrible great force,
The blows fell on poor Tom Crib like kicks from a horse;
His friends e'en were doubtful, Crib will lose it they did cry,
Never mind, says he to Gulley, *I'll be better bye and bye.*

Look! how cautious he fights now, how his distance he does mind,
He's coming about, my boys, see his got his second wind;

He's sure to bring us thro' my boys, spite of all the Black's power,
Hark! he's *come* it to old Joey Ward, he can fight a good hour.

For many a hard round each the prize did strive to gain,
They had fought fifty minutes in the cold shiv'ring rain;
Belcher saw them down together, to Bill Gibbons he did say,
I'm down upon Crib's mug, Bill, he's sure to win the day.

Now Crib seem'd to get better and stronger every round,
And four times he fairly brought the Black to the ground;
The Black's strength forsook him, he'd not a chance to win,
He fought like a brave fellow, but was forc'd to give in.

Ye swells, ye flash, ye milling coves, who this hard fight see,
Let us drink to these heroes, come join along with me;
A bumper to brave Crib, boys—to the Black a bumper too,
Tho' beat, he prov'd a man, my boys, what more could a man do.

A BOXING WE WILL GO.

Come move the song, and stir the glass,
For why should we be sad;
Let's drink to some free-hearted lass,
And Crib, the boxing lad.
And a boxing we will go, will go, will go.
And a boxing we will go.

Italians stab their friends behind,
In darkest shades of night;
But Britons they are bold and kind,
And box their friends by light.

The sons of France their pistols use,
Pop, pop, and they have done;
But Britons with their hands will bruise,
And scorn away to run.

Throw pistols, poinards, swords, aside,
And all such deadly tools;
Let Boxing be the Briton's pride,
The *science* of their Schools!

Since boxing is a manly game,
And Briton's recreation;
By boxing we will raise our fame,
'Bove any other nation.

If Boney doubt it, let him come,
And try with Crib a round;
And Crib shall beat him like a drum,
And make his carcase sound.

Mendoza, Gulley, Molineaux,
Each nature's weapon wield;
Who each at Boney would stand true,
And never to him yield.

We've many more would like to *floor*,
The little upstart King;
And soon for mercy make him roar,
Within a spacious ring.

A fig for Boney—let's have done
With that ungracious name;
We'll drink and pass our days in fun,
And box to raise our fame.

And a boxing, &c.

SUNG AT A DINNER AT BOB'S CHOP HOUSE.

Tune—"*Jolly young Waterman.*"

Pray hav'nt you heard of a jolly young Coal-heaver,
Who down at Hungerford us'd for to ply;
His daddles he us'd with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each *mill*, Sirs, and blacking each eye.
He sparr'd so neat, and fought so steadily,
He hit so strait, and he won so readily;
And now he's a Coal-merchant, why should he care,
Tho' his dealings are black, yet his actions are fair.

To mention the times that he's won by hard *milling*,
'Tis useless to tell unto any one here;
For, tho' no Adonis, he's very nigh killing,
His arguments have such an *effect* on the *ear*.
He hit half rounds, and he fought so steadily,
He *mill'd* away, and won so readily;
Then why should this Coal-merchant ever know care,
Tho' his dealings are black, yet his actions are fair.

A Cove in the black line, he shew'd opposition,
So Tommy determined to give him a turn;
And Molineaux made him a bold proposition,
But twice he has found that his coals wou'd not burn.
For he sparr'd so neat, and fought so steadily,
He hit so strait, and won so readily;
For why should this Coal-merchant ever know care,
While he's Champion of England, and now fills the chair.

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